
[1]

ITT: Scary work stories

- >Work at wal-mart, night shift
- >See old guy walking around
- >He leaves the isle I saw him in
- >Decide to ask if he needs help
- >Go to where I saw him
- >"Sir, are you looking for anyth-"
- >Nobody there
- >Hmm
- >Walk around some more
- >Go to the other side of the whole store, near the alcohol, got there in a few seconds
- >Hear glass break
- >Go see whats up
- >Old man is there laying on the ground with glass and stuff all around him
- >Run to get help because I don't know what to do
- >Go back
- >Everything's fine, no glass or anything anywhere, no old guy
- >mfw

[2]

Worked at Target

Store was closed, it was about 12:30am.

I was the only one in the back of the store walking past shoes and going down the main aisle towards mens.

I saw someone, about the height of a child, run across from the infants dept. into mens.

I thought it could be one of the women working.

I walked to area where I saw this person duck into.

No one was there.
Turns out others have seen this too.

[3]

- >work at convenient store
- >1 dollar a day, this was a long time ago and I was 15
- >cleaning out the inside of the dumpster
- >move bag stuck to side
- >18 dead baby turtles and a mother
- >morbid curiosity, look closer at the mother
- >she blinks
- >I almost lose it, go get boss to show him
- >the mother has all flies in her eyes and is obviously dead

[4]

I have a couple more odd stories from working here.

- >my boss has one leg, back then prosthetics really sucked so he used crutches
- >one day I go into the office after working 7 hours for my dollar
- >boss is rubbing his stump and moaning in some odd language
- >stand there wide eyed
- >he starts shouting at me to get out and throwing pens
- >I run out and go home
- >proceed to be beat for not getting paid

[5]

- >work in restaraunt with banquet hall downstairs
- >when closing time I'm the last one there besides manager who is in his office finishing paperwork/money stuff
- >I close the whole restaraunt including downstairs
- >turn lights off downstairs
- >pitch black
- >sprint up stairs because somethings gonna get me every.Time. It's creepy down there.

[6]

I work in an off-licence and the amount of alcoholics that come in everyday is unbelievable. It's sad when you start noticing they don't come in anymore and it's because they've died. You see them getting worse and worse, asking for more drink and you look at their face and they're just dead. Totally grey and no life in their eyes. All they live for is the alcohol.

Also;

- >Manager doing stocktake alone
- >Buzzer on door and locked
- >People can't come in randomly
- >Had his back to the door
- >Felt a sigh and something breathing on his neck
- >No one there, no draught
- >Noped back into store
- >Posted on Facebook

[7]

- >working as a cashier in San Fran for a couple years, trying to get my life back together.
- >raggedy man walks in with a guitar, I feel like he's dangerous

so I decide to let him shoplift
>he calls me Brother and walks out, thanking me.
>I take the heat from my boss later.
>I learn 3 months later that was Charles Manson.

[8]

Two of my friends worked in a clothes shop in our local mall.
Because they worked together they used to talk about stuff that
had happened to them the next day. I sat and listened to some of
their stuff.

>Working late one night
>Two people working
>One is serving customers
>One is filling out etc
>Internal phone starts ringing from upstairs
>No one upstairs that night
>Answer phone
>No one there on the end
>Didn't go back upstairs for the rest of the night

>who was phone? etc etc etc

[9]

>Have camera pointed out the back where rubbish is
>tv is upstairs so you can see if someone is out there
>Everybody accounted for
>One person is upstairs but looks at tv monitor
>Back door is wide open
>Back door can only be opened from inside and is pretty tough
>Everyone was too busy working to put rubbish out

>Noped back downstairs

Also their electrics were really weird. The light would go on and off upstairs. One person would be up there and the lights would go off but the stairs were really creaky so you'd always know if someone was up there. No one came up and the lights would go out.

I think the mall was built on like an old barracks or cemetery or something.

[10]

Same guy, different branch of off-licence chain

>Still have to buzz people in
>Out the back
>TV/camera points at shop floor
>See a customer out on the shop floor on tv
>"wtf? Must of forgot about them"
>Goes out to see customer
>No one there

[11]

>dad worked at some nursery
>the owners home was on the same land
>he would have his lunch break in the owners home
>owners had a small dog
>dad's sitting in dining room eating suddenly hears a bunch of dishes fall in the kitchen
>dog runs over there before dad can get there
>dad gets there to see the dog barking at the shelves
>no dishes on floor

- >everything is ok
- >next day he arrives at work and finds the dog dead
- >dog is covered in huge boils looks as if he rotted over night

[12]

- >work in a shop
- >queuing to buy lunch
- >hear whispering behind me
- >it's pretty loud, right up near my ear
- >it's freaking me out
- >doesn't sound like any language I heard before
- >turn around
- >nothing
- >the sound stopped
- >mfw

[13]

- >be police officer

>myself and a buddy on my squad responded to an alarm. The incident location was an old office type building that had been converted to doctor's offices. There was a pharmacy attached to it. Our dispatch received a motion signal from an upstairs office. Key holder arrives on scene and we go in to secure the building. The stairs were locked behind a door that, of course, the key holder didn't have keys too, so we took the elevator up to the second floor (not the most tactically sound option, I know).

>elevator opens to a pitch black hallway... except for one overhead light at the end of the hall. We start checking doors, and so far all are secured. We get to the last office, and sure enough,

the door is unlocked. We make entry and observe it to be an unused office. The door opens to a sizable waiting room and reception area. There were about 10 or 12 exam rooms, all cleared with no hiccups.

>exit the office and immediately, something seems off. That is when I realize the overhead light at our end of the hallway that had been on was now off, replaced by another light over by the elevators. I look at my squad mate and he is completely white. I ask him what is wrong and he says, "Weren't all those doors we just checked closed and locked." I tell him yay, so. Buddy says, "Well now they're all standing open." Sure enough, all the offices down the hallway we had just checked were now standing open. Pucker factor sinks in at this point.

>start clearing offices and securing offices. We finish the last office, and on our way out, just before we turn the corner to get into the waiting area, the main door just slams shut. Then, our radios start going nuts with some kind of static feedback. Now I just want to get the hell out of there.

>get back in the elevator and head down to the first floor to make contact with the key holder again. However, key holder is nowhere to be found. I contact dispatch and request a call back number for the key holder so I can advise him of what we found. Dispatch states that the key holder was still enroute to us and was advising an eta of 5 minutes. I advise dispatch that we had already been out with the key holder. Dispatch requests I give them a call.

>call dispatch and she tells me that there is no way we were out with a key holder. She states that the alarm company had only just made contact with one. Eventually, the "real" keyholder arrives on scene and I ask her about the man that had let us in the building (the first key holder). She asked me to describe him, so I did. She states that that sounds like one of the doctors that used to lease the office on the second floor AT THE END OF THE HALL. She then states that he had committed suicide at his summer home several days ago.

I still won't go back there.

[14]

Had a cigar smoking buddy when I was deployed, we would sit in this little crappy lawnchairs on top of a HESCO and watch the helicopters take off and test fire.

>Day off, got my hair cut and picked up some things at the little shoppette, climb up the Hesco with my foldy-chair and proceed to get situated for cigarifacation.

>Buddy is already there smoking a Gran Reserve on his foldy-chair.

>We don't really talk, just smoke and watch the birds take off and land.

>Watch a Blackhawk and 2 Kiowas take off from the FARP together, don't recall their being an escorted single-hawk flight on the schedule (crewchief, btw)

>Say goodnight to cigar buddy, head back down the Hesco, go to sleep.

>Woken up 2 hours later, there was a fallen angel 4 hours ago outside Mukhdadiyah, Cigar buddy and his co-pilot died on impact.

Smoked a Cigar with a dead man. Still shiver every time I smell a Ghurka Gran Reserve.

[15]

> work in office building in crappy part of town.

> one day two police burst in looking for someone.

> find him hiding in the ceiling, climbed up via mens room

> no idea what he did or how long he'd been up there

[16]

>Work in grooming center at Petco
>Closing one night
>Filling up shampoo bottles in the back
>Hear a mans voice say "Oh, there you are."
>Assume it's the manager
>Turn around
>No one there
>Walk through grooming center
>NO ONE THERE
>MFW

[17]

I used to play the organ at a very very old Methodist church in the middle of the woods. I was given a key to the church so I'd often go there on Saturday evenings to practice for the next morning. Some spooky things have happened.

>practicing late Saturday night
>just stopped playing the hymns when I hear a creaking noise
>the heavy, heavy wooden back door of the church that no one uses anymore was open
>I go to close it
>no draft, nothing that could have opened it
>it takes a lot of effort just to move the thing because it's so heavy

Aside from that, there were also the occasional unsettling

bumps you'd always hear, so I started to bring a friend with me on Saturday nights to keep me company.

- >playing around on the organ
- >hear something that sounds like a groan
- >stop
- >look at friend
- >friend's eyes are completely wide
- >sounds like there are at least 20 people walking around inside the church, with footsteps, bumps, banging, distant chatter
- >we just stare at each other in silence until the noises finally fade away

Then finally, the big one.

- >Friday afternoon
- >gonna be busy on Saturday so I figure I'll just practice on Friday after school
- >thunderstorm is approaching in the distance
- >decide to finish up early
- >it gets pitch black inside the church, figure it's just the clouds
- >playing the last song, I hear a *pop* behind me
- >turn around
- >the back door is wide open and I can make out the silhouette of a man with a baseball cap, just standing there, holding the door open
- >panicpanicpanic
- >silhouette backs away as I gather up all my things and flee the scene in less than 5 seconds, leaving the organ on, the front door open, etc.

I know that church was haunted. Even the pastor agreed. She doesn't ever work there alone, and actually, as we were discussing this, the painting of Jesus that was nailed on the wall fell down and landed a few feet from the wall, as if it was being moved.

[18]

Two stories from my first workplace. It was a Wacky Warehouse style children's play area. Awful job. Building was a massive concrete warehouse, completely open and about 30ft in height inside. Half was filled with the play equipment; three stories of slides, rope netting, ball pits etc. Other half was open area filled with tables for the parents to sit. Building was part of a pub which was apparently haunted.

In the back corner, on the lower floor of the play area, was a swing. It was a big rubber ball attached to a rope, attached to a pole. You jumped on the swing and the rope slid along the pole. There was a chain in the pole so it made a rattling noise as you went on it.

- >No customers
- >Hanging out by till
- >Suddenly swing hurtles along pole
- >RATTLE RATTLE RATTLE
- >Smashed with extreme force into the wall

There was no way for the swing to move by itself. No wind inside, and if there had been the tables would have blown over. I'd push kids on the swing, you need a lot of effort to get it to go, never mind smash it into the wall like that.

Second story next post, won't let me post both in one.

- >Second story
- >Locking up for the night
- >Have to turn off lights, go around till in dark, pick up float, lock door
- >Door is glass so you can see inside
- >Drop till float off with manager
- >"Anon, why haven't you turned off the lights?"
- >Look at security camera
- >Lights are all on

>Knew I turned them off as I had to walk in the dark and looked through the doors when locking up
>"Anon, would you mind going back and turning them off?"
>Unlock door
>"This is a trap, whatever it is wants me back in here."
>Open door
>Run the to the lights
>Smash hand against them and turn them off
>Run back out
>Lock door sprint away

Christ the second was scary at the time. Saw some weird shadows, too. Was positive I saw the second of a leg moving on the upper floor when nobody was there.

[19]

Working at KFC, I would go back to the freezers to get chicken etc when we needed it. Well one time I go in and I swear I see a hand sticking out of the bottom of a shelf. I'm surprised of course and back up. The manager just laughed at me. Not scatter to read about but it surprised me at the time.

[20]

>be 17
>midnight playing with new sword outside
>lights off just swinging it up and down bored
>hear footsteps approaching from far side of yard
>fall so leaves on the ground made crunching noise
>footsteps get closer I open the sliding door and start reaching for the light switch.
> footsteps get closer and end at the edge of patio

> REALLY FREAKING OUT NOW what ever it was was now on the patio

> Finally hit light switch

> Nothing there, nothing in sight.

> Freaked out went inside couldn't sleep the rest of the night.

I still think about it til this day. Can't figure out what the hell it was, I'm 27 now.

[21]

> in college working security detail in New Orleans

> drunk tourist like to sneak into grave yards at night and deface them etc.

> go to one to work

> mostly boring job, nothing really happens for first few days just play tetris on my cell phone

> Decided to walk around the area 3 times in a row to mix up the routine

> hear woman crying

> get flashlight and run towards the scene dialing 911

> get there to see a woman look up and mouth something couldn't understand it, sounded like French

> stay there few a few mins watching woman in blue dress crying on grave

> police call back say they are coming in, look back from my phone and she is gone.

> get reprimanded for wasting police time

[22]

I work at McDonalds. There are about half a dozen guys that wait in between the two entrance doors for us to open. About a

year ago, one of them passed away. Since then, really small, but noticeable things have happened. For example, myself and another employee were setting up at the front of the store about 15 minutes before we opened, when we both heard what sounded like change jingling (the guy that passed away used to tap his change or jingle it to get our attention,) and a man's voice say "are you guys open yet?" we turned around and no one was there but we were both confused and nervous. Another time, a bunch of stuff that was stacked on top of the freezer came crashing down. I don't see how it could have since no one was around it and everything on it was flat.

There have been other things, but I can't really recall them. Still quite spooky though.

[23]

- >Work as a nurse in residential home.
- >Lady dies, go in to clean up her room after the undertakers come get her.
- >Strip and make her old bed, bag up belongings etc.
- >Hear a patient calling for help.
- >Run to room next door, lady is fast asleep.
- >Go back to deceased's room and bedding is on floor and bags have been opened.
- >NOPE
- >Hide in medication room for an hour to avoid clearing the room.

Same nurse:

- >Work with a lovely lady called Mary who had dementia.
- >Mary is stroking the floor, be confused.
- >She says she's petting her dog.
- >A week later Mary starts staring at walls and empty space.
- >Says things like 'Hello dear, where's your mummy?' and 'Pardon me, nurse, but does this little boy have a name?'

- >Becomes very ill.
- >Starts screaming at night that there are people in her room when no-one is there.
- >Does this right up until she passes away.
- >Senior nurse tells me Mary was nearly blind from birth.
- >Wat.

[24]

I used to work night shifts in a telecom hub when I was studying. It was just me and a cool guy called *Larry*.

I really got to know him over the months.
We would sometimes take naps to keep ourselves fresh and awake, especially in the winter.

My supervisor called me one afternoon and informed me that Larry had fallen off his bicycle on some icy roads and had passed away in the intensive care unit of the hospital

Things were quite strange during the proceeding days:

- >Feel Larry shaking me awake during a power nap.
- >Look up out of the corner of my eye and see him standing in the doorway tell him "You're not on tonight Lar" out of reflex.
- >Suddenly realise what is happening,
- >Spin around in chair see his shadow walk away.
- >Napping
- >Hear man sit on cot beside me and sigh,
- >wake up, nobody there,
- >Locking up building for christmas break,
- >nostalgically say the phrase that we always said when going home: hear familiour male "heh!"

[25]

- >Arounde 2:30 am
- >Working graveyard at a medical plant in Irvine, Ca.
- >Was up at the top balcony doing a line clearance for the next batch run
- >Me and my partner for the line clearance heard a voice coming from the end of the hall.
- >The female voice said my name Mark
- >Looked at my partner WTF
- >She heard it to
- >Look down below to make sure no body was screwing with us
- >>
- >Nope
- >Told my supervisor about.
- >She said that there are 2 stories
- >One person died while working on machine and another one where a guy killed his wife who was a QC, or quality control, at my plant a long time ago.

[26]

When I was about 19 I use to work graveyard shift security at the local hospital.

When I started working there they were making a big addition to the west wing of the hospital and I had to do my rounds through there.

Half of the west wing was still being used and the other half was tore out to integrate an expensive addition to expand the hospital. The part that was being used was simple pediatrics,

ob/gyn, labs, and various specialty doctors so they only worked during the day and the ER was on the other side of the hospital but they still kept the lights on anyway and I still had to do walkthroughs just to make sure. The occupied half was OK but the torn down half was the scary part.

First few days were fine but eventually I started hearing faint footsteps, like people were following me or walking ahead of me. After a while I started hearing whispers and muffled conversations, like someone talking in the next room, just barely audible. Once in a while something would make a noise, things would go bang in other rooms or equipment sounded like it was being moved. I always went to investigate but never found anything. It never really scared me but it did make me uneasy.

Eventually I started hearing childrens laughter and doors started opening on their own, bangs and noises were getting louder and more frequent. After a month of that I asked to change my work schedule and they agreed to change me to daytime hours, much to my relief. All in all it was the children's laughter that got to me in the end, I just couldnt stand it, and I made up my mind to leave after someone told me that the west wing used to be the psycho ward way back in the 40's and they had to move it to another city because of patient abuse and above average patient deaths in the ward.

[27]

>working at local video store, let co-worker go home early cause she was sick

>lights off, store locked, do a sweep of all aisles and back room to check if anythings wrong.

go to enter Pin into security wall thing (I don't care what they're called)

>Suddenly bubblegum machine in middle of room lights up and music on it starts playing.

- >wait for it to stop and go look for a quarter or something stuck in the machine or for faulty wires
- >nothings wrong with it, tell machine to go screw itself, close up shop and go home

it goes off once and a while like that during the middle of the day but it was a huge wtf when it happened at night the minute before I close

[28]

- >Work in a small tech shop.
- >All items not out on the shop floor are kept in adjacent warehouse
- >Evening shifts involve mainly restocking the shop floor from the warehouse
- >Be in warehouse, it's creaky, but we're used to it
- >Hear distinct footsteps floor above.
- >I call out 'Dave, what are you doing up there?'
- >Footsteps on the metal stairs.
- >Look at stairs.
- >Nobody there.
- >NOPE.JPG

Other stuff has happened in there but this freaked me out. Everyone else has experienced things in there and whatever it is they've experienced doesn't feel friendly. Shudder.

[29]

I work in a mom and pop restaurant which hasn't been opened for even a year yet, the building itself has a lot of history, it's been around since the early 1900's and was originally a

blacksmith's shop.

everyone at work always jokes about a ghost named "Annie", a woman who was supposedly killed for loving a black man

I spend a lot of time up here alone because I'm a manager and run the night-time carry out/ice cream parlor, and business is pretty slow so more than one person is unnecessary

>be alone standing in front of the window, there's only 2 doors into the restaurant and I have a perfect view of them

>prepping food, in the zone

>suddenly I sense a presence behind me, and see out of the corner of my eye something move

>just think it's one of the cooks cleaning up the grill

>mfw I remember I'm the only one there

>nope

also,

>be today

>staying late alone again

>been lurking /x/ all evening

>been listening to music on headphones loud enough that that's all I can hear, but every now and then when there's a lull between sounds I can almost hear some sort of noise in the restaurant

>feel a presence once again on and off over the last 3 hours

Idk, it just feels kind of weird in here tonight. and now I'm on edge lol I've jumped about a foot every time the phone rings, and I've taken my headphones out because I've started to feel kind of anxious.. at least the sun is still out

the weird thing is though I never get scared or uneasy when it's still daylight, tonight just feels kind of different. or maybe I'm just more in tune to whatever activity normally goes on in here

My dad used to work with The National Rail and told me some stories that gave me nightmares for awhile. I remember one or two but they're a little hazy.

- >Dad was working on the railway late one night
- >Gets told to walk down the tracks past the bridge
- >Something about the driver thinking he'd hit a woman
- >Dad grabs his flashlight and starts shining it on the undercarriage of the train.
- >Sees nothing till he gets towards the back
- >Woman in a wedding dress with her body mangled breathing heavy
- >Remember him telling me her chest was rattling as she was staring straight into his eyes.
- >Like after every breath she took she'd say a word. The sentence was something like "What have I done?"
- >Ends up dying staring straight into his eyes.

Pretty weird if you ask me. My father shouldn't have even been looking for the body, he wasn't paid to do that.

[31]

I have a feeling OP isn't a liar, after all who admits to working at Walmart....

- I just remembered one from when I was working with my dad
- >Dad's a trucker, and said I can go one month with him to see how it works
 - >Be 3 AM one night
 - >Dad's driving, I'm making coffee and getting some doughnuts from fridge
 - >Dad tells me to come up front, fridge was on top bunk, it's small
 - >Dad stops and parks on the sidebar, no one on the road at the

time, some back woods place

>Ask "What's wrong?"

>"What's that?"

>He points to this weird human like thing, but it was walking like a crab

>"Should I go outside?" I asked, like the retarded piece of crap I am

>Dad says no, and tells me to grab the flash light and gun in the cabinet

>Dad goes outside with gun and I'm armed with the flashlight because I'm a bad shot

>Dad throws rock at creature

>Creature turns around and starts crab walking slowly towards us

>Dad shoots straight in the head

>No effect

>NOPE.jpg.jpeg.ips.rar.ups.avi.mov.zip.bat

[32]

I work as a grocery store checkout coach. No truly freaky stories, but we did have a guy walk into the employee upstairs bathroom and blow his brains out while I was off one day.

[33]

Happened to me last night/this morning

>Armed security guard at a bank downtown Chicago

>Have been working at the bank for over a month now, nothing strange about it, just an old building

>moved to night shift for this week cause supervisor's a jerk

>On night shift we are to patrol the main bank building and the 2 buildings connected to it, as well as the outside

>I choose to patrol the outside and the main bank building (which was built in 1907)

>so at 1:30 I start my outside patrol around the bank property with flash light in hand and enjoying the nice Chicago summer night

>Then I see a shadow in the corner of my eye, look there was nothing, its dark out, it's the city was most likely a bird or a homeless person

>as I walk around the building I for some reason look up and for a second I see a face on the third story window

>It is too late for the cleaning people to be there and each floor has movement sensors to turn on the lights on the floor and it was dark

>I call our internal control center to see if someone was still in the building

>they check and nothing

>I shrug it off and finish my outside tour

>it's now 2:30 and I have to do the bank building which consists of 15 floors and a basement where the engineers work.

>I start from top to bottom; all is usually from floors 15-4 (surprisingly this building does have a 13th floor just a side note)

>Get to the third floor where I had seen the face about 2 hours ago, I get on to the floor on like every other floor the lights turn on when I walk around

>I get over to the window where I saw the face and I feel a really big chill run down my spine as a chair falls over behind me

>With my hand on my holster I turn around and nothing just a chair on the ground and a few papers from the chair scattered on the floor

>I quickly pick up the chair and papers and get the hell off the floor

>Then I get to the basement, this place is creepy no matter what time it is

>So again I walk around flashlight out and this time my hand on my hip

>all of a sudden my radio starts to crackle and then I heard what I can only describe as shrieking cats through my radio

> I take my ear piece out and then I hear the sound of

someone or something dragging metal across the floor
>I then NOPE.jpg my way up the stairs to the guard station
where I spend the rest of the night nope-ing my pants

The worst part is I go back in about 5 hours

[34]

I work in a pub which is part of a big chain here in the UK.

This story happened in one of those pubs, not mine.

>Happy chappy taking a piss in the urinals.

>He's looking down into the urinal and notices that the bottom is missing, no urinal cake or drain, just a hole.

>As he looks into the hole, an eye pops into view and stares around the urinal, and then up at him.

>Happy Chappy freaks out and runs out to find the pub manager.

>Pub Manager escorts Happy Chappy to the room behind the gent's toilets, where we keep a lot of cleaning materials and where the tanks and pipes for the urinals are.

>Just outside the door, the two guys realise the floor is covered in water, and everything stinks to high heaven.

>As they open the door, a naked man soaked from head to toe barrels through them and runs out of the pub, never to be seen again.

>Upon inspection of the room, said man has removed the piping and dug a hole out under the urinal, where he laid back and placed his head and face underneath.

>The dude was taking naked golden showers from unsuspecting patrons of the very busy pub.

>That wasn't water, the room and the hallway were flooding with piss.

Not exactly paranormal, but disturbing.

[35]

- >Work at an art school
- >become bros with this older dude, artist and real nice fella
- >We're at a fancy dress party Hes dressed kinda like a laurel and hardy character, bowler hat, cane, etc
- >Still have very vivid and fond memories of this specific night with him
- >4 days later hes dead. heart attack

- >Skip ahead 2 years, I'm walking the busy streets with my head down, my music on paying no heed to the world.
- >look upwards for whatever reason and immediatly spot him there, in his hat, cane, and old fashioned suit leaning a lamp post, looking straight at me
- >everything seems to slow down and blur out, but I'm running at full speed towards him, almost get run down by a truck but spot just in time
- >When the truck passes I look at the lamp post, hes gone.

- >Skip ahead another year.
- >I'm walking again, alone, its late and dark
- >check my watch and as I lower it I catch a glimpse of man in the same attire, he's pretty much just a shadow in the distance but I see that bowl hat and cane and theres no way anyone would randomly wear that, in these times, this late, in the middle of the night
- >He seems to look my way and then turn to walk down an alley, I get to the alleyway and look down it, as expected, theres nothing and no one there.

[36]

- >work as an unarmed security guard, in a under construction data center
- >pull night shift
- >shift nearly over decide to do routine patrol before relief shows up
- >be inside a empty hallway, start hearing sound like footsteps, okay obviously someone decided to screw around
- >check other end of hallway, nothing not even a sound, start going down opposite end footsteps resume
- >NOPE right outta there and hide in car blasting country music until relief shows up
- >call on site manager for further instructions
- >manager informs me that I'm wasn't the only one to hear said footsteps.....

Man I hate being a security officer somedays.

[37]

I just realized I have the perfect story.

- >be last summer
- >I'm interning at a local college of mine
- >they have me doing really boring stuff
- >all day I would catalog old vhs tapes
- >I worked in a small storage room that was also the broadcasting room
- >they warned me that the cable goes out around a certain time and boots back up in like an hour
- >anyway my first day there it happens
- >but about 10 minutes afterwards this weird black and white video came up
- >it had a bunch of weird clips like a loop of a women walking up stairs, and other weirdness I can't remember
- >scared the crap out of me

- >second day on the job it happened again
- >whooped out my phone and recorded it
- >never saw it again after that

[38]

Remembered one my brother told me from a funeral home.

- >Little boy around 6 comes in
- >Died choking on Lego
- >The Manager of the funeral home always leaves the light on for kids.
- >Claims the boy was lay down vertical in his coffin
- >Manager leaves as normal
- >Comes back the next day
- >Little boy is sat on the floor at the end of the coffin slumped over. Lights are off.
- >Manager starts losing it and freaking out at his employees.

They all swear blind they didn't do it though.

[39]

- >going to the beach for company meeting
- >huge road trip with 7 guys one of them is bf
- >driving down the highway in a minivan at 3am
- >suddenly I have to piss
- >get yelled at by my friends for having the bladder of squirrel
- >ask them to stop at rest stop
- >nobody there
- >guard in his office watching tv
- >the guys all went in guys room
- >girls room is empty

- >nope
- >ask if I can join them instead
- >sure why not
- >3 of them finished pissing and went out (didn't wash hands lol)
- >left with bf and two other guys
- >only ones there
- >bf and friend washing hands talking
- >3rd friend still pissing
- >I finished pissing in the stall and walked out to wash hands
- >somebody walked out from the stall and washed hands with us

- >didn't look at him, didn't care
- >just another person probably
- >we all walk out
- >man from stall still washing his hands
- >we drove away in minivan
- >bf turned down volume and wanted to tell us something
- >nobody walked in, nobody were in stalls
- >this man came from stall
- >bf says he had no feet, somewhat floated
- >wearing blue hoodie with the hood up
- >can't see face
- >nobody else noticed except for bf
- >I was washing hands next to ghost
- >NOPENOPENOPENOPE
- >nobody noticed but bf
- >decide not to say anything in bathroom

[40]

- >only two people in building
- >it used to be a purpose built club and bar
- >now, because of its location and ample parking, it's a tech company
- >2am

- >allegedly several people died here
- >it built a reputation
- >which is why the club shut
- >it's a massive building
- >thudding upstairs
- >happens for weeks
- >formally there is no access to the upstairs
- >all it contains is two rows of phones installed in case the operation needs the other floor
- >thud thud thud
- >"goaaaaaaal!"
- >security guard is playing football by himself

[41]

- >First real job after delivering papers for 10yrs.
- >working with a security firm that is contracted to a fairly large mall
- >first day at work after training doing a 12 hr nightshift
- >firm is cheap and only put 2 guards on nightshift in a large mall in a heavily populated area
- >working the cameras and radio while second guard is out patrolling
- >office located on a quiet hallway leading to exit
- >pretty relaxed just reading a book since the entire mall is locked
- >hear a child singing a lullaby echoing down the hallway
- >maybe it's just my head
- >look at the cameras and see a little girl walking around
- >oddly enough the girl's appearance on the cameras aren't continuous, its almost like she is running between each camera but every time I see her she is at a walking pace
- >start to panic but don't tell the other guard so I don't get made fun of in the morning for seeing apparitions
- >girl is moving closer and closer to the hallway leading to the office
- >on camera she at the beginning of the hallway leading to the

office

>get out of the chair to look down the hallway but right as I get up she walks by the office half door and looks at me

>"Hi, Mr. Security guard."

>I ask her if she is lost

>"Nope, I am just going home."

>she continues to walk down the hallway towards the exit

>run to the half door to look through to see where she is going

>she is no where to be found

>check the exit and its locked

>get back to the office and see the outside cameras

>see her walking away in the dark parking lot

>all cameras are motion activated so there must have been some movement for me to see her on them in the first place

>ask the other guard to make sure all the mall entrances are locked

>entire mall is completely locked

>look on the recorded footage, there is no one there but that particular footage shouldn't even have been recorded unless the camera picked up movement

I got a few more from working there, will tell if there is more interest.

>one of the patrols during nightshift was a rooftop patrol

>the rooftop did not have any lights and you had to bring your own flashlight

>being my first job and not really caring, I never carried a flashlight

>2-man shift meant that 1 guard had to do it by himself

>this was particularly troublesome as it was pitch black, trip hazards due to roof pipes and the door had a one sided lock that you had to keep ajar with a 2x4

>doing the rooftop patrol by myself one night and have this weird feeling like something was following me as I make my way to the roof

>the hallway to the roof has HVAC machines and as I walk the machines start whining

>OK kinda spooked but w/e, make my way to the roof door

>as I open the door something moves in the darkness, can't see anything but a silhouette moves across the dots of the nearby apartment lights

>probably just a bird so I don't call it in and place the 2x4 in the doorway so I don't get locked out

>first time being by myself on the roof and can't help but feel being watched

>I wouldn't be able to see anyone up there either unless someone walked in front of me and I saw the lights from the condos being blocked

>try to feel my way around so I don't trip but the roof is almost the size of a football field and there are so many pipes

>walking around and the radio starts buzzing and hear some words but they aren't english

>hear a screeching noise some distance in front of me

>hear the crunch of gravel under footsteps moving closer to me

>heart starts beating, hair raised, forget this, they don't pay me enough so I turn around and prepare to run for the door

>I don't know what direction I am facing because it's pitch black and the light given off from the door is no longer there because the 2x4 has been removed

>start running in the direction where I think the door is with the crunching gravel noise somewhere still behind me

>trip on a pipe, get back up and start running again

>the crunching noise is farther away now

>find the door and by some some miracle the door hasn't been locked because the spring was too stiff and the deadbolt didn't recess completely

>open the door, run down the hallway and food court

>radio the other guard there is someone on the roof as I am running

>hear screeching of the food court chairs behind me but I keep running to the office

>other guard runs to me, tell him what happened and we both go up there, this time with a flashlight

>look around and nothing

>lock the roof door and go to the office to report to the firm

>as we walk down from the food court, we hear more screeching

of the chairs

>go back and nothing

>report to the firm and lock the office door and sit shoulder to shoulder terrified watching the cameras

When I left there were still reports of the screeching of the chairs in the food court at night.

[42]

>work at kmart just before closing

>any time it rains, the stereo goes out

>storming bad and lights go out

>be in fitting room surrounded by mirrors

>flashlight on, see a man behind me

>light back on

>nope.gif

[43]

Got a couple of creepy stories that went on at my workplace. Worked at a township building, where they house the snow ploughs and other road maintenance equipment for varrying needs. It also had a small meeting room where township supervisors would meet and discuss God knows what. I was a custodian on the weekends for some extra \$.

>Go in one night, pretty late, cause just got out of a late college class. Key in, unlock security keypad, reset it, lock door, and walk down 40 foot hallway in the dark.

>Get to end of hall, opening up all doors, turning on lights in each room as I descend down the hallway. (only 6 doors in total, 5 offices, and the meeting room)

- >decide to clean bathrooms first, all goes smooth.
- >go into lunch/break room, turn on tv for some background noise.
- >wiping floors down the hallway, hear a smash of glass
- >only one door has glass on it, and that is the front door where people walk in to sign in to talk to the township supervisor
- >go investigate. Glass smashed OUTWARDS from the door, as if something inside the building smashed it.
- >Open up door, sweep up glass, throw it away.
- >Go back to the door and put cardboard on it as a makeshift cover. Duct tape it to the outside of the door, to avoid cutting myself.
- >Call boss, explain that somebody must have came by and smashed it in
- >don't worry about it, just go home
- >start to leave, as I am driving past, cardboard is dangling by one corner of duct tape
- >"Jesus Christ...", pull in to parking stall, and try to just reassemble the tape back on.
- >Tape is gone, save the dangling corner. Gaping black void stares at me from the inside of the building.
- >Nope, not sitting here trying to fix this
- >Go home, don't even give a flying duck about that door no more.

[44]

Had multiple occasions while working in an office which was far away from other people, where I saw people walk by my door. I would go to look out and nobody was there. They had nowhere to go and it would take a solid 60 seconds for someone to get out of range for me to see them. Made me very uncomfortable during the year I was in that office.

[45]

- >used to work at cafe 2 years ago
- >was 19 and living at home
- >boss was cool and let me and my coworker stay the night
- >up late reading creepypasta and decided to make oujia board
- >freaks us out and we throw it away like idiots
- >few hours later, dozing on the couch in the main room surrounded by windows.
- >loud THUD at the window
- >huddle close for the rest of the night
- >hear doorknobs wiggle all night

[46]

I used to work for a haunted theater in Missouri. Little things happened all the time - curtains moving by themselves, hearing footsteps on the stage, and the elevator opened and closed and moved between floors literally all the time. After a while it was less creepy and just annoying.

[47]

First time in a nope thread, might as well.

- >Security guard working in central London, UK
- >work the night shift at a building which has had a building there since 1327
- >night shift is me and one other guard, full patrols of the building every two hours
- >on my patrol, open the door of a hallway on the second floor
- >offices on the left and right with a locker room and a men's

toilets at the end

- >lights are out, locker room door is open and the light's on
- >honest to god human shadow standing right there
- >see it retract back into the locker room
- >radio the other guard, ask him if there's any staff still in the building
- >no anon, nobody here but us chickens
- >nope out, call out to whoever's in the locker room
- >turn the lights on in the hall, go to inspect
- >nobody there
- >no windows, just fixed skylights with no openings
- >get back downstairs as quick as I can
- >tell the other guard what I saw
- >"Oh yeah, you'll see stuff like that every now and then. Don't worry about it."

No matter how many times I see this, I never get used to it.

[48]

- >finish work at 2am on the third floor of the building... no one else is at work on any other floor and I'm the only one leaving.
- >Stand and buzz lift from the ground floor.
- >Watch it go up to the fourth floor then come back down to the third empty.
- >Take the stairs.

[49]

I remember when I was working with my Mother during the time of her self-employment of cleaning restaurants and such. Well, we'd of course wait until the place was closed and then go to work so we'd be left undisturbed and vice-versa. Well, that night it

was my Sister, my Mother and myself - late at night, of course, and all night we kept hearing doors slam shut, footsteps and seeing someone rushing between rooms. There was a back room that stored all the cleaning supplies and tools for repair, and NO ONE enjoyed going into that room.

After a month of all this going on, we finally bring it up to the manager, and he tells us how he had a grown daughter who worked with them, and well, she died.

It was obvious that she didn't want to leave the family business.

[50]

- > be about 2 years ago
- > work at subway
- > co workers tell me a story of when they were closing one night and have heard weird things
 - > told me that they heard a voice go "Sam" (co worker's name) behind them
 - > neither had called her name
 - > don't believe them
 - > close with Sam
 - > Sam in back doing dishes, me cleaning line
 - > doors are locked
 - > see something move in lobby
 - > look up
 - > no one but Sam and me
 - > hear behind me "SAM!"
 - > NOPE NOPE NOPITY NOPE
 - > go to back, Sam still doing dishes
 - > "did you hear that?" I asked
 - > "hear what?"

ever since she quit, nothing ever happened again.

[51]

- >Used to have a nightshift paper delivery job.
- >Work in crappy town, snow killed towns streetlights
- >Push myself with cart through snow delivering.
- >Use crap cellphone as only light source, freezing cold outside.
- >Look up
- >See shape of small child, girl I think run past intersection
- >Must have been like age 6 or 7. no shoes in a dress.
- >mfw

[52]

- >be a mechanic
- >first year apprentice get stuck doing crap jobs
- >guys made a tonne of mess during the day
- >have to stay behind and clean it with the boss (total bro)
- >living in rural town at the time, just us mopping
- >have everything locked up, just about done
- >we hear back door open and footsteps inside the store
- >both stop and look at each other
- >they are heading our way through the side corridor
- >they stop, I run to look who's there
- >no one there
- >door closed still, no footsteps back out of the store
- >finish cleaning and go home

Don't really know what it was, his brother who used to co run the shop had died a week before so that's my best bet.

[53]

- >working at a grocery store while in highschool
- >one of the managers, Carl, is in his 80s
- >he is one of those hilarious old creeps, about five feet tall, former Navy
- >he was distant, bitter and rude when I first met him, he was a broke drunk and couldn't afford to retire since he worked at a grocery store for the past 50 years
- >after about a year, he one day warms up to me and we become friends, and seems much more youthful
- >always end up listening to his stories, we both hate our jobs, and all my co-workers don't understand why we are friends (Carl never liked any of the other teens except the hot girls)
- >he just up and quits one day, nobody finds this bizarre
- >a couple months go by and Carl comes in and is visibly older, but for the first time I realize that that was how he looked when I first met him
- >I try to catch up with him, he barely remembered my name and was generally avoidant
- >a couple months pass and I ask a co-worker if he had seen Carl recently, and he let me know that Carl had died soon after I saw him last

I suppose Carl's memory might have gone too and all, but the guy worked there for about 50 years, and nobody really cared one way or another that he just left and that he died. It wasn't until after his death and reflecting on it all that it struck me that when I got to know Carl that he seemed to change, and to me only. We had a lot of heart to heart conversations and I used to think that maybe there was some way his soul needed to express something to someone before he went, and it just happened to be me, but I really don't know anymore.

[54]

- >university student, working in undergrad support office in Physics building
- >be on 1st floor, go with boss and fellow student coworker to take elevator to 3rd floor archive room
- >press button, elevator goes from Basement to 4th floor
- >summertime, university dead quiet, no students, most profs away on vacation
- >wtf elevator
- >press button again, elevator goes to 2nd floor
- >press button again, elevator comes to our floor, stops, doors don't open, goes to another floor after a few seconds
- >press button AGAIN, elevator goes to 7th floor
- >building only has 5 floors
- >nope.jpg
- >boss says screw it, we'll do it another day

Never used that elevator again.

[55]

This one may not be paranormal, but I can't explain.

- >radioshack
- >closing
- >11pm local
- >nobody nearby small farm town
- >locked door
- >finished everything, grabbing coat ready to leave
- >hear ringing
- >dafuq
- >go check
- >front room where all the display models are
- >they start ringing
- >nope.jpg

Funny thing is that the display models are just that, models.

They have no insides, they are just plastic cases. How they rang idk.

[56]

- >working in large chain hotel at age 15
- >big wedding or something just ended at midnight, stayed late to help clean up
- >its around 2am
- >2 workers left
- >run to get a thing in the lower level, a labyrinth of washrooms, storage hallways and such
- >almost nope.jpg
- >suddenly, power outage or something
- >no lights in the basement
- >left to feel my way along walls and follow those green exit signs for 10 minutes

I never noped harder than when those lights went out

[57]

This is decent, I'll add my own.

About three or four years ago I worked in a local liquor store just up the road from my place.

First odd thing to happen was I went out for a smoke break, it had been dead and I'd finished all the usual of filling up the 6packs and whatever in the cooler. There was only two doors that are in/out, and are the public use ones.

Anyways, came back in from my break, and the girl I was

working with looks at me and asks what the hell, how'd you get in that way? I just thought you were in the cooler, and saw someone moving around back there. I say no, and go check the huge walkin cooler. Store is empty aside from us.

Another one a short while later there had me and another girl talking at the register, store had been busy but just had emptied out, and we were waiting for closing to finally come around. We talk for a few minutes then hear voices on the other side of the store between some aisles over in the wine. I get ticked off and say I'll go chase the kids out [the voices had sounded like teens]. I get over there, the place is still empty aside from the two of us.

[58]

My first job when I was young was Canadian tire. Aside from being miserable warehouse work with awful coworkers, I kept seeing things in the upper level of the warehouse.

There were only two ways up or down, three if you count the service elevator, but that thing was loud as well as slow. But atleast once a week or so I would see someone in plain clothes up there, either walking between the aisles or standing in an aisle. I tried chasing a couple of times, but gave up after not being able to find them.

The reason I'm positive it wasn't just someone screwing around up there was that one of the times, I was right near one stairwell, and I saw them going past an aisle on the opposite end. So I sprint that way and rush down the other stairway which lets out right at the desk of autoparts. There's 3 guys all standing there talking, and I ask if anyone just came down, and they say I'm the only one that's come down that way all day aside from them.

[59]

- >Recently started working at tiny airport.
- >Sitting alone inside the building doing computer training while everyone is out smoking.
- >Walkie talkies all in a row next to me charging, don't know if they were off or on.
- >Halfway through the first course, the walkies start hissing.
- >Stare at them with dinner plate eyes but don't leave the room because screw that.
- >Waited for them to do it again, they didn't.
- >Finish my coursework and go home like a boss.

[60]

- >Work as newspaper guy at night
- >Theres a big old house on my route
- >Park infront of house on my bike
- >See someone standing by the front door, about 20 feet away.
- >I start walking towards door, call out 'hello*', not to scare the person
- >Had to go around a big bush to get to the door
- >When I get around it, theres nobody there.
- >Happens every night for a few days.
- >Eventually just skip that house all together.
- >Still see the figure when I drive past, it even moves around.

[61]

I work in a shoe store in a mall that just opened back up after being severly flooded. It took 2 yeas to rebuild. Anyways.

- >Be cleaning up with two guy managers
- >Girl co-worker is in back
- >look through gate, see someone standing in the store across from us
- >Shrug it off and go back to cleaning
- >Probably someone who works there
- >Look back up to realize there was no store there and the windows were blocked off by black tarp

Both guy managers saw it too. We almost shat ourselves. Also.

- >Be at work
- >going around, checking shoes
- >Hear giant crash
- >Turn around to see all of the Vans we had displayed on a wall sprawled on the floor
- >There isn't a store beside us on that side
- >Mfw
- >Noped the whole time I was cleaning it up

It knocks itself over occasionally.

[62]

- >correction officer
- >on post at a training academy a half mile away from the prison I work at
- >alone by myself doing rounds checking on the area
- >old abandoned prison 40 yards away from training buildings
- >9pm, outside alone when I see a guy walking
- >yell at him to stop and come here.
- >keeps walking, realize he's a solid black mass
- >walks through old prison perimeter fence and into the old abandoned gym.
- >nope.jpg
- >ran back into the main training building, got my stuff and drove

back to the main compound.

I'm not afraid of 2k inmates, but a shadow makes me piss myself.

[63]

I work as an orderly at a hospital and have yet to see anything /x/ worthy. I mean I've worked everywhere there, been to the psych ward, the end life ward, the morgue, etc. I even work the night shift most of the time. Nothing. I have heard a few colleagues say that the rarely used C section of the overflow unit is haunted, but I've worked there several times, at night, never seen anything wrong there.

Mind you, I'm usually busy, so I don't have time to notice stuff.

[64]

- >work for local production company
- >in late with a client recording some audio
- >she mentions the booth is cold, but she's a tiny lady so that's probably normal
- >keep things running, do multiple takes
- >mfw later I'm listening to the takes and there's breathing and sobbing behind and around the talking.
- >Boss makes me erase it and never speak of it again.

Another:

- >Doing a shoot for a crappy local band
- >They want grimdark, so we set up in an abandoned warehouse.
- >Equipment keeps messing up all over the place
- >Keep hearing things like footsteps and whispers

- >Audio levels do insane things like suddenly jump and go wild with a shrieking sound (could have been feedback or something, who knows)
- >Finally packing up
- >One camera left on tripod
- >I step outside to help load some lighting kits quickly
- >Come back and think I see someone messing with the camera
- >"Hey! What are you doing?"
- >Get into the room proper and no one is there
- >Camera is on and recording
- >In order to do this, a switch and a button both have to be flipped/pressed
- >Welp

[65]

- >Work as a janitor at a high/film school
- >Used to being in the dark cleaning hallways
- >Occasionally hear things, but don't pay any mind to it
- >Mopping the entrance
- >Look up
- >It's dark but I clearly see dude with a black cape and most scary of all red eyes
- >Noped out of the school that day.

I talked with some of the teachers about it and one of them told me he had seen the same person one day when he stayed a little late. A few minor things also happened to me at that school but that was the biggest one.

[66]

- >be at work for private ambulance

- >be driving while partner is asleep in passenger seat
- >look in rear view mirror to back of squad
- >see face
- >feel stomach drop

[67]

First off, I do not believe in anything paranormal or aliens. I come here for amusing stories sometimes. That being said, I have had one experience that I am unable to explain.

- >driving gravel back roads in the middle of nowhere
- >see house in distance that looks odd
- >get closer and notice it is gutted
- >no windows, doors, and missing some walls
- >for some reason there is furniture in there
- >pull over to look for a bit, not sure why
- >no idea how long I just sat and stared at the house, just kind of zoned out
- >start to open car door to go in and look around
- >think "Wtf am I doing?"
- >out of nowhere, chills and nearly hysterical fear
- >tear down the road
- >would not look in rear view until I was sure I couldnt see it anymore
- >made sure never to go by it again

[68]

Home alone, room mates in a different city, playing TF2 in room, house be 150 years old, had to use bathroom, run to toilet - instinctively lock door, start pushing out a stool, hear 3 knocks on the bathroom door and door handle turns, "go" faster, stayed in

bathroom until room mates came home the next day.

[69]

- >Huge stockroom in the basement at work
- >It's probably about 50 metres wide and 100 metres long
- >No decent lines of sight except straight down the columns because of all the shelves
- >Room has pretty dim lighting

Anyway a couple of things have happened down there when I've been the only person working down there.

- >Seen a figure at the end of a column move to another column and when I approached he disappears
- >Items left in places of the room randomly move around
- >Heard footsteps in various places
- >Internal telephone will sometimes ring and the call won't be coming from anyone in store and upon answering it there's silence on the other end

[70]

- >Be 18
- >Working At Dairy Queen
- >Some old hitch hiker stops into store at like 5 pm and gets a meal and sits down. he has a thick long beard, sorta like a wizard.

Nothing unusual so far. but as the night progresses and he finishes his meal, he continues to sit.

He takes out a notebook and starts writing in it. Still nothing really crazy.

but as it gets closing time, he is still sitting there. We start to casually turn off the lights to give him the hint that we are closing, but he doesn't move. Just continues to write. I push a broom by him to see what he is jotting down in his notebook. I look down and he is writing in symbols. I guess like some type of cryptography, and he never looks away from writing. Even after we have all the lights turned out. Eventually tell him he will have to leave because we are closing. He just looks at me with these dead pan eyes and doesn't move. Start worrying at this point. he then asks for some food and I go get him some burgers and put it in a little bowl and give to him. He asks why I didn't put them on buns, and I say I'm not even supposed to be giving the burgers out. So I'm definitely not gonna go make u some for free. He hesitates and grabs the bowl, all the while still not wanting to leave. It was a very surreal scenario. finally he picked up this big duffel bag he was carrying and walked out. keep in mind this was a guy that was like 6'4 250 pound guy or more with a wizard beard. Freaky thinking back on it.

[71]

- >be 23
- >worked in an IT company
- >those who work for IT company knows the phone display location of caller (inside company) in this case, displayed city, building, floor, office, cubicle
- >I was at my monthly graveyard covering shift, friday night, spent night watching movies (I worked nights S-T)
- >4:00 am, guard comes rushing to the floor, asks if I had seen a kid running around the floor (at 4 AM)
- >Denied seeing the kid, asked why?
- >guard said they saw them in the CCTV cameras running from 3rd floor, to parking lot
- >guard leaves telling me to call them if I see him
- >NOPE.720p.BRRip.avi

>spent rest of the shift covering the corner of my eyes like a racing horse

Fast forward to Monday:

>entire floor knows the story
>night starts with us telling ghost stories
>girl in different dept. comes to hang, asks us what we are talking about
>we tell her the story of the kid, she goes white as a sheet
>she tell us she received a weird call 15 min ago, that a KID called her and when she gave him the opening speech he just replied "Thank you, be good!"
>supervisor has the dopest idea ever...callcenter know that all calls in an IVR gets recorded...let's listen to the call
>system shows call at 1:32 am, from 3rd floor, next building, office and cubicle...Building is empty at that time
>listen call...creepy voice..."Thank you...be good"
>call saved in a Nokia 2003 phone, before SD cards, still trying to find the way to pull it.

One night, a cab driver took me to work, when we got there, he told me the building used to be a butter and oil factory, big fire killed a lot of people, and kids, in the 3rd floor where the daycare was...

nope.xlsx

[72]

>be a camp counselor at a over night/week camp.
>around the third or fourth day we take the kids on an overnight hike.
>basically take them through the creepy woods at midnight and settle at a camp ground and return to camp the next morning.

- >Me and other counselor are walking together.
- >Look to the left and in the darkness see a figure of a boy, it was like a glowing grey, and he was wearing a red cap.
- >The figure of a boy was seen, the cap was seen, but he had no face. Like it was all grey. No eyes, no nose, no mouth but I can tell he was looking right at me.
- >Do a double take and it was gone.
- >Nope.gif
- >Didn't mention this to anyone. Literally nobody.

Fast forward to next year.

- >counselor that I was walking next to and I start dating.
- >Going to be counselors again this year
- >tells me she's scared of the overnight hike and ghosts and monsters.
- >LOL at her and say what are you a baby?
- >She mentions she saw something last year.
- >Tells me when we were walking together, she saw a figure of a boy, all grey, kind of glowing, with a red cap, but had no face.
- >I turned white, got goosebumps everywhere. Told her I saw the same thing.
- >Both noped all day long.

Talk to the little town's police station and apparently there was a case of a missing boy who never was found in the area. In the photo he was wearing a red hat. NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE.

I always try to find it now but never see it.

[73]

I love nope threads, brings out the best of /x/

>Work at an old asylum

- >we have an old ward named ward G
- >abandoned a long time ago
- >sometimes kids sneak in to smoke do what ever
- >one night security informed us of a strange light in ward G and wanted one of us to come a long in case if it is someone who left a cell
- >see faint light down the hallway, security bro and I pull out our stun guns
- >walk closer to the strange light, it seems like fire in the empty cell
- >security bro all of a sudden stops and starts shaking saying how he will not move closer
- >laugh at him walk closer to the cell door
- >put my hand on the knob about to open then I could not move
- >I hear a faint voice on the other side
- >then pass out right there
- >wake up surrounded by the medics
- >security everywhere, place is on lockdown
- >security bro tells me that I made a choking noise, then fell over

Don't remember anything about the noise but just falling and waking up what seems like seconds later.

[74]

- >Work at corner store
- >In the ghetto
- >Closing up after long day
- >Banging on locked door
- >"We're closed!"
- >"HELP ME"
- >Some guy must be getting robbed
- >Go out with bb gun I carry (to scare people, I realise being in the ghetto, if someone has a REAL gun, I'm screwed. It has come in handy though.)
- >Unlock door

- >Look out, nothing
- >"meh"
- >Lock back up, getting ready to exit through back
- >Bang on window
- >Turn around really fast
- >Smiling face staring through window
- >Semi-bloody
- >Lock up and drive home as fast as I can

It was like 12 am, I may have been too tired to think straight and I started early in the morning.

Weird.

[75]

- >Nurse and I doing bedcheck again on the same wing but seperatly
- >Walking down hall and hear what sounds like someone carrying a bag of empty cans right behind me
- >Whip around to see what it is... nothing is there and no more sounds
- >Continue with my checks and hear someone call my name so I head down the hall and ask the nurse id she called me
- > She says no she didn't and she didn't hear anything
- >Ok then, I resume my bedchecks once more and while I'm in a room I hear the bag of cans rattling behind me again
- >I turn around and the door to the room slams shut, I yell and NOPE my way out of there

[76]

- >Working late shift (till 1am) at a 100 yr old hotel

- >Creepy dark hallway
- >Everyone claims ghosts
- >After being done cleaning
- >vividly hear mop bucket roll down the hall
- >mop bucket was actually empty and immobile in a closet the whole time
- >who was mop bucket?

[77]

- >3am
- >watching netflix at night time security job
- >hear a door that opens and shuts every 5 minutes
- >CCTV show the door opening and closing
- >head over to stop it
- >firmly close door
- >lock it so no possible way it could open up again
- >head back
- >immediately as I sit down hear the same door opening and closing
- >freaked out because it was extremely loud this time

It still happens every now and then, I usually just zone out staring at the door on the CCTV. Sometimes it will go for hours. I would put something in front but it's a fire escape door so it's a no go.

[78]

- >Working as a cart pusher at Target
- >Nighttime
- >Week before christmas
- >Super snowy
- >Lights go out on half of the parking lot after close

- >Picking up straggler carts from the farthest reaches of the lot
- >Weird noise behind me
- >turn around
- >Little boy sitting in snow
- >Looks up at me
- >I start going over to him
- >Notice that there are no footprints leading up to him
- >Nope.jpg

[79]

- >work at museum in Canada
- >museum has 15 or 16 original 1800's-1930's houses on property, many moved from original locations to museum grounds
 - >often work alone in rooms full of antique dolls, pictures, dummies and other /x/ related stuff
 - >I'm in charge of locking up every night
 - >museum is remote and is dead silent
 - >occasionally hear "thump" coming from a children's room upstairs in the Victorian house
 - >other workers complain of bad vibes in the cowboy ranch house
 - >one night as I'm locking up the last cabin, I forget to turn the lights off in one room
 - >as I go to turn off the lights, hit my hand against something
 - >a pale female mannequin stares me straight in the face and falls on me
 - >freak out and laugh about it driving home

Turns out the other museum staff redecorated the day I was off...

[80]

Not really paranormal, but kinda terrifying to think about.

- >Work at clothing store
- >Be like 10:30 (30 minutes to close)
- >Check junior dressing room to see if there's any clothes left on the rack
- >Hear two people in the handicapped stall.
- >Open adjacent stall door
- >"SHHH,SHH, SHH! Quiet, what if she hears us?!"
- >Go to stall across from occupied one and kneel down
- >Two sets of clothes on the floor
- >Two naked pairs of legs
- >One clearly male
- >NOPE the hell away
- >Come back ten minutes later
- >What looks like middle school girl and guy in his early 20s walk out
- >What is /a/ doing in my store?
- >Walk in. No mess, but smell betrays appearances.
- >sweep floors, finish closing and go home

I was too embarrassed/freaked to say anything about it to my manager. She still doesn't know.

[81]

Told this before.

- >Work as night security at a residential compound.
- >Out late one night doing a patrol.
- >Hear laughter coming from somewhere, meander off to see if I can figure out where it's coming from.
- >Sounds like kids. It's 3am, why aren't they in bed?
- >Walk past a sewer drain.
- >It occurs to me that the laughter is coming from below me.

>MUST BE MY IMAGINATION OH WELL I GOT WORK TO DO.

[82]

>Mexico
>Working at my small restaurant 2 years ago
>a very beautiful young lady enters the restaurant
>it's already 10:00 P.M.
>(past closing time)
>still serve her because she is hot
>she's about to finish when I hear an hysterical laughter
>check what's going on
>the girl cut herself with something
>approach her with first aid kit
>WTF? her face was completely pale and her eyes were just big black balls
>just stood there in terror
>she stands up, she's taller than me (I'm 1'87 m)
>she looks like her back was bent
>just frozen there
>she leaves the restaurant
>the air feels very heavy
>close the restaurant for a week or so

[83]

>Working housekeeping at a hotel
>Guest has a heart attack and dies in one of the rooms
>Next several weeks, I am constantly getting injured in that room (cuts, bruises, pinched fingers).
>Ironing board would just fall off its hooks when I was in there. (They were a pain to get down.)
>Even when room wasn't rented, find streaks and smears on the

mirror.

- >Just general bad vibes.

- >Several of the girls too afraid to clean in there because you always feel as though you are being watched.

I also worked at a business in an old church building. I often went in on Saturday (building totally closed) to do paperwork.

- >Sitting in office next to stage/pulpit area on a Saturday.

- >Hear someone talking and walking around in the main room (right outside my office).

- >Assume somebody must be stopping in to pick up paperwork or I left the door unlocked.

- > Peek my head around the office door.

- >Nobody around

- >Check doors and they are all locked

- >Call my coworkers, nobody had been in

- >NOPE.jpeg doing work at home

It was actually a frequent occurrence to hear voices, footsteps, and thumps. All of my coworkers had some sort of experience.

[84]

- >working at a retirement home about 7 years ago

- >job was running a sort of snack store/ice cream parlor in the building

- >decide that I want to start doing direct deposit instead of getting checks from my boss every week

- >says to take the forms up to her office if she's not there next time I'm in

- >which happens to be on the dementia patient floor

- >have to punch a code into the door just to get up there

- >see a bunch of the patients over in a lounge sort of area with a nurse

- >quickly find the office after looking in the other direction, and

slip the papers under the door

- >suddenly someone grabs my arm to get my attention

- >turn to see just about the creepiest old woman I'd ever seen in that place

- >she's smiling in a really weird way and asks me something I can't make out, while still touching me

- >another nurse eventually sees and kind of guides her away

- >nope out of there

- >never go up there again

[85]

I have one like that:

- >work in a SOC/NOC (security/networks operation center)

- >constantly monitoring my companies traffic, the servers and end user computers

- >every once in a while I have to go into the server room to do some maintenance work

- >obviously it's cold, a lot of noise everywhere

- >I'm working at the rack thats almost next to the wall, so sound echoes and I can't hear a thing other than my own voice

- >doing some cable management so I'm crouching and focused, generally not paying attention

- >I hear people come in and leave, think nothing of it

- >I'm there for a good 30 mins

- >as I'm about to leave I hear a moan

- >coworker in his 60s is stumbling towards me, I rush to help him

- >call ambulance, they take him away

- >he survives and a month later he comes back, we all welcome him

- >that day during lunch, he approached me to invite me to his house for dinner to show his gratitude

- >we talk a bit and I ask him what happened

- >he was working 3 racks in front of me when he said he looked at the door and saw his dead mother standing there watching us

That server room is so scary, and since you can't hear anything I'm constantly looking over my shoulder.

[86]

- >On duty at the front desk at around 11 P.M
- >Resident walks by
- >I wave to her, she blankly stares and walks by me and goes outside.
- >watch from the front door, from inside my office, as she walks into the dark.
- >Lose sight of her
- >Return to computer at the desk, typing up a report
- >Two minutes later
- >A resident runs down the stairs and says "Hey, (My name here)!"
- >Look up
- >Same girl I just saw walk out the front door
- >I start laughing because I think she's trying to freak me out
- >She starts questioning me why I'm laughing
- >I then realize that at this late, the front door is the only way into the dorms without setting off an alarm/or is locked
- >She then gets scared after I had been talking about just seeing her walk out the front door
- >I said I was just kidding and she leaves a couple minutes later.

I still don't understand what I saw.

[87]

working as maintenance at movie theater, early/late shifts when no one is in building.

- >doing walkthrough at 5am, janitors already left

- >walking through auditorium, get near door
- >see bunch of shadows going past window on door, no noise
- >nope.gif

different day

- > be doing work in booth, no equipment on
- >loud click, I go to investigate
- >build-up table turned on, empty film reel is spinning full speed
- >I get close it flys off and heads right towards me
- >imout.png

[88]

- >work in cafe
- >opening shift
- >3am to 11am
- >Closed the night before
- >Come into work
- >Every single cabinet door is open
- >Freezer is off
- >Fridge is off
- >Everything is screwed
- >Have to get new dough
- >New everything
- >Found out later the original owner was murdered
- >That was the day he was murdered 5 years ago
- >Same thing happens next year
- >Nope

Other stuff happened but I'm a skeptic and I feel like they could be explained via SCIENCE!!

[89]

>Work at a national cemetery where most graves are those of soldiers and veterans.
>Often when I work there at night, I'll sometimes see tall, dark figures out in the distance, standing stock still and at attention
>Have learned to ignore it because they don't bother me and I don't bother them.

I want to try something out however. One night, when I see one again, I'm going to stare at it, then begin marching at it until either it goes away, or I'm close enough to see it better or talk to it.

[90]

I have one that's more recent.

>Work as a stock associate at a clothing store in a mall
>Told to gather trash and take it out all alone
>Go through the back and walk through the store's long hallways to reach the balers
>Dump boxes and trash
>Turn the baler on
>About to leave with cart
>As I leave, I hear a wail, that grew louder as the machine crushes the boxes kind of like a whale noise hard to describe
>Turns into a high pitched squeal, kinda like a pig soon afterwards
> Run right back to the back of the store
> Realized I left the cart...

This happened about a month ago and now I use the excuse that "the journey will be easier if a co-worker helped me" when it comes to taking out the trash.

[91]

This was a few years ago.

- >Work as a custodian at a high school
- >building used to be a radio station in the 70s or something like that
- >alone as usual finishing up sweeping
- >hear noises all the time
- >hear something on the second floor
- >look up
- >I'm telling you, some dude in a cape and suit with red eyes is standing there
- >Shortly after disappears into the hallway
- >Get out of there as quick as I can

I talked to two other teachers there and they said they'd seen a similar figure the times they stayed late. Lots of creepy stuff happened at that school, but that took the cake.

[92]

There was a really scary looking resident at the facility I used to work at, for about two and a half, three weeks. She had fallen in her home and been discovered about 3-5 days later after a neighbor complained about newspapers piling up outside her door. I guess she was estranged from her family so nobody knew anything had happened, pretty sad.

She was on end of life comfort care. Her mind was completely fried from any number of things, mostly being a ridiculously severe alcoholic. She looked like she was already dead the moment she came in. I worked a night shift and spent a little time in the evening try to get her to eat SOMETHING so she didn't simply starve to death.

She started mumbling, then got coherent enough and said, "no, feed them first, feed them first," and nodded toward the window. Not pleasant alone in that room with her late at night.

The night she finally passed, we were turning her to try and position her a bit more comfortably as she was moaning pretty bad and when we moved her in bed her skin was sloughing off onto the sheets. It was the most terrifying thing I had ever experienced. She lasted hours even after that.

Also, in the same room, the woman in that bed before her was about 102 years old and would have conversations with her dead son the whole week just before she died.

[93]

- >be working inna dog kennel
- >be all alone after closing
- >stuck there 2 hours late, feeding the dogs
- >building has bad wiring due to a recent storm
- >water leaked into the wall and somehow screwed up the lights
- >lights go out on me
- >pitch black, dogs all go from barking and playing to dead silent
- >have back turned to all of them, messing with the lights
- >turn around
- >all dogs sitting, exact same position in their cages
- >all staring at me
- >all dead silent
- >hear someone talking in the back room
- >MFW I'm all alone
- >MFW the dogs stayed perfectly calm
- >MFW dogs usually go crazy when they hear a new person

[94]

- >Working as a lifty at a ski resort
- >Night ski-ing, working on the end of the lift at the highest point.
- >Last rotation cone comes up (resort is closing) everyone is off the hill.
- >Get my stuff together and see someone standing not too far from my booth.
- >The person is wearing a puffy coat with fur lining, they're walking backwards toward my booth.
- >They turn around and smash their face on the window.
- >It's just a large mouth trying to chew on the glass window.
- >I smack the window with a flashlight and it runs off into the woods.
- >Scariest board ride down the mountain I've ever had.

[95]

I used to work late nights in a very old building. I did setup/takedown for banquets, receptions, etc. I typically started work at about midnight and worked until about 3am or 4am. The hours really depended on the type of event.

When I first started, I always worked as part of a crew. Typically my boss and two or three other people. But after I'd been there about a year, my boss always had me work by myself. Sometimes I was the only person in the entire complex (probably 7 or 8 acres of connected buildings, I guess?) besides the security guard up front. Sometimes the rest of the crew was in the other room, which was maybe 300 yards away.

I'm 95% sure that this stuff just happens when you're doing

physically exhausting work all by yourself for several hours in a dark building at 3am, but I would hear things all the time. Mostly, I would faintly hear someone say my name. But you could never be sure. I'd also frequently get the sensation that I was being watched. Sometimes I'd see movement out of the corners of my eye, but nothing concrete. I worked there for about 2 years and never got used to it.

My brother had worked doing the same thing before. I asked him if he ever had similar things happen to him. He said it happened all the time. I also talked to my boss about it. He said he never really noticed anything, but that other people did all the time. He also said the place had once been a factory and that it was supposed to be haunted by a black guy who had fallen into a furnace there. I never saw any black guy ghosts.

Once I got scared by a mannequin that I had forgot was there. But that was pretty funny.

[96]

Google these coordinates 38.172201,-85.733424
What you are looking at is the world hub for UPS which where I work and at these coordinates is a Indian burial ground. So you don't think I am making this up please refer to this link.

<http://www.reuters.com/article/2010/05/27/ups-hub-idUSN2621006920100527>

"When originally building Worldport, which opened in 2002, UPS discovered an Indian burial ground. It elected not to exhume the bodies and instead built around them, leaving an island of grass surrounded by concrete."

>Be working at night as a night time engineer in a wing that isn't used at night besides the belt system.

- >Sit around doing nothing in the semi dark since they turn main lights off to save money
- >Hear sounds of screaming on the wind from pit of grass this burial ground is in.
- >Feel things touch me and when its cold see hand prints of the glass as if someone is watching me through the windows with hot hands.
- >radio goes bonkers near the area and has a weird smell of rotting near it sometimes.

Such is the life at UPS

[97]

More weird than scary but-

- >friend gets job at a major department store
- >closes for the first time, goes to get the manager to tell her that she's cleaned up/closed the register/etc.
- >manager is quiet for a moment, then asks "did you check the dressing rooms and bathrooms for dead bodies?"
- >friend laughs
- >manager isn't kidding

All of the managers would make her and whoever else was closing search the store for dead bodies every night before they could go home, never gave an explanation as to why.

Only creepy thing that happened to me while working was that once an old woman came in with a caretaker, didn't even take ten steps into the store before the caretaker turned around and starting beating the crap out of her. We had to call the cops.

[98]

- >attending a college mostly built in 1929
- >exploring old theatre building, which was built in 1865 as first part of new campus
- >I really love old buildings and antiques
- >there are these 7' tall mirrors with marble bases and gold frames
- >GORGEOUS pieces, but I never quite felt safe around them
- >thought it was because I was worried about breaking them
- >never looked into them, kept my eyes on the ground whenever near them
- >so anyway, exploring theatre late one night (11:00)
- >friends have keys because they are stage managers
- >no one else is here and no one else should be able to get in
- >we go up into the ceiling, not the catwalk, literally the ceiling
- >have to climb up a metal ladder and up into a rickety wooden crosswalk
- >warned not to fall off because "the floor looks like plaster because it IS just plaster, anon"
- >smells like dust, plaster, and.... roses?
- >hear voices echoing up from downstairs
- >they're freaking out (the voices, but my friends too)
- >we think we've been caught
- >I volunteer to investigate
- >as I go down the ladder the smell of roses gets stronger
- >someone has turned off the lights in the costume room we used to access the ceiling
- >open the door to the stairwell
- >see girl in long skirts turn and look at me
- >her mouth forms a perfect "o"
- >SHE VANISHES
- >THE SMELL OF ROSES VANISHES
- >turn light back on, climb back into ceiling, report "nothing's there" to friends
- >be a few weeks later
- >backstage in the dressing room alone getting ready for my performance
- >trying to get in character

- >feel afraid and guilty
- >suddenly realize I can smell roses
- >curtains move and the voices from outside sound quieter, like it started snowing heavily, muffled, you know?
- >screw this I'll go get in character behind the curtains on stage'

- >be a few weeks later
- >backstage helping a friend get ready for first dress rehearsal
- >she absent-mindedly asks if I've ever smelled roses in here
- >"why do you ask?"
- >"I got here early, and wanted to rehearse a bit, but I felt afraid, like I was doing something wrong. and it smelled like roses"
- >"no, I've never experienced that."

- >be a few months later
- >out for dinner with head of my theatre department at a synagogue
- >everyone's a little tipsy
- >sharing stories and such, as we are wont to do
- >she starts on the story of "Rosemary", goes like this
- >girl auditions, but doesn't get cast as the lead
- >wants to prove she's the superior actress
- >sets up a fake suicide to show everyone how skilled she is and that she deserves the role (suicide related to the play)
- >a few friends help her move all those tall mirrors so they all reflect the center of the room, as seen from the doorway
- >she makes a "stage noose"
- >screws it up
- >friends bring other actresses at the planned time
- >they are treated to sight of her blue face and twitching body
- >is a huge tragedy, of course
- >school decides to move big mirrors to different floors and rooms (presumably because girls who saw the event are traumatized)
- >whatthehell.jpg

I didn't believe in ghosts before that series of events, but MAN.

[99]

- >be manager of 110,000 sq ft. self storage facility
- >2 story building, about a football field long and almost as wide
- >no windows to outside, artificial light only, dimly lit
- >all lighting is motion-activated, meaning when you walk down a hallway, only that hallway lights up
- >just super long hallways full of rows and rows of open spaces ending in darkness
- >dead silent, storage unit cubes provide the same effect as sound-proofing material
- >mfw creepy stuff happens constantly, and I'm the one that always has to go investigate units, change thermostats, etc all alone

For example

- >be alone in building on 2nd FL cleaning storage unit doors
- >hear footsteps in next hallway over
- >hair raises on neck
- >go to check, nobody there
- >continue cleaning
- >creaking all around me from settling
- >entire time just feel myself being watched
- >keep catching movement in the corners of my eye at the end of the long hallways
- >play music over PA system to avoid hearing noises anymore
- >electric sliding security doors that don't open unless I press a button
- >open on their own almost every single day
- >happens so often it doesn't even bother me anymore
- >had them serviced numerous times, tech never finds anything wrong
- >water cooler jug will start bubbling behind me just out of the blue
- >thats not too weird but it scares the crap out of me when

suddenly "bloop"

- >32 high end security cameras all over building
- >dvr that records 6 months of footage
- >owners spared no expense
- >cameras constantly go to static
- >mfw on the cameras I sometimes see motion lights will suddenly flick on in hallways in a linear fashion, as if someone is walking down them
- >electricians come out often to change blown ballasts in light fixtures
- >have them check motion sensors
- >they find no problems whatsoever

For all the weirdness that happens, I've never actually SEEN anything physical, but my girlfriend who often comes to visit me or bring me dinner has.

- >both be sitting in my office one night, about to close (not a 24 hour place), finishing something on computer
- >g/f sitting a few feet away from me near window looking into building
- >she shifts in her seat suddenly
- >moment later, asks me if there's anyone still checked in
- >nobody, why?
- >"A man just walked past the office door."
- >what? what did he look like?
- >"He was black.. he was wearing jeans, that's all I saw."
- >what... there is no way anybody was inside, storage is slow and I see everybody that comes in and know when they leave
- >look down nearest hallways, see nobody
- >sorry guy if anybody is in here they're getting locked up overnight, I'm not going looking for them
- >check cameras, nobody
- >no motion lights on anywhere else in the building
- >lock, alarm, nope out of there
- >open up the next day, nothing out of the ordinary

[100]

- > Be working in a theatre
- > In the building alone, upstairs in the old, unused (except for rehearsals) main theatre
- > Up on ladder, putting lamps away over the cross-arch
- > See something out of the corner of my eye
- > Turn to see old man standing on stage, looking up at me
- > His clothes too big, holding hat in his hands, looks worried
- > Says to me "What about me?"
- > Me: confused, thought I was alone. Reply "Pardon?"
- > He just looks at me with a worried expression
- > I put last lamp down as I say "Hang on a second"
- > Man disappears in front of my eyes
- > Me: confusion turns to shock.
- > Bolt out the theatre without locking all the internal doors or switching off lights.
- > Just set alarm, locked external doors and left

[101]

It's not the creepiest story, or even the weirdest, but I'll always remember it.

- >Working at Dunkin Donuts at 18
- >Night shift, only me one other co-worker
- >There would always be a rush from 6-7, then quiet down for the rest of the night
- >She and I are running around, trying to get everything done
- >Woman comes in for something at the counter
- >I take it, co-worker is dealing with the drivethrough
- >In a rush, take her order
- >She decides to make small chat even though I'm in a hurry
- >"How are you tonight?" "Is it busy often at night?" "Is it just you

two girls?" blah blah blah hurry up lady

>Guy at the window is being an impatient dick, snaps something to my co-worker about hurrying up

>Woman mutters "What a jerk", I was pretty surprised and chuckled "yeah"

>"You know people like that, who just have no respect for others, I just can't stand it"

>mm-hm yeah

>"That's why could never work a job like this"

>right

>"Because I understand why people go into work and shoot everyone"

>what

>Have no clue how to respond, she just takes her coffee, thanks me and leaves

>Co-worker and I are creeped out for the rest of the night

It was just the way she said it, just in the most serious way, like, nothing behind her eyes, I felt like I was talking to a serial killer. Just creepy.

[102]

>Armed Security (inb4mallcop) at a military installation

>Normal boring night, hardly anyone around

>Couple MP's come by to chat, then leave

>Midnight

>Working on criminal justice homework

>Hear a horn honking continuously

>Step outside the guard house

>1950's era ford vehicle at the gate

>I turn my flashlight on and approach the vehicle

>It has the white star of the old Army logo on the door

>"Hi there, how are you doing tonight?"

>Man clad in OD outfit says "I'm alright tonight"

>"Glad to hear, listen... you can't be on this installation without ID

or authorization from the commanding officer. So I will have to ask you to turn around and head out"

>"Well, I have paperwork right here" and proceeds to hand me a leather bound ID wallet with a DOD ID in it

>I radio for the MP's per protocol

>"I'm sorry, Sir... but this ID isn't issued anymore and I can't accept it"

>He gets mad

>Really mad

>Tells me the base commander will hear about this, puts the car into reverse, and tears out of there

>Flips the car around, and drives away

>MP's get there roughly 30 seconds later, enough to see the taillights down the road

>Explain to them what happened

>They go a little pale and tell me that I just had a run in with the ghost car

>I look it up on the security monitors

>I was talking to nothing on the cameras

>ofw

The MP's stated that if you let the car in, it will drive around the installation 3 times and disappear, if you don't let it in, it will sit at the gate for 4 hours, laying on the horn each time you leave your seat

I was lucky, I convinced it to leave. :/

[103]

Happened to me earlier at work.

>Be a cleaner for an office block

>having to do all of the crappy jobs like vacuuming, mopping etc

> cleaning an especially creepy office

> as I'm cleaning the office, an old lady walks by the door

> this freaks me out because I'm the only person in the building

> shrug it off, she probably works there or something (unlikely seeing as she looked too old)

- > finish cleaning the office, just about to leave the room
- > door flies open in my face
- > I would say it was the wind but these doors are keycard operated and heavy
- > I proceed to elegantly nope out of there

Apparently there have been quite a few people quit because they were terrified of the place. It's a pretty boring story but it's real unlike most of the HURR I SORE SLENDARMENZ AND DEN I DEAD type stories on /x/.

[104]

- >Volunteer at local animal shelter
- >Working past sundown walking dogs
- >See another volunteer, young lady, 30's-40's
- >She's wearing a shelter apron but I haven't seen her before
- >Blue tag, which means she's been Volunteering for years now
- >Continue walk
- >Afterwards go to tell her I'm heading out
- >Can't find her anywhere
- >Ask front desk about blue tag working today, describe her
- >"No one but you has gotten a kennel key all day."
- >No way.
- >See that mine is the only key checked out
- >Look through dogs to find the one she was walking
- >Kennel securely latched but dog still in harness
- >Check sign out sheet
- >Dog hasn't been signed out

[105]

- >Work at an old shoe store

- >Store is in basement under another store
- >Entrance is a staircase
- >No other way in or out
- >Work with all women, only man b 19
- >Back room (stock room) no one likes to close/shut lights
- >Feel like being the man and do it myself
- >First time no problem feel slightly uneasy though
- >Each time, progressively getting creepier and creepier
- >2 months into working me and co-worker closing go to shut back room down she heads up stairs
- >Shut light
- >"Stay"
- >NOPE.JPG
- >run into wall fall down
- >feel a strong breeze which was very cold
- >get up run for my life out of there
- >quit next day

[106]

Well here goes nothing; I used to work/live with my parent's in their factory. 1st floor being the actual factory, 2nd being a basement of some sort, 3rd being the actual house. Also, we can quickly communicate with telephones located in each floor that can easily call any floor of the building. Anyway, time for my nope moment.

- >Late night accounting
- >Phone rings with the same chime used when the call is from within the building
- >Answer it
- >Mom's voice "COME HERE QUICKLY! SOMETHING HAPPENED"
- >Feel alarmed but I ignore it
- >Continue my job
- >All of a sudden I hear the backroom open along with footsteps.
- >halfnope

>Notice that the footsteps are approaching closer
>NOPE.PNG
>Screw the computer, I am getting out of here
>Rush to the door leading to the stairwell with the footsteps still behind me as if whatever it was, was stalking me
>Stop for a minute by the vending machine that happens to emit a lot of light in the dark stairwell
>feel cold chill on my shoulder
>Do a 180 turn
>See my shadow but then realize that its eyes were gleaming red and was growing horns and it was walking towards me
>NOPE.PNG
>Run up to my house
>Finally get to house and run to my parent's room
>"What is wrong mom?"
>"What? Are you talking about?"
>"You had called me! And not to mention I saw something terrible!"
>Tell her the story, she doesn't believe me what a surprise, she thinks I am crazy.
>Goes to sleep trying to ignore what happened
>Had to wake up to use the bathroom
>Get to the restroom (Which is by the entrance to the house)
>Start peeing, whatever
>Something starts scratching the front door's glass window
>NOPE.JPG
>Completely disregards whatever could be behind the glass and run to my parent's bedroom
>Try to take comfort in their sofa and sleep there for the night because I am a wimp

Ever since then, we had to replace the glass with some plastic because it looked really bad.

I used to work at a farm nearby, and we'd go to a farmer's market a lot. This one, in my opinion, is noteworthy.

>at market

>running the stand by myself for a few, co-workers are dicking around elsewhere

>things have really slowed down, not selling much

>been there 8 hours (1 PM, arrived at 5 AM to unload/set up)

>older gentleman walking towards the stand, reaches me and greets me

>he was looking for some tomatoes, basic request

>looking through his wallet, struggling a bit, says he found a \$10 and hands me a \$20

>I let him know this and give him a \$10 back, he's appreciative

>he has an "off" look in his eye, I initially think he's got some trouble seeing due to the money, that, and how he's not really looking "at" anything

>"I appreciate the integrity. Thanks, Steven."

>I pause a bit, considering nobody else was around to have said my name, and we don't wear name tags

>I say something along the lines of "Nice guess" trying to play it off

>"You know, that name has some heavy significance in my family."

>I just kind roll with it in a courteous manner, given how polite the man is

>"I think there's a reason we've met today... I'm sure I'll run into you again, Steven."

>He walks straight off into the parking lot, an all white van with jet black tinted windows stopping in front of him

>The van wasn't like a pedo-van, it was a very new looking minivan, literally white and black exclusively

>what made it so odd was the timing of him pulling up abruptly, and the old man's walking were "synched"

>he gets in the back without a problem, sitting down no sooner than the door closes, driver drives off

I was the only person at the stand, no form of identification present, and he literally KNEW my name. He spoke very plainly,

but also in a very collected manner. Never saw him after that. Any theories, /x/?

[108]

You guys probably won't believe this one, and I honestly don't really believe it either.

>Be working for years at Jo-Ann Fabrics

>Mother and son come in, mother is very attractive middle-aged woman. Son is probably 20 something, very handsome.

>They're both wearing all black, but not in a faggot goth way, but in a really professional way.

>Approach counter with bolt of black fabric.

>I see that they're both wearing Baphomets around their neck.

>I enjoy studying the occult, while not practicing any of it, I just find it interesting. I comment on them.

>They are very polite and answer all of my questions, in a very informative manner, without being creepy or douchey or trying to persuade me.

>I said something about LeVayian (sp?) Satanism.

>The woman smiles and says "Well, LeVayianism is more of a symbolic symbolism and philosophy. We practice in a more..literal worship of the Dark Arts."

>The fabric they're getting is for an alter or something.

Unfortunately, there isn't enough for what they need, it's off by about 2.5 yards.

>Bummer, start trying to come up with different solutions for them.

>The son is looking down sort of speculatively at the fabric while rubbing it with his hand.

>He looks up at me and says "Could you maybe re-measure it for us?"

>No Prob. Remeasure.

>The fabric now measured the exact amount that they needed.

>What. The. Heck.

>The son then looks at me, smiling, and says "Well, would you

look at that?"

>They thank me, pay at the register, and leave.

I don't know how that could have happened. I have never once measured fabric incorrectly, and there was no WAY I could have missed a huge amount like 2.5 yards...Could never figure it out.

[109]

I have a few. I work in a Pizza shop and I think everyone that's closed has had something odd happen.

>Cleaning up
>nearly done
>Phone suddenly picks up on speaker.
>Jump a bit at the tone
>Turn it off
>finish up
>Turn off lights
>Open back door
>hear front door bell
>What in the...
>Look at security screen some one clearly standing on lobby
>Rush up front
>no one there, doors locked
>Slowly back out and leave.

To my knowledge no one has ever died in the building, hell it was built in the 80's. But thinking about it; a fire in the....20's? Burned down well over half of this town and it was inhabited by Indians before.

Also:

>Sweeping
>glance up

- >See a kid with short brown hair leaning against the counter
- >No bell rang
- >"Oh hi what can I-"
- >he's gone

Same looking person as was on the security screen.

[110]

I work as a security guard at a castle and we have station that has to be manned 24/7 so people are there day and night and sometimes I have to work until morning as well, especially whenever we have some sort of event or party.

- >hosting a concert
- >after the concert is finished and most of the guests have left I'm ready to lock up the toilets which are in the vaults of the castle
- >on my way an old lady asks me if I have seen her friend who apparently went to the toilet a while back and hasn't returned yet
- >haven't seen anyone entering the building for a while but I promised to take a look as I lock down the building
- >being a bit afraid something might have happened to the person in question
- >went down to the toilet area, entering the women's toilets, open every door of each stall (we have to do this to make sure no one gets locked in)
- >last one, being a bit afraid I might have to deal with a dead visitor or something else
- >opening the door slowly, just getting a glimpse of something solid black behind the door, partially blocking the view
- >this is rather unsettling, so open the door quickly to see what's behind it
- >it's empty
- >lock down the building, return to the castle courtyard
- >the old lady is gone

This is the only thing that happened to me, which was slightly out of the ordinary. It's a bit disappointing, though, as the castle has seen war, destruction and death and was partly used as a military hospital at one point (our guard station was the sickbay), so one could expect some paranormal activity.

[111]

- >working at a weather station
- >setting up the radar to lock on to a weather balloon
- >point it to a random part of the sky
- >start getting a massive radar return off what I thought were stars
- >no planes in the sky, lights aren't moving
- >NOPE

[112]

I was binning one night alone. It was just me in the backroom and maybe 2 other people there besides manager.

We don't stay open 24/7

- >In back room.
- >Binning some of the grocery partials.
- >Walk back to where we bin Sporting good.
- >Can of soup flies across the room.
- >The heck?
- >Instantly think someone is screwing with me.
- >"Who's there!?"
- >No one.
- >Search around. Double doors are still. Would be moving if there was some one.

>Check every corner, every hiding spot.
>No one.
>Come back, can flies out of bin right in front of me.
>Wat.

[113]

Year and a half ago, early summer about 3:30AM, girlfriend and I are sleeping.

In my dream I start smelling something absolutely putrid, like dead roadkill left on a hot road for several days. It gets so bad I actually stop in my dream to wake myself up because something is wrong in the real world.

Once awake it's still there and even worse. Before I can turn around to wake the girlfriend up, she's already coming to for the exact same reason. "What the hell IS that smell!?", "I don't know, but I'm going to investigate". I thought maybe a toilet backed up, or one of the dogs made a really nasty mess, or maybe it's the sewer outside wafting in through the open window. I check everything out and nothing seems out of place and there is no obvious source of the smell, I even run downstairs and go outside to see if that's where it's coming from and no luck. The smell is isolated between a hall and two bedrooms and it actually seems to follow me and stronger when I stop moving.

After maybe 10 minutes of this, it finally dissipates but both of us are left with pounding headaches and burning sinuses, both would feel like that for hours. Girlfriend asks me if what was going on and why was I acting so strange. "We need to have a talk, but not now and not here".

I lit some yankee candles to help clear the air, cracked open the migraine pills, and played some metal gear solid while she eventually got back to sleep. In the morning we went out to

breakfast where I had to explain a few things.

And if anyone thinks it was a gas leak, that's impossible, this entire neighborhood is electric.

[114]

- >work in warehouse
- >other employees say it is haunted
- >hear a whisper "hey" in my ear while walking into the bathroom
- >turn around no one is there
- >no one in the warehouse as it is 5p.m. and everyone is leaving
- >NOPE NOPE NOPE

[115]

- >Work at Wal-Mart
- >Christmas Season open 24/7
- >3am
- >Totally alone
- >Fumbling with shoeboxes someone left in the baby aisle
- >Suddenly hear mobility scooter whirring down the chip aisle
- >The noise stops and I hear someone loading chips into a bag
- >Then suddenly I hear a bag opening
- >The most ungodly smacking sucking crunching noise I have ever heard in my life
- >What the heck, are you eating chips without paying?
- >Round corner
- >Empty Scooter
- >No chipbags out of place
- >ghost fatty

[116]

Air force here,

Work in old shop (VM/Allied Trades).
Stay late/come after hours often.

Often see/hear things when I know I'm the only one in the building. It's a small building, paint booth on one side, maybe room for three cars on the other.

Anyways, one night that stands out I was finishing some paper work and there were two cars in the shop, I'm seated at the computer and through a window on my right the street light is shining through bouncing off the reflective tape on a vehicle on my left.

as I'm typing away I notice some 'twitching' on my left, I keep looking over but see nothing. Finally after 10 minutes, its bothering me to the point I stop, turn my seat towards the cars/shop floor and just watch.

After a while I see a shadow darting back and forth, I grin and say Hello, no response, however, after a few more minutes of watching the shadow, foot steps start to accompany the movement.

Not the best story but at least it's a constant source of /x/ for me. If anyone wants I'll share a few more, if anything to keep this thread going.

[117]

Not all that scary, and likely not even paranormal, but weird:
I'm a tour guide, I give outdoor walking tours of various haunted places around the city. I've noticed over the past couple of weeks, every streetlight I stop at with my groups goes out while I'm telling the story, and turns back on as soon as we start walking away. This streetlight thing happens to me all the time, but it's just been so consistent on these tours that it seems more than a little coincidental.

[118]

- >be machinist
- >work in newly renovated machine shop
- >nice
- >obviously in an industrial part of town
- >working one friday
- >shop has a deal where at night you can rent space and work whatever you want
- >don't have to pay because I'm an employee
- >make some new action screws for my dad's rifle (family heirloom)
- >finish late because I was helping a coworker on one of his projects
- >it's like 2a.m.
- >I'm the last one upstairs
- >be walking down catwalk between buildings
- >look out to parking lot
- >see my car in the lot, just where I parked it
- >see a group of 6 "youths" in all black (probably, it was dark and the street lights can make red/brown/dark green look black)
- approach my car
- >they form a circle around it
- >what
- >run to my car ccw piece in hand
- >my car is covered in thin layer of tan dust

>6 full sets of cloths neatly folded in a circle around my car
>now I'm just confuse...

It wasn't scary at the time, my mind was just so... GAH. What scared me was about a month later I had a dream that seemed very real. It started just how that story started, making screws and whatnot, I see the "youths" but this time I stay to see what happens. They burst into flame and I call the cops (but for some reason I had my old Nokia cell phone). When I tried telling them what happened my teeth fell out. I had the same dream about two weeks ago, but instead of making screws I was making something for work late at night, but I still had the Nokia...

Sorry if that was crappy, it made me nope awake...

[119]

>Work in a small bakery
>Only person in the shop at 4am
>Phone rings, its the boss, gonna be late
>Suddenly the hobart (giant stand mixer) is flipping out at max speed, flour flying everywhere
>mfw I just cleaned that, there shouldn't be anything in there
>mfw the cage isn't locked in it shouldn't even turn on at all
>mfw I turn it off AND NO FLOUR ANYWHERE WHERE DID IT GO

That bakery was forever screwing with me

[120]

>1998
>Working at video rental store
>part of job is to make sure tapes get rewound

- >customers infrequent and not intrusive so could spend most of shift doing this
- >sometimes videos would be taped over with a tv show or something
- >In the event of this the tape was discarded
- >Working alone one night, rewinding tapes
- >Notice a tape has been returned in plain packaging
- >Put it in the machine
- >Static for a long time, then a fleeting image of a room or something
- >Spend ages trying to pause on it on that exact spot
- >it pauses on a massive close up of a smiling human face

I discarded the tape.

[121]

I work at a community college with a lot of old buildings on campus. Or rather, they used to be, when we started construction on the newer ones we started tearing those down left and right. Right now there are 2 buildings left over from I think the 70s, the same era that the building my story takes place in. Any way.

- >first year of college
- >work as an IT work-study doing grunt work
- >clearing out computer equipment from old science building about to be torn down
- >abandoned except for me, my mentor, and one other work-study
- >we split up to cover more floors, 3 floors total
- >I get top floor, mostly chem labs and chem storage, a few class rooms.
- >looking into old closets and finding lots of weird stuff, old preserved organs, disused lab equipment.
- >looking for any computers that might need to be collected in one of the back offices

>on my third lab, hear faint, deliberate footsteps down the hall.
"Oh hey guys, I'm in here"
>no response
>poke my head out nothing. Shrug it off, pop in headphones and keep looking
>Pop in and out of various hall doors making my way down.
>final chem lab, I look down the hall and see a woman wearing light teal dress with "fuzzy" brown hair, very old
>thought she might have been one of the instructors I hadn't met yet.
>take one last look around in last, VERY messy closet
>like the person who used this lab and closet didn't have time to clear
"Hello ma'm, need any help with anything?"
>no response, look down the hall, she's gone.
>get chills, spooked.
>move briskly down the hall as I run into my co-workers
"Hey did you guys see that lady? Any idea who she was?"
>they look at me like I had 3 heads
>mentor says he locked the entrances when we came in

Nothing 2spooky but it stuck with me.
That, and the story of Evil-Bob the haunted elevator.

[122]

(Note : our building is half-apartments and half-businesses, with several small businesses inside ; besides, we all know eachother, so it's not rare that anybody from any company leaves last)

>Alone at office for overtime with some other guy ; we're two in the whole building at the moment
>Guy shows up to ask me to leave
>I tell him it's cool since boss gave me the keys
>Guy leaves
>30-40 min later, I finish my stuff, pack up and do a little turn in

the building to see if anyone is still there, the lights are turned off, etc.

>Check everything, toilets included, there's no one but me

>As I turn the alarm on and is about to open the door, power shuts down, leaving me in the dark and shutting down the alarm system

>Boss being a paranoid despite the steel door, I take a little flashlight I carry around in my bag and go to the main switch

>Main switch is on and the fuses are all OK

>littlenope.avi

>I hear footsteps in the stairs behind me, then a door closing

>nope.avi

>I go check around and hear a phone ring in our office

>Go there, nothing is the office is powered EXCEPT for the boss' cellphone she forgot

>As I come near the phone, I see something in the corner of my eye going near the exit (boss' office has 3 glass walls so she can see everything)

>I flash my light at what moved : NOTHING around

>MEGANOPE.AVI

>Suddenly, a very loud BANG sounds comes from near me, as if someone hit the wall with something real near from me

>OHGODRUN.AVI

>I utterly flip out and run away, trampling on something but too busy to notice

>As soon as I'm outside, I run into one of the neighbours ; apparently I screamed like there's now tomorrow (didn't even notice) and he came to see what's going on

>I start to tear up due to the fear and am shaking in my boots

>Neighbour calls boss

>Boss comes in a hurry, she checks out the building with neighbours

>Comes back livid

>"Anon, what the happened in here, the electricity is not working anywhere and someone threw a chair in the wall near my office."

I later learned that my boss' husband, a computer engineer, was robbed and shot while on a business trip in Argentina the same day.

I went as far as voluntarily cutting up my palm to NEVER have any overtime again. I quit a few months ago, but just going near the place gives me the chills.

[123]

This didn't happen to me, but to my mom. I'll retell it as if I experienced it myself, though.

- >be teacher
- >work at an old school that's nearly a century old. (about 85 years I think. maybe off by a decade more or less)
- >be at an after school activity that ends late at night.
- >be last teacher in building, last staff member, last person.
- >all alone in a dark, silent old school
- >getting ready to leave
- >suddenly quiet music starts playing.
- >soon stops, then toilet flushes in the distance.
- >dafuq.jpg nope imminent
- >hear whistling coming down the hallway.
- >NOPE.jpg
- >gets outta there and tears home.
- >never will go there again alone.

A part of the school caught fire about 4 maybe 5 years later. It was decided that it should be torn down and a new school be built in its place.

[124]

- >College student working at old gymnasium on campus
- >Built in the early 1900s

>Be about 9pm, gym was closed all day so just there to make sure no one got in
>Be in basement, maximum amount of NOPE
>Walking down looooong hallway, just about done with shift
>Hear someone behind me walking
>Look back and see man, about 20 years old, walking past in cross hallway, just see him before he's outta view.
>Scares the crap outta me, jump hardcore
>Wearing old looking basketball jumpsuit
>"Hey sir, the gym is closed today."
>No answer
>Bro deaf? Hurry after him
>Go down and turn down hallway, go up stairs (only way to go down that hallway) and up to gym doors
>Door is locked.
>Don't think anything about it, unlock door and enter fieldhouse (massive) and pitch black (pic)
>Feel like something is watching me but I can't see a thing
>"Sir, this area is closed"
>.....
>Well, lock fieldhouse door and go up to volleyball court, do same thing.
>.....
>Well where the heck is he?
>NOPE sets in, and get outta there.

After a bit of investigating, the basketball team used to play there in the early 1900s. Guess what their warm up uniforms looked like, yup. Always a bit creeped out after that, but still worked there for the rest of the year.

[125]

This isn't my experience but my grandfather used to be a pilot

>returning back to home base late at night

>what he described as a HUGE green flash in the sky, fully lit up the cockpit

>a few months later he died of radiation poisoning

He died very violently too, apparently he was having a violent fit thrashing about in the hospital bed yelling out at something near the ceiling

Thrashing so hard he fell out of bed
Shortly afterwards he died that day.

[126]

True story:

>Get a job working night shift in a small factory during the 90s.

>the factory was pretty much the only building in the area, near the national forest (Portugal).

>the owner was very religious and asked for a priest to bless the place.

>after some months they expanded the place by tearing down a wall that connected the factory to some old barn.

>this barn had never been blessed.

>be working with machines all alone at 2 in the morning.

>see shadows going into the CNC machines.

>these shadows stopped working right after this.

>noises all the time.

>see heavy metal pieces fall down from tables as if they were pushed.

>I would yell and get angry, I mostly said stuff like: Stop doing that!

>one day a co-worker has to do the night shift.

>I arrive the next morning to work.

>the guy is not there.

>all doors were open.

- >boss doesn't know what happened.
- >the guy calls from home telling the boss that he won't work the night shift ever again.
- >priest is called to bless the room.
- >nothing else happened after that.

[127]

- >be aus
- >work in 161 year old pub
- >constantly see humanoid figure (look up 'shadow person')
- >see it 5 times in a month
- >first 3 times were nothing special. see it walking in my peripheral vision
- >4th time, heard banging upstairs (nothing is up stairs but old rooms and dust)
- >walk upstairs
- >dead silent
- >see shadowy figure walk from one room into another
- >3 doors throughout the top floor fly open and glass smashes everywhere
- >lights go out
- >turn to sprint down the stairs
- >walk into something that isn't there
- >see shadow figure standing in one of the rooms swaying back and forth
- >scream and run down stairs, run outside mid way through shift in front of patrons
- >still scared of upstairs

5th time.

- >finish shift at 12am
- >turn all lights off, set motion sensor alarm
- >lock up and head outside
- >be parked out the front of the pub

- >one of the rooms upstairs has the light on
- >startled
- >was the only one there from 11pm onwards
- >alarm has been set; no way anyone is in there
- >get in the car and begin to drive off
- >see figure standing in the window
- >light goes off and there's a 'flash' shortly after
- >call owner and tell him the place is haunted
- >get to work the next day at 2pm
- >go with co-worker upstairs to the room
- >doesn't actually have a light bulb
- >there's old records and tapes everywhere, and there's dust all over the tiles
- >see our footprints, but no-one else's
- >nope

[128]

It's a scary story from my grandpa, but not paranormal.

- >Grandfather worked in a Scottish steel workshop
- >Huge cauldrons of molten steel would be set in an open furnace, that had walkways to walk across them
- >He's working away, and the boss' son starts work, he's only 14
- >Grandfather shrugs it off as a novelty, thinking the kid won't do much work
- >The kid decides to carry luggage across the walk-way, across and above the huge cauldrons to reach the other wing of the complex
- >He loses his footing
- >The young boy finds himself waist-deep in boiling molten steel, he screams out in pain, not able to form words, just bellows and panic and terror
- >My grandpa and other workers rush to him, he's shoulder deep and still crying out, even though his body is burning away.
- >Out of mercy, my grandfather takes one of the long reaching

tools and pushes the poor kid into the bright orange pit, putting him out of his misery

>The boss came back about a half hour later, wondering where his son went, in disbelief he ran to the cauldron. It took 3 men to hold him back from jumping after him.

Makes me think to this day.

[129]

>be working as nurse assistant

>suddenly see children running to the exit doors

>run fast and try to catch him only to see him entering the old nurse bathroom which nobody uses because its dark and broken

>I open the door and see no children inside there was absolutely no way some kid could have hide in there

>get back to pediatric unit and tell everyone to check if there's a children missing

>none missing, all were on their beds

>nurse told me to not stare directly at the windows at night

>quit

[130]

When I worked at a grocery store I was on porch (getting carts and sweeping) and a hobo wandered across the parking lot. This was strange because you almost never saw homeless people in that town, it has one of the best hospitals in the country and seeing brand new luxury cars was pretty common with all the doctors.

Anyway this homeless guy wanders up to me and just starts talking. He said one time he was high on acid and was hanging

out in a parking lot like this one, and he saw a man get struck by lightning while returning his cart. He swore up and down it was the God's honest truth, and he knew he wasn't hallucinating because he walked over to the guy and touched him and he was dead. After that he said he never touched acid again.

Then he walked away and I went back to sweeping.

True story.

[131]

>About a month ago
>Work at a gas station
>see certain bum hang out here and buy coffee from time to time.
>One night, he buys coffee and then looks at my nametag "anon," He smiles "You going to be okay with a name like that?"
>Ask him what he means
"Oh c'mon! you know what I mean; You're old enough to know what I mean! You seem smart enough."
>He starts talking about a "Coldesac"(sp?)
>says that when he was doing a lot of speed, he was up in the mountains and was screwed up and stuff. He was trying to get some help. Found a house in a coldesac, but there was a locked gate that wouldn't let him through.
"I just wanted help, but I couldn't get through the coldesac. So just be careful about the coldesac!"
>Still not following
>He tries again and again to explain.
>I asked him what happened after that at the coldesac and gate
"I'm still there! I just walk out the door, and I can still be there!"
>I try my best to understand, but he finishes up with what he was saying and then leaves.
"Just be careful with that name!" he says.
Never see him again.

Still confused about it all, and usually I understand abstract ramblings!

[132]

- >Work in Dutch parliament as security guard
- >Nightshift
- >Walk outside
- >See glass opening with 10 cm thick glass, within 1 second, can't be the wind
- >Light starts flickering in that room
- >Light starts flickering in the room above

Other time

- >Walk in an older part of the building
- >Nazi's used to torture people there
- >Suddenly feel a hand on my shoulder

Man, nightshift is spooky.

[133]

- >Be at work, night shift, just about to finish
- >Ice-cream factory so its really big
- >Running the last of the cleaning process
- >Feel really cold all of a sudden
- >Strange, the machines are over 90* at this point in cleanup
- >My side of the factory noweherr near the blast freezer
- >Look around, its nothing, go back to to watching the computer
- >Feel that cold again, shrug it off
- >kind of nervous now
- >Power goes out, 'well screw this'

>See someone with a torch come into my section
>'Oh nice I won't fall over anything getting out of here'
>Say to person with torch, 'thanks man' he says its 'no problem'
>Going up the stairs to get to the breakroom feel cold again
>Open the door to the breakroom light is gone from the torch and the guy is gone.

Asked around the next day at work turns at a guy died in the factory when he fell down the stairs in the dark. Same one's I used.

[134]

>at work
>on break, outside with one of my co-workers having a cigarette
>he's smoking one of those djarnum things
>so I finish mine quicker than he does and head back in
>head over to the bathroom
>as I'm walking there I can feel as though some one is behind me, I look behind and I see the co-worker I was just outside with
>didn't think he came in, but what ever
>go into the bathroom
>expecting him to follow me in, but he doesn't
>finish up quick, head back out and walk to my desk
>sit down
>co-worker walks in from outside
>ask him about it
>he has no idea what I'm talking about
>ask another co-worker
>he says he didn't see him come in until just now

Would have just been kind of weird if it stopped there, but it didn't.

>next couple of weeks I'll head outside or something, I'll see him outside just walking around

- >call out to him, he doesn't answer
- >head back in
- >he's at his desk
- >it stops for a while
- >few months go by
- >he finds a different job and leaves
- >some times I'll see him walking down one of the halls
- >some times I'll see him outside
- >one time I saw him in the break room just sitting there
- >never responds when I tried talking with what ever this is
- >eventually just stops all together.

Lots of weird stuff have happened in this building, and there have been lots of strange things at night in the sky too. I can tell more if any one wants.

All of this is taking place late at night, because we worked midnights in a call center

- >have been here for 4 and a half years
- >have worked midnights during the entire time
- >during the winter, it never fails to go outside, and hear a woman singing
- >can never really make out what is being sung, but it's clearly a female voice singing lightly
- >this will go on for a few hours generally between 2:30 AM to 4:30 AM
- >only during the winter

- >constantly see weird lights in the sky that clearly can't be airplanes
- >craziest one was this light that looked like a star
- >noticed that it was coming down at a diagonal and thought it was a falling star
- >right up until it came to a dead stop
- >than it rose up, mid-way to the radio tower that's near us
- >than it shot across in a diagonal in the opposite direction until we couldn't see it again

- >radio tower I mentioned previously
- >not at night, sun is just setting
- >notice there appears to be something on the wires
- >it has to be huge because this thing is a pretty good ways from us, and the wires are near invisible unless with the right light
- >they just look like massive black blobs crawling up and down the wires really high up

Weirdest one though, and not really creepy, just weird.

- >walking across the parking lot to the 7-11
- >see a guy walking towards me
- >can make out he's dressed in some weird clothes
- >yells out to me "HEY KID!"
- >"yeah..?"
- >"you want to buy some books?"
- >drops down a duffel bag literally filled with books.

[135]

Got a confession here /x/

- > Work as professional bartender at high class pub in Austin
- > Before that in my younger years worked around hopping from crappy to even worse nightclub for money and experience
- > Got a job working at this rather large club in Laredo(border city with a really, really bad rep)
- > Club is what people would call "seedy", lotta bad looking people came in
- > Owner and my boss was this really freaking strange guy named Mack
- > Mack didn't like to be seen in public a lot, would always stay in his office, would always meet with "strategic business partners" who where always Mexican and seedy looking
- > Pretty sure he ran prostitution and drugs out of the backrooms but you don't ask unless you want to lose your job and I was

young

- > See news report one night about these two college girls from New Mexico who went missing after club hopping
- > Swear to god me and my co-worker served them drinks and saw them get invited to the VIP back rooms
- > sadly this was 2008 and the media quickly went back to the Election and Obama coverage.
- > Still freaks me out to this day

Been years now and pretty sure it's a cold case. Wouldn't be surprised if some drunk girl passes out in the back rooms and then wakes up in some whorehouse in Mexico being forcefully injected with heroin.

[136]

Had an alarm call out the other week.

- >Be chillin' with the other buyer who works with me
- >I get a call about 10pm (saturday night, no work on sunday, just relax and do what ever)
- >Say to him that I've got to go in and check it out
- >He tags along with me
- >After going home and getting the store keys, we get into work place
- >Alarm system has LED screen which tells us which alarm set the camera off
- >"Zone 1014 camera unset"
- >"I didn't know we had a zone 14 Matt"
- >"I don't think we do mate"

Our security camera' go from zone 1001 (front door) to zone 1010 (upstairs stock room)

- >Go onto security cameras and get ready to check out
- >We grab a golf club each and quickly sweep the shop floor,

buying counter and cheque office, toilets, bike room and sale stock room

- >Go upstairs, purchase stock room light is on, on a motion sensor, probably a rat
- >Quickly check it all out
- >12 week deposit room all clear
- >Go upstairs to top floor, apparent zone 1014
- >Check out the rooms, absolutely nothing to mention
- >Quick check of corners of rooms, no camera's at all anywhere

It kind of dawned on us that the system was probably due an update, or was screwed.

- >Go down and check cameras
- >Camera system has cameras 1-16 covering al of the zones
- >Camera 16 activated for 3 seconds with what looked like a face
- >NOPE out of there, locked everything up and bolted home quick as can be.

Another one at work:

- >I go in one Sunday to tidy up, clear overdue stock off of the counters, general housework
- >Grab a Starbucks and start off with DVD's
- >Hear a moaning sound, not a cliché "ghostly wailing sound" but more of a "I'm dying" kind of moan
- >Think nothing of it
- >Carry on with the stock, go out for a cigarette because I can
- >Come back in
- >Hear moan only 10 times louder
- >Start to feel a bit dizzy, maybe smoked my Marlboro Menthol a bit quick
- >Getting pretty jumpy by now
- >Heater randomly starts burbling and makes a noise like a 747 taxiing up the shop floor
- >Have a small heart attack, laugh it off
- >Out of nowhere I hear clear as day a cough
- >SCREW THIS, I'M DONE
- >Lock the store up, walk away

Who knows what that is, though the place we're in used to be a pub which is apparently haunted.

[137]

I'm a pizza delivery driver, and since I work late nights sometimes, especially in the summer, I have a few good nope stories.

- >this past summer
- >1:30am, one of the last deliveries of the night
- >driving through the back end of town, mostly just farms
- >there's a man, probably about 40-50 years old, standing in the middle of the road
- >he's just looking up
- >not smoking a cig, not talking on his phone
- >just looking up
- >I slow down to avoid hitting him, pull up alongside him
- >roll down the window, ask him what's up, and suggest he move so no one hits him
- >he doesn't even react
- >keeps staring straight up
- >not even a glance my direction
- >I drove off, made the delivery
- >on the way back, he's still there, just staring
- >nope'd out, went back to the store

[138]

- >Work as a janitor part time in a sports facility
- >Building is empty and locked up for the night, majority of lights are off, radio is also off.

- > Walking through the gym, with the night crew, on our way out of the building
- > Look out the glass wall which shows the hallway and other gym through it
- > See a single balloon levitating, with string dragging on the floor, just floating down the hallway
- > NOPE out of there

Probably just a party balloon that was running out of helium, but the way it was just moving down the hallway was terrifying.

[139]

- >be in Paris
- >be night keeper in subway station
- >3 AM
- >listening to radio
- >checking cameras and motion sensors
- >motion sensor turns on
- >in the middle of a tunnel
- >no other entrance than the two stations
- >no one supposed to be there
- >no camera there
- >no other motion sensor either
- >get call from other station who noticed it aswell
- >send groups from both stations check it
- >tunnel is a straight line
- >can see the other station 300 m further
- >well lit
- >no place to hide
- >guys call me over radio, say they see two people
- >one of them is screaming and running towards them
- >see the guy on camera meet with the two agents on the edge of the platform
- >looks panicked
- >check motion sensor

- >it regularly blinks, indicating movement
- >they discuss for a minute
- >they tell me he's a tagger
- >went in through the other station
- >told them he has been attacked by a ghost
- >they tell me they can see the "ghost" in the tunnel
- >ask guys from the other station
- >they see him too
- >motion sensor is still blinking
- >welp, sure is a ghost
- >guys from both stations enter the tunnel
- >"ghost" is reported to run to the side
- >in between two lights
- >motion sensor stops blinking
- >watch camera
- >no one exiting the tunnel throughout the whole thing
- >no news for two minutes
- >slight nope
- >call other station
- >no one seen exiting the tunnel either
- >motion sensor starts blinking again
- >they've met halfway through the tunnel where the motion sensor is
- >flooded the whole area with powerful flashlights
- >no one was found
- >nope
- >they bring the tagger back
- >call the cops
- >meanwhile, talk to him
- >says a shadow pursued him while screaming at him
- >he says he actually never screamed
- >"b-but we heard you!"
- >"that wasn't me!"
- >NOPE
- >hear an electronic relay clicking
- >turn around
- >motion sensor is lit
- >warn other station
- >about 20 people go through tunnel

>no one is found

That motion sensor was since considered to be malfunctioning.
But then, none of those that were there this night want to check
the tunnels again.

[140]

>Be web-app engineer on a consumer-based forum website
>Team decide it'll be funny to roll in a scary easter egg for
halloween 2 years ago
>Build in functionality to allow us to random pick users based on
their IPs and inject special javascript that slow injects words like
"I'm watching you, [username]", or "you're going to die" into
forum posts
>We also exploit internet explorer vulnerability to get the user's
screen to flicker and show super scary pics for like 2 or 3 frames
at a time (so it's undetectable)
>We lol'd hard at the user's forum posts after we did this

I guess it's not scary for us, but it must've been pretty bad for the
3 users we did this to.

[141]

Be a long time ago, worked for a big store chain. Had to go in
early to do paperwork, went to break room (in back of store which
was almost as big as a Kmart) to turn on coffee pot which I'd set
up the night before. Go back to office to finish paperwork but hit a
snag and go to get coffee. Sitting on the table, a steaming cup of
coffee, I'm the only one in the store.

Nopenopenope out of there shaking like a little girl all the way.

True story.

[142]

I've told this before but it still scares me.

Not a scenario - it happened.

I was a park ranger, it's winter, gets dark very early.

I close down the park and I'm completely solo, no cars aside from my own truck. The park is fenced off and the entrance gate is locked, of course outsiders can come in (climb the fence), but it's wilderness and about 50 miles from anything besides a few farm houses, so trespassers are not likely. I mean come on why come in there, the terrain is rough, it's cold, dark...really why come in?

I'm waiting till my shift ends at 8pm, doing clean up, busy work. I stop and stand outside the booth, it's quiet out there, no sound of cars, no nothing.

I hear rustling in the brush, no biggie, it's a preserve, happens all the time, deer, porcupines, skunks, possums, rats, you name it they are out and about at night.

Smell cigarettes, ok that's odd. No problem, park patron was probably smoking, the odor is lingering in the air.

Hear louder rustling in the tree line behind the booth. No sweat, it's a deer, sometimes they stomp and snort if they want to scare you off.

Smell more cigarette smoke, hear a cellular phone ringing. Hairs stand up on my neck as I spot a tiny orange orb that can only belong to a lit cigarette in the woods and a cell phone keypad light up. They go dark and I start freaking out. Someone can see

me standing here in the light so I bolt towards the darkness.

I sit in the darkness for about 15 minutes before the sweetest thing happens, more rangers show up, what a relief. We all leave together...no clue as to who was out there or why.

[143]

- >Work at Potter's Wax Mueseum, St. Augustine, Florida
- >Enter small exhibit theater after hours
- >see old man sitting in seat
- >"Excuse me, sir, it's after hours."
- >Looks at me and disappears

Everyone who sleeps in the upstairs staff room has nightmares.

[144]

- >be 18
- >work as night time janitor
- >bring my cary around an "L" shaped hallway
- >see a dark figure at other end of the hall
- >it mumbles something incoherent
- >"Oh, it's just Dave or Fransisco" (only other two guys there at night)
- >get to the other side
- >see them both talking

[145]

- > Be nurse

- > getting some extra dough by working some shifts in a nursing home
- > working night shift, this home has been broken into by scumbags looking for narcotics twice in the last two years
- > hanging out at the nursing station doing some charting, hear door slam loudly.
- > PSWs (like healthcare aides) doing bedchecks all come out into the hallway as I walk down to investigate wtf that was.
- > heavy locked metal door (mag locked and physically locked by myself earlier that night) ajar.
- > door leads to stairwell to basement and also has a second door leading outside, which is now also open.
- > tell one of my PSWs to call the cops, I walk down the stairs to the basement like an idiot.
- > search the entire basement from end to end (grabbed a hammer out of the maintenance room on my way).
- > find no one.

Cops showed up like two hours later, Lazily look around and find no one.

[146]

- > Be working in nursing home.
- > Patient in her mid-90's palliative (dying), was near the end of life but her family wasn't there (as families often are at end-of-life, but who knows? maybe they had a bad relationship)
- > Go in to check on her and give another dose of dilaudid and scopolamine. Find her dead.
- > Check her heart with stethoscope. Nothing.
- > Yup, dead.
- > Close the door to her private room behind me and go to phone at nursing station to call her son and the MD (to sign medical cert. of death). Both say they are on the way.
- > Patients room in view from nursing station.
- > Go back to the room to make the body more presentable

looking for the family (close the eyes and jaw before rigor mortis sets, remove the sc ports, etc). Door was still closed.

- > Open the door and walk into the room, see the patient completely repositioned, with head at footboard and blankets on the floor.

- > NOPE out of the room

- > Takes like 5 min to regain composure, return to patients room and put her body back the right way, clean her up.

Never told any co-workers, only ever posted it here. My co-workers there always told stories about how the place was haunted and creepy about the basement, I didn't need to actually frighten them. They probably wouldn't have believed it anyways.

[147]

Law Enforcement.

- > Sheriff's Deputy

- > Work on the dirt roads in the Rocky Mountain wilderness in northwestern Montana

- > Loads of dirt roads into and out of Canada in that region that the CBP doesn't patrol

- > Decide to go upwards towards Northwest peak and the Hawkins lakes area in my 4x4

- > October 12th 2011

- > Be up on the roads since... roughly 1600 hrs

- > 0200 hrs now

- > Driving along a particularly rough patch of road

- > Notice a campfire down the hill through the trees

- > Find the road that leads down into the ravine

- > Cruise slowly down to where I can observe through binoculars

- > Turn off my headlights and sit there awhile

- > See a couple people outlined by the fire

- > Then a couple more

- > Pretty soon, I counted 7 people around the fire

- > Fire is in the middle of 4 tents
- > Woods on all sides, save for the road, the vehicles parked on either side, so a clear view of the fire
- > One, sitting in the middle of all of them is drinking something in a bowl
- > Passes it around to the rest of the group
- > Observe as three of them clutch their stomachs and rush into the darkness behind the tents
- > The other three have nothing happen to them
- > The one sitting in the middle, begins to look a little odd through the flames
- > His arms are a little longer, neck is receding into his body a little
- > He gets up and runs into the darkness
- > Take off the parking brake, and drive a little closer, still with my lights off
- > watch as the other half converse amongst themselves, one getting up and heading into the direction of the ones who were getting sick

- > not 30 seconds pass, he comes running back, frantically waving his hands, and what appears to be blood streaming from his head and torso
- > Flip my lights on, Takedowns, and red/blues.
- > Gun it down the rest of the road
- > Grab my AR, and get out of the truck
- > "SHERIFFS DEPARTMENT, GET ON THE GROUND, HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD"
- > They all comply, sweep the tents, and surrounding campground with my AR w/tactical flashlight
- > Notice a dark skinned creature, the size of a human look into the beam then dart away
- > Advance towards the wood, sweeping them again with the light
- > Four sets of eyes staring back at me
- > "COME OUT FROM THE WOODS, HANDS ON YOUR HEAD, DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID"
- > Hear large footsteps, and branches breaking
- > Four large shapes, almost seven feet tall
- > Back off a little bit, slight NOPE
- > One bends down and grabs a large object, lifting it above it's

head and throwing it towards me

>Duck as a large rock whizzes over me and lands with a thud a short distance away

>"STOP RIGHT THERE, DON'T MOVE"

>The four shapes keep coming

>Pop off one round for each shape

>Lurching backwards as the round impacts, they shrug it off and start coming at me a little faster

>CRAPCRAPCRAPCRAPCRAPCRAPCRAPCRAPCRAP

>Fire 3 more rounds, backing up into the light of the fire again

>The three are still on the ground, looking up at me

>realizing I may have a FUBAR moment on my hands I order them into the cage in the back of the Truck

>Cover them as they climb in, firing off 4 more rounds

>Throw the rifle in, slam the door, and shift into reverse as all four begin running at my truck

>Backing up at roughly 40mph

>Crapping bricks at this moment as I see in my rear view the fork in the road

>Swing around at the fork, and jam it into drive

>Pull away as one of the four shapes impacts the bed of the truck

>30mph,40mph, 50mph

>Manage to lose them around the next bend in the road

>Still have my takedowns and red/blues on as I'm speeding down the road

>When I'm a comfortable distance away (an estimated hour from the camp site. 60 miles or so)

>Slow down, turn off my lights, and turn

>They're all around 17-18 years old

>Ask them what happened

>Nobody answers

>Ask the one whose bleeding if he's alright

>Says his head wound stopped bleeding, and his chest wound isn't deep

>Ask them their names

>All of them refuse to give them to me

>Ask what happened once more

- >The larger guy in the middle says "Just forget about it okay!?"
- >Remind him I'm a Sheriff's Deputy and as Law Enforcement, I won't forget about it
- >After another 2- 3 hours, and one emergency gas fill up (from several gas cans in the bed of the truck) later we're back on the road to Libby.
- >Ask them once again what happened, their names, where they live, etc.
- >Still won't tell me
- >Book them into the jail
- >Can't charge them with anything as they won't tell me
- >Tell them I'm going back up for another look with two additional deputy's
- >Next day
- >Head back up the same way
- >No tents, no vehicles around
- >Only the charred area where the fire was, and my spent brass casings scattered around
- >No footprints, nothing out of the ordinary
- >mfw trying to explain to the Sheriff
- >Let the kids go that afternoon
- >Still don't know what happened out there.

[148]

- >working in a restaurant
- >cashing out some 20-something girl
- >turn my back to her to use the register
- >glance back to tell her what her total is
- >she stares at me, her eyes are entirely black.
- >wtf
- >she quickly looks down and when she looks back up her eyes are normal
- >seems really flustered and almost leaves without her change.

Not that creepy, but it was weird. I got a really strange vibe from

her.

[149]

> Old abandoned industrial building in the middle of the city.
Close to old city incinerator.

> Got a report that the buildings were being used by bums and gang malcontents.

> Go to clear the building with four partners. Find graffiti some sleeping pads for bums, an old (70's) car and some curiously clean items. Think it might be stolen,

> Get the okay to randomly do checks, kind of fun to go through.

> Few nights later one other partner and I do a walk through.
Dark, lots of rafters.

> Find a small steel staircase going into a small observation area at the second level (about four to five levels tall in some areas and only 12 feet tall ceilings in other areas)

> Continue up staircase while partner covers from the ground level. Advise the first room is clear, it seems to lead to a bathroom that leads further up to the office areas.

> Get a weird feeling from behind me as I overlook the ground floor, look over my shoulder and see faint human figure in the doorway to the third level.

> Bring gun around quickly (gunlight attached). Nothing there, must be hyping myself up.

> Partner comes in, I tell him there might be people on the

third floor, he tells me the whole place gives him the creeps. I agree, tactically we have bright lights on, if people were around, they knew where we were based on that. Finding them would be a choice for them. (Condemned: Criminal Origins style)

> Go intermittent lights. (quick flashes when you need them)

> Proceed up to third floor, old porno mag, some bottles and cans. Nothing else much.

> Part of the flooring has fallen through and you can see to the ground level, and part of the second level observation deck and machinery.

> Watching the darkness and faint exterior light. See movement, tap my partner and point it out. Shine lights down at the same time. Nothing.

[150]

>be working, alone in care home attempting sleep in

>18th century converted farm-house

>shutting fire doors before heading to bed

>in habit of saying goodnight to imaginary inhabitant of front lounge after another staff-member had reported hearing someone say "That's right, Rich!" one morning

> "Goodnight!"

> turn around, service user (mentally disabled) standing behind me, looks confused;

"What do you have to go and say goodnight to that woman for?"

nope.png

[151]

This just happened a few days ago.

- >start new job developing photos
- >coworkers tell me sometimes they feel weird in the lab
- >few weeks go by
- >I know enough now to work on my own
- >printing wedding photos
- >one image comes out washed out, like a print got stuck on top of it then peeled the color off, but it came out without anything stuck on it
- >look at it
- >feel sad
- >try to reprint it
- >comes out the same
- >every time I look at it I feel sad
- >try to reprint it almost 12 times with no success
- >image looks fine on the computer
- >happy couple smiling in wedding attire
- >comes out with their faces almost washed out in white, the image is supposed to print in color but only prints in black and white
- >girl comes in, happy to pick up her photos, show her the prints of the one picture not coming out correctly
- >she loses her enthusiasm and kind of gives a sad "oh... that's okay."
- >she pays for the rest and leaves without saying much else

I don't know. It just felt weird.

I took a picture of one of the prints, I'll post it once I reboot my phone.

[Image too large. Search Uncomfortable Print.]

[152]

- >be yesterday
- >traffic jam on the way to work
- >sit at full stop, try not to rage
- >all of a sudden a group of birds sitting on the telephone wire on the left side of the road all fall off and plummet to the ground
- >stare because what...
- >another group of birds fall out of the sky and land in the pile with the rest of the dead birds
- >NOPE
- >watch closely
- >none of them get back up, they're really dead
- >suddenly too rustled to be mad about traffic

- >be later in the day
- >be at work
- >be a security guard working the gates of a retirement community
- >very slow day, no one really coming through
- >glance over to the security cams
- >see a woman walk across the street behind the gates, directly to my left
- >look over
- >no one there
- >huh weird, must've just missed her...
- >a few seconds later
- >the alarm goes off telling me that someone's walking along the houses behind me
- >get up and look
- >NO ONE THERE
- >look back at security cam
- >SEE WOMAN WALKING OUT OF THE VILLAGE TOWARDS THE STREET
- >but I can't see her not on cam
- >NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE
- >turn up radio
- >800% done
- >relief shows up 2 hours later

>older black man, retired corrections officer, always works the
overnight
>tell him what happened
>he laughs
>"You wouldn't believe the stuff I see here at night. How many
people do you think have died in this village?"
>NOPE INTO ETERNITY

[153]

Here's a story, not mine, happened to my uncle.

>night security for warehouses of stuff for some company
whatever
>upon walking into one of the buildings, hear a noise coming
from the back
>creeps toward the back, readied for thief encounter
>see a man in a suit, apparently standing there
>call out to him, no response
>upon closer inspection, he's actually slightly hovering off the
ground
>creepy hoverman just stands (floats?) there with a blank
expression on his face
>doesn't move, doesn't even slightly acknowledge any sort of
attempt at contacting him
>nope out of there, go call for backup
>backup gets there, they can't find any man

My uncle quit the job over this incident.

[154]

>Working graveyard at a gas station.

- >Wait till wee hours of the morning to take out trash
- >Dumpster is behind store, store on a corner with old folks home on one side and preschool on other
- >Smoking listening to podcast with one headphone in ear
- >Suddenly see white flash out the corner of eye
- >suddenly podcast stops playing
- >look around nervously as I get to dumpster.
- >toss trash and head back to store
- >flick cig
- >"You shouldn't smoke, it's bad for your health."
- >old man in raggedy clothes sitting on curb that previously had no one there
- >Keep moving ignoring the vagrant
- >Back in store I sweep and stock the shelves slightly freaked out
- >An hour later I go out for a smoke
- >Old man now at redbox kiosk staring away from it.
- >"Smoking is bad, kid."
- >Freak and head back inside
- >Fuelman arrives a few minutes later.
- >says there is an old woman saying go boom outside by redbox kiosk
- >Really start to freak at wtf is going on
- >head outside towards the RB kiosk
- >nothing there

I checked the old folks home and no one matched the description I or the fuelman had. Have to go back in tomorrow at 11 and I'm kinda spooked.

[155]

- >Be nurse
- > 94 year old patient died that day, had been circling the drain for years.
- > family doesn't take it well, son of patient blames me, says he is going to kill me and my family.

- > whatevs, patients and their families make death threats to nurses every day. Jobs danger.
- > shift ends at 430am, again doing some awkward overtime to cover someone.
- > walking to car in back parking lot, which backs onto woods.
- > clearly see large figure in the brush near my car.
- > I call "mr. Derp. Is that you?". Have been followed by crazies to my car and attacked before.
- > see several other forms moving in the brush.
- > NOPE.jpeg
- > slowly start backpedaling away from lot.
- > voice that doesn't sound like patients son yells, " we'll be watching you! "

Never work in healthcare.

[156]

- > biggest NOPE moment of my nursing career
- > Patient is old lady, in her 90s and palliative.
- > I go into her private room to check her and give another dose of dilaudid (morphine)
- > dead. I check for heartbeats with stethoscope. Yup, dead.
- > leave room to call her family and the MD, closing the door behind me.
- > nursing station with phone in view of door. Kids and MD tell me that they are on the way.
- > go back to room to make body presentable. (close eyes and mouth before rigor mortis sets, remove ports etc.)
- > walk in and find her position completely changed in bed upside down in bed, with head at footboard, blankets on the floor.
- > NOPE.exe
- > leave room, regain composure and go back in after 5 min to reposition and prep her body
- > never told anyone before now.

Working at that nursing home was creepy after that, was so glad to quit.

[157]

>be last year
 >walking through the parking complex to get to my car so I can go home
 >see something slightly bigger than the average dog crawl under my car
 >NOPE.jpg
 >use the remote unlock on my keys
 >from as far away as I can I open the door and literally jump into the seat

I am glad remotes to lock/unlock cars were invented.

[158]

Former male nurse here, worked in a nursing home.

>Work 3rd shift
>Patient died the night before
>Keep all empty rooms doors closed
>Walk by her room at 2a.m.
>All lights and T.V on door wide open
>NOPE

[159]

Another nursing home one.

- >New rooms have powerful exam spotlights above the bed
- >Lady died early in the day in the new wing
- >Since she was the only one in the new wing we shut all the lights down and closed doors
- >be about midnight go down new wing just to check even though it's now empty
- >walk by dead lady's room pitch black except for the high power spotlight shining right on the bed
- >NOPE

You want creepy work in a nursing home.

[160]

- >Be 1a.m. chilling at nurses station at the intersection of 3 wings
- >Each wing has a fire door, all fire doors slam shut at once
- >Check to see if alarm went off... no... is it a drill?.. no..
- >WTF but open doors up again and go back to charting
- > 15 mins later a picture rips off the wall and slams on the floor at this point I'm starting to NOPE
- > 45 mins go by, time for some bed checks
- > all is well until I get to the last room at the end of a wing
- > Lady is invalid can't do anything by herself cause she's so weak
- > All lights in room on windows wide open in middle of winter and the sink is running full force
- >NOPE NOPE NOPE

[161]

- >working grave as desk clerk/security at creepy old hotel
- >like 2am or something
- >watching crappy monitors
- >each screen split into 16 views, grainy
- >notice something interesting
- >one of the 3rd floor monitors points down a corridor towards a window
- >looks like some kind of creepy face is peering in, sends shivers down my spine
- >wait
- >3rd floor
- >face
- >NOPE.jpg
- >stare at that face, it remains the same for the following 6 hours of my shift
- >convince myself by degrees that it's just some kind of weird illusion of the light, something else that looks like a face, etc.
- >become familiar and comfortable with the face
- >come back on shift the following night
- >complete logs, turn around to look at 3rd floor monitor and say hello to my old friend the face
- >face is gone
- >OMGWTFLOLBBQ.jpg
- >was something staring in that 3rd floor window for 8 hours last night?

[162]

- >working grave shift at hospital
- >RN in psych ward
- >walking down long semi dark hall (you turn most hall lights off at night for the patients)
- >see nurses aid leaning against the wall doing paperwork
- >both notice ball of light come out of room at end of long hall
- >look at each other to confirm it's real
- >both are frozen and can't talk as it floats low near the ground

- >it gets close
- >I'm standing in the middle of the hall and it moves straight through my legs
- >I whip around to see it turning the corner into a different hall
- >I run to see if it's still there
- >it's gone
- >we both freak out all shift and every time we work together have an eerie vibe
- >ever since then I've believed something else is in our world that we can't explain

Another hospital story from same place:

- >sitting in nurses station doing paperwork. pretty standard night
- >getting super tired, shift about 2 hrs from being over (work 16 hr shifts)
- >call light turns on
- >look over at console to see that it's the guest shower room
- >at 2am?
- >I leave the nurses station to check it out
- >light above door is flashing
- >I knock on the door and open slowly revealing a large pitch black room
- >as I do, I hear rustling and a curtain being pulled in the back
- >I call out to see if a crazy person has decided to sleep in the shower over the night (it's happened before)
- >I turn on light and walk towards the back shower
- >I pull the curtain revealing... nothing
- >I turn the call light off
- >light turns off and door slams behind me
- >I stand in complete darkness for 15 seconds listening
- >I hear the faint sound of moaning
- >standard nope out of there and take my 15 minute break
- >I have no clue how any of that happened

Such is life at night, in the hospital, in the psych ward, where people die on a weekly basis.

[163]

>in army not really grave shift, but 24 hour guard duty on
souther ammo holding area on post.
>getting dark around 1700
>hear knocking at the gate
>look out of building and see normal looking middle age guy
outside gate
>odd because when people come to pick up ammo its usually
in big flat beds, also its in the woods.
>me and buddy go up to guy ask what he wants
>says he needs ammo 200 rounds of 5.56
>odd 5.56 doesn't come in 200 round ammo cans
>ask for ID, man provides legit dod ID, seems legit
>we leave him at gate to radio ordeal to range control
>range control says nobody pulling ammo today
>go back and dude is gone
>mp's come and question us normal what when where
questions
>pull rest of guard no problem
>two days later body was found in forest off post, see face,
same dude. never found out how he died, heard weird rumors
though.

[164]

>Working night-shift security at the Best Western just outside of
Brisbane.
>Coming down with fever and flu so not sure about stuff.
>Look over at security monitors for the garage.
>See like this black wind move across the garage.
>"Screw checking that out."
>See black wind appear in a window on a different monitor
>"Wtf is this"

- >Black wind goes away, rest of night normal
- >Ask boss about creepy stories about the motel
- >"Oh I see stuff every now and then, it's just your brain."

Hmm.

[165]

- >work at ambulance base
- >take a smoke break
- >down in bay
- >all the truck's doors are opened
- >bay doors are shut tight
- >okay.jpg
- >close doors and go inside
- >2 hours later another smoke break
- >doors open again

nope.gif

[166]

- >be 18
- >Fort Sill, OK Basic Training
- >Pulling Fire Watch, just got on duty
- >Sit at the desk and start shining my boots
- >Hear some clanking in the bathroom near the rear of the bay
- >Grab flashlight, stand and head towards bathroom
- >See figure standing at the doorway into the bathroom in PT's staring in my direction
- >Start walking toward the person, don't recognize them
- >Hear some shifting near the east side of the bay.
- >Look in the direction of the shifting, some private getting up

to go to the bathroom

> Comes up to me, "Didn't know you had fire watch tonight, Anon."

> "I saw someone in the bathroom." I tell him

> We head towards the bathroom, no one is in there.

> nope.png

> scratch head and walk back to my desk, private goes back to bed.

> Drill Sgt comes in, I move to at ease.

> "Carry on, Private."

> He grabs something from his office then leaves.

> As soon as the door closes behind drill sgt. I hear clanking in the bathroom again.

> Look in the direction of bathroom, same figure standing there in PTs looking in my direction.

> NOPE.JPG

> I sit down at the desk shaking for the rest of my shift.

[167]

> Work as lifeguard for a few years

> Indoor pool built in 60's, Olympic sized with creepy old pump house next to it and surrounded by woods

> Employees always park next to creepy pumphouse

> Always get closing shift (10 PM) but easy money because the only people that come in are old people and scuba instructors

> Old guys swimming laps and scuba class leave for the night

> Pass time by squeegee-ing pool deck, pushing water into drains

> Takes forever for large pool, do this for over an hour in silence

> Just me alone, whistling while squeegee-ing

> Suddenly, nearly fly off tower because car alarm going off

> Look outside, it's my car

> Stupid old car, must have malfunctioned

> Go get keys to turn it off, get closer to car and see that driver door is wide open

> ohgod.jpg

- >Run outside to investigate, brandishing squeegee like sword
(Don't want car stolen)
- >Only car in parking lot
- >No one in sight, can't hear footsteps
- >Yell "Any..Anybody out here?"
- >Silence for 10 seconds
- >Door to creepy pump house slams open and shut
- >Feel like I'm being watched by something
- >Nope levels over 9000
- >Nope out of there, end shift early and go home
- >Never work a closing shift again

Never worked out if it was just kids playing a prank or what, but it scared the crap out of me. I learned later that someone had drowned in the deep end of the pool (closest to the pumphouse).

[168]

>working at family store owned by great grandfather. After his passing strange things started being reported from employees.

>items flying off the shelves, lights turning off and on, items rearranged and moved.

>Late one night a cashier was cleaning up after closing, she had felt that she was being watched. She says that when she looked up at the balcony(he had one built so he could over see the store) and saw him looking down on her.

>one night getting corn I had to go back to the produce cooler
>When I walked in the room felt weird, so moving quickly I grabbed a case and it fell out of my arms, it hit the ground and I saw in the corner of my eye, I saw him standing in the corner looking at me. Probably pissed that I dropped that case.

[169]

I worked at a grocery store that used to be a department store for several years that a couple of people died in - not murdered mostly like strokes, heart attacks, injured etc. Worked the night shift 9p-5a for most of the time there, usually a couple times a night the alarms at the front of the store would go off for no reason and I'd have to turn them off occasionally.

Eventually for about 6 months I worked by myself on a couple nights a week restocking shelves and cleaning floors. Several times the phone rang and when I picked it up, usually around 2-3 in the AM, nobody would be on the other end. I saw things out of the corner of my eyes a few times too, like shadows.

[170]

- >call center in Boulder, CO
- >worked later shifts on weekends
- >went to adjacent building where 2nd floor is abandoned so I could have somewhere quiet to eat lunch
- >only 1/3 of the lights are on
- >walk to big empty office where lights were partly on; wanted a desk to sit at while I nommed
- > as I get closer I hear buzzing noise get louder and louder
- >hear muttering
- >as I approach big empty desk in middle of the room I see a person on the floor rocking back and forth with their head in their knees
- >they slow to a stop and start to turn around
- >nope right back to my desk
- >don't care if it was a coworker having a mental breakdown, that was creepy.
- >nope.mp3

[171]

- >Last Sunday
- >On the night shift alone listening to the radio
- >It starts to act up, picking up interference
- >Decide I need to get some fresh morning air anyway
- >I get out side and the birds are going crazy, I mean really going for it.
- >Think its a little odd
- >I look up and see 3 lights slowly moving over head, one light in the center flashing red
- >Glides over head, no noise at all
- >Felt static on my arms
- >Watch it just glide off into the horizon
- >Then the screaming started and I got back inside

I used to see all sorts of stuff on a night. Shadow men, that one guy with no face and the mysterious screaming.

[172]

- >Be a security guard.
- >Working the grave shift.
- >Building almost empty, just me and other guard.
- >He's at base, I'm patrolling.
- >Nice and well-lit, cozy as I walk between the rows of cubicles.
- >Hear footsteps following behind me.
- >Stop (footsteps stop too) and turn.
- >Nothing.
- >Resume.
- >Footsteps resume.
- >Footsteps SPEED UP and get louder.
- >nope.png
- >Bump it up to a jog.

- >Footsteps bump up to a run.
- >Look behind.
- >Nothing but the sound, getting closer.
- >Go for a dead sprint like I haven't done since high school, duck through a door, slam it behind me, brace.
- >Footsteps run up to door, something slams on it (but surprisingly softly).
- >Wait, struggling not to totally lose it.
- >Nothing.
- >Return to base.
- >Other guard goes to lunch.
- >Check cameras.
- >No one and nothing; looks like I derped out over nothing.
- >Erase footage.

[173]

Had to work late in a theater years ago to get some audio way lines tested and fixed to the catwalk for a pack in the next day.

Was almost done at about 3am in the morning and it was just me in the building.

I hear the sounds of children running and playing on the stage below me.

Freaks me a fair bit so take the ladder to the stage and go have a smoke to calm down a bit.

Go back in to finish the work to find all the stage lights off and the place felt like the inside of a meat locker.

I had the stage warmers up and the heating on so it was warm when I went for the smoke....

At this point I thought no, screw this, I am done for the night.

Would never work in the place on my own again.

[174]

Story a firefighter bud of mine told me.

- >Be sometime in evening
- >911 call, caller immediately hangs up
- >firefighters dispatched to house
- >knock on door
- >no one there, go inside
- >tvs are on in every room
- >white static on each tv
- >phone in the middle of room on a crate
- >nothing else in the house

Turns out it was an autistic kid that lived there when they got called back the next day, anyone want some more creepy firefighter calls?

Allright here's a couple more, maybe not as creepy or as interesting, but enjoy!

- >get a call to some guy's house
- >show up
- >alleyway on side of house that leads up to front door
- >bay window
- >firefighters start walking up to door but my bud sees the guy in the kitchen holding a machete and heading towards the garage
- >calls out to the rest of them and heads to garage and hides behind door
- >guy comes out and gets tackled
- >"I'll get off you when you put down the knife."
- >guy ends up cutting firefighter's hand
- >firefighter beats the hell out of him and knocks him unconcious

The guy had AIDS and was going to die soon, he wanted the cops to show up because he planned to go at them from behind and kill as many as he could before they shot him, called suicide by cop.

[175]

- >Be 1 year ago
- >Start working as a janitor, my job is to vacuum all 8 floors of this large building holding multiple firms
- >It's an eazpz job, but doesn't pay well, just something to make me quick money while going to school
- >It seems pretty normal at first, big empty buildings always creeped me out a bit, but that was all
- >Suddenly get scared in newly refurbished office opened on 2nd floor
- >Feel like something's watching me
- >Have two coworkers, a younger lady and an older lady (25 and 50+ respectively)
- >The younger one is very nice, we chat often
- >We both are wary of the old lady, we were both hired recently, but she has been there 10+ years
- >She seems nice, but she is very jumpy and shy, she wears earplugs all the time (even though her job makes no noise), and she is overall strange, sometimes would run really fast past dark windows, or talk to herself

- >One of the few things she says to me is, "This place has gotten far more creepy lately."
- >Discover second floor seems to be haunted (knocking noises, my backpack vacuum was tugged on when no one was in there with me, can hear heavy breathing if you remain quiet, general feeling of horror just being there)
- >One day older lady loses her keycard (how we operate the elevators) while cleaning a bathroom and she loses it, yelling, "Who could have known where I was? Who could have been

watching me and done this!?"

>Later find her keycard in bathroom after thoroughly searching it once

>Decide to grow a pair and try to communicate with the spirit

>Go all Ghost Adventures on it (not really) and devise a plan

>One room has this guy with some sort of pheasant/Lincoln obsession, and he has a pheasant carving hanging over his desk, and it can freely spin

>Tell ghost to spin it clockwise for yes, counterclockwise for no, and not move it for unsure/no answer

>Responds accurately after all questions, was not spinning before question, spins after asking (only ask when no one else is around)

>Do this for a while (been working here a little more than half a year now), discover its a he from before the building was there, had light brown hair, doesn't think he's dead, and that he is the only spirit in the building

>Time goes by, not afraid of building at all anymore

>I ask it if I could call him a friend, gives a resounding "no"

>Time goes by, nothing spooky, don't ask spirit many questions

>One day, there is a strange vibe in the air on 2

>Go down into the room with the ghost, everything seems normal... then I see it...

>The right eye of the pheasant that I used to communicate to the spirit with has been forcefully ripped out, the eye socket is surrounded by scratches, and on other parts of the pheasant are more scratches

>Piss myself, but haven't sensed the ghost there anymore since then

>Cue malign spirit now at my house, freak out, whispering "kill" in my ear at Night and a bunch of gibberish, horrible feelings in my gut, do not feel Safe

>Call upon my power and the power of the divine to shield me, then banish it after a few days

>Hasn't bothered me since

[176]

No scary things happened to me on the job, but I have one from a friend who used to work in this old building on Main Street of our town.

- >be working in the boxing room, loading and unloading stuff
- >only one working
- >underground in an unfinished basement
- >bathroom in same room
- >hears the toilet flush
- >casually checks it out
- >no one there
- >shrug it off and go back to work
- >hear the bathroom door open
- >ignores it
- >All the toilets flush simultaneously
- >nopes it right out of there

I think the creepiest thing about his work place was that his step-dad parked in his mother's parking spot (friend and her worked together) and committed suicide by lighting himself on fire. That building has never sat right with me since.

Got one from my late father when he worked in this huge cement plant. That place was creepy as hell but really run to explore.

- >work is laying off people left and right
- >dad is the only one on midnight shift and the only one in this huge building
- >has to periodically look around for anyone who wandered in, like hobos
- >leaves the new part of the building to check out the old one
- >dark even with a flash light
- >opens old lunch room
- >sees old man sleeping in corner
- >sigh
- >goes back to control room to call the cops

Not really scary but unsettling to me. The fact that this building was SO huge and usually only had 1-3 people working each shift and that they had to do guard rounds to scare off hobos was weird as hell. ANYONE could get in there and live in the old abandoned parts for a while before being found.

[177]

- >Be assistant manager at a local inn
- >Sort of in the countryside
- >Very late 1800s to early 1900s look to the building
- >Be working third shift for the first time, something an assistant manager wouldn't usually do
- >Checking the empty rooms
- >Cleaning up a bit, walking around, typical late night busy work
- >Come across a bunch of popcorn on the floor
- >Have to get a broom and dustpan
- >The nearest supply closet was in the basement
- >Figures
- >Go downstairs
- >Basement is really sketchy
- >Completely unfinished, junk everywhere, open ceiling with exposed wires and pipes, etc
- >Several brooms and janitorial things lying against the wall next to the stairs
- >Look over at random fire place as I turn back around
- >There's a pair of LEGS in the fireplace standing there
- >NOPE
- >Run upstairs without supplies
- >Time will clean the mess up

[178]

I used to work at a Joanne Fabrics (guy here. what are you gonna do, a job's a job). The place used to be situated in an older type building, and everyone said it was haunted. For instance there were several stairs leading to the upper level where management was. The stairs had beepers, so every time someone went up there, a bell would ring. Heard stories like, somebody working late at night would be all alone, and would hear two beepers go off at the same time (one for each set of staircases at opposite sides of the store).

Weird thing was, after working there for a couple months the store relocated to a larger building in the next town over. And I swear the ghost followed us to the new location. I remember seeing displays and signs getting knocked over when no one was around. And not just falling over; it looked and sounded like someone pushed them with force.

The creepiest thing though, was one of the last weeks I worked there. There were several of us working an overnight shift stocking product. Near the end of the shift, maybe around 5 in the morning, we heard a baby crying in the store. It sounded like it was coming from the ceiling. All doors were locked since it wasn't opening time. There was no way there would be anyone in the store with a baby, and definitely no employees would bring a baby (wouldn't that be weird?) I can still hear that baby crying. So weird.

[179]

- >be working as a truck driver
- >driving through ca and Nevada border
- >desert as far as the eye can see
- >too late to stop for a motel
- >look to my left a couple cactuses
- >one cactus looks like it moved a bit

>grab my 200watt flashlight from beside me
>shine it as I go by
>it moves as soon as the light hits it
>can see nothing but blur
>it jumps flat onto the ground
>flash my light on it as soon as it disintegrates into the ground

Never told anyone because I thought my mind was playing tricks on me.

[180]

This isn't paranormal, but it was creepy. I worked as an in-home caregiver for a 95 yr old woman who lived alone. I worked 24-48 hrs at a time and then would switch off, so I spent a couple of nights a week at least at her house, just the two of us. I had to sleep on a futon in her room so if she woke up and needed something I would hear her and be able to help.

One night she had already gone to bed and was sleeping soundly. It was about midnight and I wanted a snack so I went to the kitchen. Suddenly I hear her voice calling "Millie! Millie!" Millie was this woman's long-dead sister, I'd heard her talked about once before. I went back to the bedroom and she was laying in the bed, and when she saw me she snapped her head over to me, her eyes were huge, and she looked me dead in the eye and said "Millie." as though she were acknowledging me- me being Millie..

I said "No..." very slowly, and the glimmer sort of left her eye and she said "Oh. No.." and kind of half-smiled apologetically. I was thinking okay no big deal. Then she said "But she's here, isn't she?" And again I said "No.. she isn't here.." hoping she would remember on her own again. She said "Well, will you go look around the house just to make sure?"

mfw this 95 year old woman is asking me to walk around her

house in the middle of the night to look for her dead sister. Hell nope.

[181]

>working at a call center late shift
>3 am
>only 9 of us here plus manager so it is real chill
>Lull in call volume so I go to the bathroom
>Bathroom is located in the back half of the center
>every other light is off to conserve energy
>Get into bathroom, go into stall to pee
>Door slams shut
>No prob Bob
>Walk out and go to wash my hands, look into mirror
>Lights turn off (motion sensor to prevent this)
>Lights come on and I swear my reflection winks at me
>Nope.gif all the way home.

I still keep in contact with some of the people who work there and when they asked where I went I told them what happened. They told me that some dude who used to shoot up at work overdosed in the bathroom there (the place was pretty ghetto so I believe it), and they said that the lights had gone out from the timer and that the person who walked in next flipped out because they found this guy dead on the bathroom floor. Apparently weird stuff happens there all the time but no one really pays much attention to it anymore.

[182]

I've got a couple, I work at a Subway (food, not transport)

downtown.

- >Subway has surveillance cameras literally everywhere
- >Monitors in the back rooms
- >Used to spy on your coworkers and keep an eye on customers in case they need anything
- >alarm sounds in the back when the front doors are opened, so we are alerted when a customer comes in
- >two months ago
- >finish helping this obnoxious family
- >they go sit and eat and be loud and obnoxious
- >go in the back to finish doing dishes
- >door alarm beeps
- >restaurant goes silent
- >assume family just left
- >minute or two later glance at monitor to check on other customers
- >loud obnoxious family is still there, but sitting silently and not moving
- >camera flips to behind counter, other side of restaurant, etc
- >flips to other front door
- >something standing there
- >looks like a kid from the high school, backpack and normal clothes but completely black with black hair covering face and knees bent the wrong way
- >wat
- >flips back to family, sitting silently and staring at thing just standing there
- >this goes on for another camera cycle
- >eventually hear door beep again
- >family gets loud again
- >go out front, everything is normal, thing is gone
- >all veggies up front are suddenly lackluster and practically rotting

Family left a few minutes later. Mentioned it in passing to my coworker who's been there longer than me, but he kind of shrugged it off like "oh that's weird."

Less paranormal, just weird, but on the 18th:

>nearing end of lunch rush, restocking line and cleaning up
>elderly couple comes in
>man wearing tuxedo, bow tie, mustache waxed up, wife is in Sunday best
>lol how cute
>"What are you two all dressed up for?"
>"Oh, he's got a masonic meeting."
>.....
>"Masonic meeting huh? That's pretty cool. What uh, what exactly... do you do there?"
>Husband "oh, the usual. Meetings and whatnot, we're doing some elections right now."
>Me: "Oh, that's cool. Is that.... here in town?"
>Wife: "Yes, it's right up on Main Street! He gets to sit in his important meetings and I just have to knit and wait."
>Coworker walks out to ring them up; "Oh don't you two look nice!"
>Wife: "Thank you! You should see him in his meetings, he wears a purple sash with golden embroidery, it's so lovely."
>Husband pays for their food, go and sit across the restaurant and eat.
>Mfw there's a masonic temple literally three blocks from my work.

Probably just shriners or something, but it totally threw me off.

[183]

I used to work at a McDonalds which was backed up against a cemetery. Needless to say, night shifts were where nightmares were made.

Just a few things I've seen/heard

>Sobbing coming from the womans bathroom, but there was

never anyone in there

>Heavy breathing sounds in the back of the kitchen that only happened when you were alone.

>Yells that came from the graveyard (could be explained, but still creepy

>Conversations between non existent customers were sometimes heard.

All these things happened over the course of a few years, and these are just a few that were really creepy.

[184]

>work at a guitar place few years ago

>pretty late, were almost closing

>weird old man comes in

>manager asks me to bring him coffee (customer service)

>he tells customer to wait a few minutes

>goes back to finish work

>I go to the back where the coffeemachine is

>suddenly guy stands behind me

>grabs my shoulder

>"They will get you."

>turn around, shocked

>he gives me a piece of paper

>goes out of the store

>manager asks where the guy is

>"dunno, he just left"

>four weird jesus/god punishment pictures with "Du kommst nicht davon" (You won't get away) seperated under each.

They looked like extremely old low-res black and white pictures of a guy with a crown of thorns and blood and torture stuff.

I don't think that the guy was creepy, but the flyer startled me a bit... Not something you get everyday from some random religion creeps.

[185]

I work in a cinema, once a month we do an old timey night, all the celluloid films on the old projectors. Weird stuff happens with films from before 1945. Anyone want me to share?

[Of course.]

Right.

We were doing a night time showing of Casablanca because the regular clients have asked for it for Old Timey night. It's a small cinema, basically one of the art houses from the dawn of cinema scattered around town.

The show starts and I count the people sitting down, about 10. The ads for other showings end and I hit the projector. Bogart does his thing and all that jazz. I take another look down at the seats, there's 12 silhouettes. Some cheapoes have snuck in.

I get my torch and head in to request to see their tickets. But when I got into the seating area there's only 10 figures, the other two are gone. Probably saw my shadow on the screen and hid in the toilets.

I went and checked the toilets, male and female. Empty. So I got a drink from the bar (You can send a text and the bartender will bring one to your seat, hospitality man) and returned to the projector room. I take a look, now there's 14 people in there. Either they've brought friends, or something's going on.

I let the show go on and went down as the credits rolled to talk to the patrons. They all enjoyed it but asked if we'd turn the AC up next time, they don't like Arctic conditions.

I go in when all 10 ticket holders are gone, it's silent as the grave, these old walls are thick. But I swear I could hear someone clapping.

Only happens with films from before 1945, I guess they don't want to watch Star Trek.

[Posted the next day.]

I went to bed last night, but I can post some more now.

I'll start with getting shushed by one.

- >Night time oldey showing
- >Maltese Falcon
- >Sitting in the projector room with drink, love that bartender
- >By now I've seen the silhouettes a few times, still sceptical, because people try to sneak in every so often, can't tell the boss it was ghosts
- >Sure enough, as soon as the film starts I can see them
- >We sold 17 tickets for this showing
- >There's 20 people in there
- >I know who paid, and because of the assigned seating I know where they should be sitting (We do this because at the back there's sofas that people can pay more for, and we don't want some smartarse buying a regular and taking a sofa)
- >Check seating layout and compare with seating bought
- >Three buggers at the back who shouldn't be there
- >Grab my torch and head down to the seating area
- >Open the door and turn the torch on, saying "All right gents, you've been had."
- >Shine torch to where I saw them, seats empty
- >Neck hairs stand to attention
- >One guy looks along at me in confusion
- >About to talk
- >"Shhhh..."
- >Right in my freaking ear
- >Over the sound of Humphrey Bogart
- >Couldn't take it, turn the torch off and walk right on out and

down to the bar

>Bar man's cleaning glasses

>Spend the next half hour with a couple gin and tonics before going back to the projector room

>Look down into seating

>20 figures watching the show

I don't like it at all.

Also:

>Working at Seafood restaurant

>Quiet night, doing our close

>I'm in the dish pit, other chef in the kitchen, one waitress cleaning the lobby

>I yell to other chef to bring back the last of this dishes

>Someone shushes me from the storage area

Other stuff happened there as well. People seeing shadows of people in the booths, bathroom stall doors slamming shut when nobody is in there all the time. Yet I worked at the dairy queen that was in the same building, seperated by a standard thickness wall, and nothing ever happened there.

[186]

I work with a small crew that does random things regarding timber in a forest. We've been patching and cutting up trees in a very remote area. Most roads to even get close to the start of our hike are gated from anyone until the snow drifts melt.

Anyways, I swear that we're being followed. I've seen a person in beige clothing which I can't really make out the style, as well as a large farmer's hat. It's always too far for me to make out the face, but this person is always turned towards us and it never moves, it just disappears when I start walking closer... seems like it just

fades into the scenery.

Recently, me and one person from the crew split off into a VERY VERY remote area that practically no-one goes into. This area was hosting a good amount of snow still left from the winter. We were walking through and saw bootprints that seemed to be pointed in our direction, seemingly stopped in the middle of a clearing. I don't know if anyone else has seen this thing, but that day the other person hiked ahead of me so I could get some GPS points. When I got to him he looked a bit spooked and kept commenting about how much he was ready to finish our job and get the hell out of there.

I'm fine with being watched by the general public so that they can make sure their money isn't going to waste, but the last time I saw this thing it was hovering 20 ft. over a ridgeline.

[187]

> be 2005, working at the local movie theater fresh out of
highschool

>town rumor of theater 24 being haunted,
>story goes during mall construction a worker got crushed by an I
beam

>time to clean #24. It's afternoon on a weekday so the upper
floor is a ghost town, I'm all alone cleaning
>prop door open as always, it locks into place
>go into theater, start cleaning
>film reel finishes, completely dark except for super dim lighting
>"Projectionist forgot the metal strip on the film" (that's how the
lights are qued to go up/down)
>suddenly hear loud SLAM of the door close
>freak out and run to and out of the now closed door
>look around, no one is there but me

- >puzzled, open door and lock it into place, as always it stays in place, no sign of letting loose
- >unlatch it and let it close naturally, "There's no way it could slam like that on its own..."
- >nope.jpg
- >leave and act like I cleaned the theater

I was also told of a few other stories from managers etc, though I can't say any of them are real.

-2 of them were cleaning theater, part of the cleaning job is to lower every arm rest as you clean. They walk out to empty the trash and come back and -all- the arm wrests have been put back up.

-1 guy claims they were cleaning the theater and when the film ended, normally the end of the film will reel off and it'll make a loud screech, followed by a white screen, then the projector shuts off. He claims it reached the end, then began playing backwards. I later became a projectionist and learned the ins and outs of all the hardware, there was no reverse that I was aware of.

[188]

Some nope stories from my work. We did have a teenager die at the building a year or so ago, he was outside playing basketball and then came inside without telling his friends where he was going. He was found by one of our employees in a changeroom. Cause of death was heart related? So we joke about the place being haunted, but sometimes when locking up it gets pretty freaky.

- > Midnight
- > About to toss the garbages and go home for the night, with the full crew. No music playing, most lights are off, building is locked

up.

> Walk through one of the indoor soccer fields, the wall opposite to us (across the field) is all glass and shows the hallway.

> Red balloon floats along the hallway, at about 3 feet high with the string dragging along the floor.

> We stop and watch as the balloon goes past our view, up the hallway.

We all went home pretty quickly after that.

> Sent the rest of the crew home, just need to set the alarm

> Grab stuff from the office and head over to alarm, no noises

> Suddenly hear the automatic sliding glass door open and close upstairs

> Go upstairs to turn it off and see if someone is still in the building. No people around, nothing to have set off the automatic door.

> NOPE

I turned it off, locked it quick and ran downstairs.

> Once again, sent everyone home and just have to set the alarm. Lights off, radio off.

> Go to the back room to grab my lunchbox

> As I am walking through the indoor field to get to the back room, the motion sensor light turns on in the upstairs storage/PA room. Blinds are closed.

> Look at it and see no shadows

> Get to the lunchroom, grab my bag, and take a completely different route to the alarm panel.

Our elevators talk, with things like "First floor, going up!" in a female voice - this happens whenever the elevator opens. Sometimes it glitches and says things like "First floor, going down." but we have no basement. Some of the guys that close have experienced the elevators opening on their own.

[189]

- >Be last week
- >Be working night shift in a small hotel in the center of an old european town
- >We have a camera set up that looks onto the main entrance on the ground floor (reception is on the first floor)
- >Sitting at my desk around 1 am, screwing around on the internet
- >Notice an elderly looking man in the main entrance staring into the camera
- >what?
- >look at the screen a bit, dude keeps staring
- >after a few minutes I decide to head down and see whats up
- >no one there
- >go back to my desk, elderly man still there staring
- >screen flickers
- >the guy's gone
- >nope

[190]

- >be at work
- >close up the store, lock and check doors, check bathrooms
- >everything seems good
- >go into back room where camera monitors are at
- >keep getting creepy feeling as if being watched
- >see movement out of the corner of my eye on the monitor
- >keep looking over, not seeing anything
- >creepy feeling getting worse
- >stare at monitor just to be sure, too scared to go out and investigate
- >see dark shadow movement on the screen near the front door
- >nope
- >keep watching in case what I saw was just a reflection from outside

- >watch shadow move toward counter, stop at partition
- >shadow is stationary
- >nope
- >shadow dissipates
- >creepy feeling getting as worse as it gets
- >decide I'm just seeing things when nothing comes back up for another five minutes
- >get flashlight and ready phone to call police just in case
- >close up my stuff, start heading toward door
- >decide to check monitor again
- >no shadow but two cameras are now malfunctioning
- >one camera that is malfunctioning happens to be one watching the door
- >image on the monitor continues to be fuzzy
- >hear something huge fall outside the back room door
- >NOPE
- >cameras are back on
- >open door just enough to see what fell
- >whole shelf is toppled over
- >noped out of there as fast as I could
- >next day, never found out what pushed over the shelf

[191]

- >be working at fast food restuarant
- >it's closing time
- >so I start to do the dishes
- >just me and my manager there
- >another coworker showed up an hour after we started closing
- >we lock all the doors and the drive thru window
- >all of us in the office finishing the inventory
- >suddenly we here a loud bang like something had hit the floor
- >check to see what it was
- >there was nothing
- >noped out of there after that

[192]

- >working night shift
- >supervisor leave to get his wife some wendy's
- >I get left in this big football field sized sheetmetal warehouse at 2AM by myself.
- >Keep working away at my machine, got headphones on, blaring tunes.
- >Start thinking I'm seeing something by the far side of the shop.
- >shrug it off and keep working. Doors are all rolled down and locked.
- >Hear grandmother's voice calling my name in my headphones while music is playing.
- >nope.jpg
- >keep working.
- >few minutes pass, still working, still listening to tunes.
- >hear a scream in my headphones.
- >fling my headset, hearts racing.
- >wtf man.
- >spent the next 45mins to an hour listening to the machine and the shop creak.
- >Supervisor showed up finally.
- >Never work night-shift alone anymore.

[193]

- >used to work graveyard at a convenience shoppe in upstate NY
- >Nearby is local graveyard, never any spookiness in months/years of working
 - >One night, around 2 or 3 AM, I'm smoking a cigarette outside
 - >Pleasant night, perfect temperature, clear skies and mostly full moon

- >Still an odd chill in the air, can't place it, figure it's late night creeps
- >Look down the street one way, traffic light is red, not a soul to be seen
- >Glance down the other way towards the developments and graveyard
- >Absolutely white and thick fog begins creeping out of the graveyard entrance
- >Watch it spread onto street, not wispy like fog usually does, more solid, like water
- >I think it looks awesome, must be perfect conditions for such a thing to occur
- >As I think this the fog rapidly flows back into the graveyard
- >Watch it disappear from sight
- >NOPE back into the store, smoke out back from them on

[194]

Here's one that happened to me a few weeks ago.

- >Working night shift at historical park, cutting grass
- >Dark thunder clouds coming in from the west
- >Start to cut in the old Fur Trader fort
- >Wind starts to pick up
- >Weedwhip runs out of fuel, so I start heading to the side door
- >Pass one building with an open window
- >Freeze
- >Old pioneer looking fellow is looking back at me
- >He opens his mouth and says something I can't quite make out
- >Lightening strikes near by, the flash lights up the building
- >He's gone
- >Starts to pour rain
- >Head back to the workshop with crew, never speak of it again

Another story from Heritage Park.

- >Doing a wood run (we don't work passed 9 here but our crew is usually one if 3 crews still there after 5) on Main Street
- >Radio into the security office about entering various buildings
- >Come to Airdrie House
- >Building is usually empty, with interpreters, only wax figures
- >Airdrie House is usually locked up at 5 with the rest of the park
- >Door is wide open
- >Radio in asking if there is a cleaning crew working
- >Says no one is anywhere near Main Street
- >Head in to check the area incase a wedding goer wondered in
- >Area seems clear, head to the kitchen for a final look
- >Nothing but some as figures
- >Just as I go to leave, one figure in a wheelchair slowly turns its head and looks at me
- >I leave, lock the door and nope all the way back to our crews truck

[195]

- >Work as security guard in an office building
- >night shift
- >Coworker and myself looking at something on his smart phone
- >I go to the bathroom
- >Walk by a closet which only maintenance has a key to
- >hear the lock on the door being tried (or picked?) from the inside
- >call co-worker over
- >he hears it too
- >I yell "Who's there?"
- >Noise stops
- >I try the door
- >It's locked
- >"Y-You better come out of there!"
- >No response
- >NOPE

- >Maintenance unlocks the door in the morning
- >No one is in there
- >NOPE NOPE NOPE all the way home
- >sleep

[196]

I used to work at a private agency that provided care for retarded adults. I worked at a residence and most of the time it was an awesome job.

That part was solid, it was only when I worked over time at other posts that the job got weird. There was this one house I worked at once and only once. Basically it was an old house from the 40s that this retarded guy lived in all his life and when his parents died they must have left it to the agency to use or something. Anyways there were two dudes who lived there, one was your average adult retarded man, he just watched old tv reruns and was quiet. The other guy was creepy as hell. He was old, probably in his late 60s, he was deaf and didn't talk, he just made these deaf zombie moans. His face was all gnarled and twisted and he had beady eyes and a big crooked nose.

Anyways, I was working 3rd shift that night and the guys were asleep and I was playing chrono trigger on my ds. At about 3am I just heard someone laughing hysterically, balls out dying of laughter. I get up to see where this horrible off key disheveled laughter was coming from. All the lights were off and I saw a figure swaying in the darkness of the hallway. I turn on the light and there was the deaf tard, just standing there staring at the wall and laughing. He slowly turned and looked at me and laughed more. Creeped me right on out. I still wonder what he was seeing on the wall in the darkness.

[197]

Volunteer fire fighter here. You see some disturbing things doing this, but the worst I have had is...

- >Two story house is on fire
- >We rush in to put out what we can and check for people inside
- >Fire cuts off our primary path as a wall collapses, we can find no one. TIME TO GO.
- >Suddenly I hear screaming, burning alive screaming, "HELP ME" is all I can hear.
- >I turn in a panic trying to find where it's coming from. I see a room engulfed in fire.
- >"Someone in there!" I yell, another fire fighter says he checked already. "HELP ME" I hear again from a woman.
- >I go to charge in to find this woman, guy who checked already grabs me. My foot is firmly stuck, I feel a hand holding my boot
- >Look down. Nothing is there, fire is at my feet.
- >We get out. I tell everyone outside a woman was in there. They are doing all they can to stop the blaze, there is nothing we can do.

The building burned down. Forensics looked for a body and never found any. The house was empty, its owner died three weeks before the fire. None of the family had yet had the willed items distributed to them so no one was there.

No one was there. The thing tried to kill me. I swear. If I had gone in that room I may have died.

[198]

- >professional theatre tech, crewing a show
- >about midway into the first act begin to smell something hot, not like lighting gels or an electrical fire, like burning paper or

loose wood

>get on com, tell my stagemanager I'm going to follow my nose a minute since I'm between cues and we could have a fire on our hands

>check all of backstage, dressing rooms, tool room, even the pinrail and the loadrail

>nothing

>get back to the deck, smell is gone

The theatre burned down in the early 1900s and a few firefighters were trapped. Since it was reconstructed, lots of people have had weird experiences like that. There's also supposed to be a little girl ghost around somewhere in the building but every theatre supposedly has one of those so who knows?

[199]

I've got nothing too extravagant that's happened to me. I've become used to the sensation of being watched in this house or the occasional seeing stuff out of the corner of your eyes after moving here a few years ago. Now my mother. She's seen some things. She works in a nursing home.

She's told me of some of the things she's witnessed. Apparitions. Voices in a completely empty wing of the facility. Inexplicable temperature drops. Doors slamming. Windows slamming. Feeling of being watched. Poltergeist activity with dishes and vases flying. The one thing that really freaked her out was when she saw a massive black dog with red eyes sitting in the middle of the hallway staring at her as she came out of a resident's room. She did not believe in the paranormal before, but now she does.

[200]

- >standing in loading area behind residence hall
- >approximately 12:30
- >finishing cigarette, turn to open door
- >put key in
- >feel like someone is right behind me
- >NOPE
- >run up stairs and back to dorm on 3rd floor
- >3 am, going to bed
- >shut off lights
- >hear doorknob turn, then get stopped by lock
- >almost didn't notice it
- >go to bed
- >hear doorknob do this every night for days
- >mere seconds after turning lights out
- >getting freaked out
- >bathroom (next to back stairs to loading dock) has ominous atmosphere
- >other people notice it
- >mention it to roommate
- >says he feels it too, gives me weird look
- >asks me if the door has been making funny sounds at night
- >we've both been hearing it
- >sheer terror ensues
- >lock door at all times

After some discussion, we've concluded that someone/something is testing the door to see if its locked. Every single night. Right after we go to bed. What do we do, /x/?

[201]

- >be 18
- >got some work to do in old town.
- >go there after a gig, decide to pull all-nighter since I got a sleeping bag.

- >work goes slow, since having a lot of tea (old building and it's always cold).
- >notice that light turns on in the bathroom, decide that forgot to turn off.
- >notice that the light is on, get freaky.
- >at about 4 a.m. got sleepy. go to sleep to cellar on a sofa
- >hear clicking sounds upstairs - ignore
- >a few moments in sleep hear something fall
- >go upstairs to check, hear boards squeak
- >NOPE
- >run downstairs, turn on tv to cover the noises.
- >never spent a night in office again.
- >after a few years, in a psychiatry history class got to know, that the building was a former psychiatry ward in XIX century.

[202]

Here's one that happened to me while back when I was maybe 20. It is the only event in my life I can't fathom a legit explanation:

I worked for a moving company with one of my friends (who also frequents this forum, so I hope I get all the details correct). On the same job that day - to pack up the home of an elderly lady who was going crazy and had to be put into a center to take care of her. We met the daughter of that woman with a small moving truck and checked out the upstairs apartment she had rented. As soon as we walked in we knew we needed a WAY bigger truck. The woman turned into a hoarder and a hermit. Every room was piled almost to the ceiling with random junk she had bought through catalogs or TV. Most of the crap was mini statues of Jesus. There was a barely usable path through the junk to each room. The daughter told us only to collect the fine china and real silverware. The woman showed us what to pack. As we pulled out the dishes and wrapped and packed them, I noticed the room next to us had some sort of sketchy Jesus shrine on top of a

wooden dresser. It had dozens of little Jesus statues and some Christmas stuff also. In the center was an empty metal bird cage.

We finish packing, and have loaded it into the truck. The woman double checked inside her mother's apartment and said that was enough. She left and we were preparing to leave and I decided since she didn't care about this stuff, I would try to hit one of the Jesus statues across the room with a Christmas ornament. I grab one of those thing glass ball ornaments (the ones that are so thin they shatter like a lightbulb when dropped) and I whip it as hard as I possibly can at the shrine. My friend and I both stare and watch it soar across the room. It comes into contact with the big metal bird cage and vanishes. Just GONE. No sound at all, nowhere to be seen. It literally vanished in front of our eyes when it should have exploded into a million pieces. No explanation.

[203]

- >Be at work watching patients in a hospital
- >Check patients every 15 minutes
- >Be looking into a patient's room
- >Patient there for mental health reasons, complains of hearing and seeing things
- >Look up after filling out log
- >See chair slowly turn 90 degrees and face the window I'm looking at
- >Only person in room is sleeping girl
- >Calmly NOPE to next patient's room, finish checks, and post in this thread.

Happened about 5 minutes ago.

[Several minutes later.]

UPDATE

- >Chair is now facing out the window
- >Blinds were previously down, now they are raised

[204]

- >be me
- >working security overnight at a senior citizen's apt building
- >creepy stuff happens at night sometimes
- >elevators moving on their own
- >loud banging from trash room
- >cold spots
- >heavy breathing from hallway behind me

I've gotten used to it, but the other night I noped pretty hard.

- >be me at work
- >around 4am, shift halfway over
- >have two monitors of security cams that I keep in my periphery while I read a book or play 3DS
- >see movement
- >look up
- >one of the cameras on the 7th floor is freaking out and screen tearing like crazy
- >huh that's weird...
- >see something move on the other monitor
- >look over
- >see a dark figure move from camera to camera instantaneously on the cameras that are always just on the edge of my periphery
- >sudden loud BANG from the floor above me, like someone just took a sledge to the floor
- >nope
- >look back on cameras
- >nothing there
- >decide screw this and go into basement to hang out with building kitty who catches mice for us
- >cat is freaking out and staring off in the distance and meowing

at nothing

>doesn't want me petting him even though he's extremely affectionate and will follow me from room to room normally

>nope

>go back upstairs and try not to think about it

>go back to reading my book

>5 am

>old people coming downstairs to start their day early and do whatever old people do

>one tenant from the 7th floor tells me she thought she heard someone knocking on her door in the middle of the night

>nOPE

>review camera footage

>nothing

>next night

>come in to find a note on the desk that a tenant on the 7th floor had died sometime during the night

>NOPE INTO ETERNITY

All tenants have medical alarms next to their beds, and it was never pulled during the night, so I had no idea that this guy was on his way out. He was suffering from four different types of cancer, so it was only a matter of time for him anyway, but man. I can't help but wonder if that dark figure I saw on camera was a reaper or something.

[205]

>be at work

>in basement where back stock is kept

>hear door at the top of the stairs open

>doesn't close

>I yell for them to shut the door because we are required to keep it closed

>slow footsteps down the stairs

>way slower than any of my coworkers come down the stairs

- >slowly at a pace of about a stair ever five seconds
- >something feels off about this
- >about the time they sound like they where half way down I started to sweat, heart started racing
- >could start to hear heavy breathing
- >can't take my eyes off the corner they have to come around at the bottom of the stairs
- >last step
- >silence
- > wait 3 or 4 minutes
- >"who's there?" I asked
- >no answer
- >go to stairs
- >look up
- >door still closed
- >dropped the box I had and noped right up the stairs

[206]

- >be craft store worker
- >average team member is over 60, we've lost a few coworkers to old age over the years.
- >weird stuff happens at the store. Figures walking the aisles after closing, the sound of walking, talking in the stock room when it was empty, etc.
- >everyone's witnessing the stuff, everyone's a little spooked.
- >one day coworker goes to take out the garbage after dark.
- >has to go through stock room to get outside
- >door won't open.
- >keeps trying, calls over other teammates to try and get the door open.
- >nope
- >suddenly cop comes through main gate
- >"There's a flasher in the area, don't go outside until we tell you it's clear."

>uh oh
>Comes back an hour later, they finally caught the guy.
>coworker tries to open the stock room door again. Tumbling
sound behind door, door opens easily.
>it's a few rolls of upholstery. They've been standing near the
door for six months, don't even budge. Not heavy enough to keep
door closed.
>Nope.gif
>that night the sounds in the back room are super active.

They were the kinds of rolls you could shoulder all at once, too
light to stop a door. Coworkers figured it was the store ghost
trying to keep them inside.

[207]

This didn't happen to me, but my manager told me about it.

In the back room, we sometimes have boxes of bananas stacked
up about 5 or 6 high. They just sorta lean against the wall, pretty
sturdy like that. Well, he usually comes in earlier than everyone
else (like crazy early, he's insane. Sometimes he comes in at 3 am
and stays until 9 pm. I don't know how he does that.) so he
discovered that the 6 boxes that had been stacked there had all
fallen over and spilled everywhere. He went to check the cameras
to see how this could've even happened. Now this is the really
unsettling part; he found that, for about 30 seconds, the camera
that watches that area had stopped recording. When it started
recording again, the boxes were toppled and the bananas were
spilled.

I know it doesn't seem so freaky, but it really made me
uncomfortable back there for a while. I still can't stand going back
there if the lights are off. I feel an almost dread-like feeling, which
I felt even before he told me about this. It's really creepy.

[208]

Worked at an antique warehouse once. Lots of our items came from estate sales, some dated back to the 1700s.

>be at work
>sitting at register
>lady rushes up to me
>"Did you know you have a ghost here?"
>wat
>coworker is rushing up behind her
>"It's true, anon! I saw it too."
>all of my wat

Apparently they rounded the corner in the furniture section, my co worker was giving her a tour of the place, and they saw a little girl run behind an old white dresser. She didn't come out on the other side, and they looked and found that she'd vanished.

Another time, about to close the store, customer flagged me over to the furniture department again. Had a look of sheer disbelief on his face. "Do you hear that?" Listen closely and hear "daddy? Daddy are you there? Please?" Stuff like that. Ugh, we have a lost kid. Have management search the building. No child. Whispering eventually fades away after a few minutes.

[209]

I used to be a teacher at a dance school and to celebrate our students whose last year it was, we had framed pictures of them hung up on the walls around one of the classrooms we had just expanded by acquiring the suite next door.

I framed and hung each picture and closed the building up for the night. Came back the next day to open and the photos were all rearranged on the wall and nobody else had been in the studio. Other teachers would also hear talking and foot steps coming from the back studio.

[210]

This is a second-hand story from a former coworker, but I think you guys might enjoy it.

- >work at hotel
- >get hired to do 3rd shift at old historical hotel
- >training is going well
- >trainer mentions one task that needs to be done that isn't officially on the to-do list
- >task: open the kitchen door before 1am
- >if you don't, the sounds of a child crying can be heard from the kitchen
- >to make the crying stop you have to open the door to let it out
- >former coworker didn't believe the trainer until she started working night shift alone
- >first night by herself she forgot to open the door
- >she nope'd right on out of there

[211]

[In response to the above.]

Disney has something like that, George on Pirates. They have to say good morning and good night to him, or he wreaks havoc on the ride during the day.

[212]

At my job we have the radio in the manager's office. It was 9pm and we were supposed to close but they kept the store open. At around 10 minutes later the music goes off as usually the assist manager would do that anyways. Later after we're almost done cleaning and stuff I go downstairs to get hats to put on the floor. When I'm coming back up I heard music. I go to the floor and everyone is looking at me.

They ask me "Did you turn on the music?"

I'm like "no..?"

Then we realized wait who turned off the music. We thought the manager did but she's like, "I thought one of you guys did". The door to the office where the radio is had been locked the entire time.

Thing is we never actually turn off the radio, just roll up and down the knob for the volume.

Then yesterday and today in my morning shift, the security things hooked up to the leather jackets was going off. These things will make an alarm sound when someone touches or pulls out the device that is attached to the jackets. We've never had this happen either.

I told the head manager yesterday what happened with the music and she said that the man who used to own the entire building/property died 2 months ago.

[213]

Another hotel story here. There's something that exists on the second story of this current property I work at. You know how you can usually tell the gender of a person standing behind you just by the feeling you get? Whatever this thing is- it's genderless and ageless. It just exists. It only manifests around a certain few rooms, just like someone standing right behind you and following you. Rarely it will follow me the entire way down the hall.

[214]

- >contracted to build small database for used car dealer
- >work in evenings in their office
- >small office building, no other rooms other than bathroom, desk right in front of front door
- >working late one night to get as much done as I can
- >feeling creeped out for some reason
- >lights suddenly go out
- >hear the light switch click when it happened
- >NOPE
- >get up, find light switch is flipped
- >old style, hard to flip switch and loud when flipped (compared to today's light switches)
- >decide that's enough work that night

[215]

- >work at Disneyland (Tomorrowland attractions)
- >slow season so we close early, around 8pm
- >have a hard closing shift (stay an hour and a half after park closes)
- >usually have at least 3 hard closers but season is slow so staff is minimum and people like to leave early when its dead

- >I'm the only one left in our office, start to lock up
- >start heading out towards the cast member entrance
- >as I'm walking, realize the park is completely dead
- >no music no 3rd shift maintenance or custodial around, silent as a graveyard
- >I take a shortcut because I just want out (Tomorrowland has a messed up history with guests. Actually, Disneyland as a whole. Also, screw walking in an empty amusement park by yourself at night.)
- >our shortcut is through this building called "Innoventions"
- >it used to be called "America Sings" in the early 70s
- >it was the site of the grim death of an employee
- >she was crushed to death by the rotating walls, which the building still has but built for safety
- >the building has an outside hallway that wraps around the circular rotating building
- >realize what I got myself into and start booking it
- >strangely the building walls are still rotating, they are usually off during closing for maintenance
- >as I am nearing the exit I hear a voice call my name
- >I instinctively turn, thinking it's a security guard because of me running
- >no one is there, I only hear the faint movement of the rotating walls
- >suddenly a disembodied voice calls to me, "Stay away from the walls."
- >pee my pants and run away

Disneyland is screwed, there are tons of stories here ranging from apparitions, sightings of Walt walking around at night and most famously, getting your name called by a disembodied voice!

[216]

This happened to a friend of a friend of mine, Sasha.

- >works at some type of retail store
- >it is a small store, local. It's never too busy and so there are never many staff there and it closes at 7pm
- >the owner always tells people to just leave at 7pm and leave whatever might need to be done for the next day
- >one day Sasha is closing up the store with her co-worker
- >they notice something small that needs to get done so they stay a little later
- >around 7:15pm they hear someone walking around the small store
- >they look around and see nothing
- >still keep hearing walking and thumping
- >eventually a whole row of stuff on a shelf bumps forward
- >they get freaked out and leave
- >they ask the owner about it the next day and she tells them she heard walking too and it's why she never stays past 7pm

I have WAY creepier stories from my Dad, but it's not retail. He is a pipefitter. Anyone interested?

[Aren't we always?]

Okay. My dad is a pipefitter and oftentimes needs to work late into the night in old buildings and such. He is also a gruff old dude that isn't afraid of anything.

- >dad gets a job in the west of Canada working in an old hospital
- >this hospital is quite old and supposedly haunted
- >workers there would often complain of hearing bare feet running down seemingly abandoned corridors, doors slamming, that sort of thing
- >the night security were so scared that they would only travel in pairs, and some had refused to patrol the upper areas of the hospitals.
- >Those areas were where mentally ill patients would be treated.
- >one night my dad is working in a room, putting in a sink in a small, closed off bathroom area within the room. He leaves the bathroom for a moment to grab his toolbox which he left outside the door.

>he turns to head into the room and hears someone singing in the small room. He stands outside the door for a few minutes listening. The singing is quiet and not very coherent. It sounds like the voice is mumbling the song and so my dad can't make out the words.

>he listens until it dies off into silence and continues to work

In that hospital my dad also heard bare feet slapping quickly on the floor when no one was there and doors slammed while this was going on.

In this story, dad is working in yet another old hospital on a floor for sick, contagious people.

>dad is working in a room one night

>as he works he hears a slow shuffling coming up the hallway

>he looks towards the door and to his surprise sees an old woman wearing what he described as "an old nurse's uniform"

>she pokes her head into the room and looks around before leaving

>he shouts at her and runs up to the door

>he peers into the hallway but she is nowhere to be seen

>continues working

He saw her a few more times, usually poking her head into rooms. One day he walked up the stairs and saw her walking down the hallway checking rooms.

[217]

Happened with my dad and I saw it on one occasion.

>He worked at a small workshop near a small village in Europe.

>The place was an old barn that they had converted it to a workshop.

>He worked the night shift most of the times and occasionally I

would visit him to pick him up with my mother.

>Arrive there to pick him up.

>He's working alone, it's dark outside and the place feels weird.

>Suddenly notice something move in the corner of my eyes.

>Look in the direction of the movement.

>See this heavy metal piece start moving on a wood table.

>Start pointing at it and I yell.

>See it move as quickly as if it was thrown to the floor.

>Huge bang and it even damaged the floor.

>My dad is watching it with me.

>Tells me that he has seen that happen many times.

>Sometimes he sees shadows go inside the machines and they stop working.

>Stones have been thrown at him from nowhere.

>He told me that he would usually yell stuff like "LEAVE ME ALONE AND LET ME WORK!" for it to stop.

>Told me that he once had the normal shift at work and warned a co-worker about the things that happen at night.

>He didn't believe in him.

>Next day my father arrives at work with his friend only to find the place empty, with all doors open.

>They decided to call the wife of the guy that had the night shift that night and she told them that he arrived late at night, almost crapping himself from all the stuff he saw.

>Refused to work at night.

>This all stopped when my father asked a local priest to bless the place.

It's all true.

[218]

>be me

>work a major superstore

>work in frozen dairy

>One day when all of the day shift is going home, I am the last

one in the cooler
>all of sudden feel panic
>something just doesn't feel right
>check the cooler to see if anyone is there
>I'm alone
>turn around and see among the piles and piles of milk crates a charred corpse/man/thing just standing there
>I run out of there and leave early

Eventually I found out the store was built on what used to be a field, and that someone had actually died in a barn fire.

[219]

>restart system at work because it's down
>haven't opened any programs yet, store is silent except kids looking around aimlessly and whispering
>LoZ healing faerie music starts playing through the walls
>no applications running
>wtf
>all the kids in the store look around confused
>look at me
>I'm also confused
>music stops after about a minute
>kids think I'm pulling their leg and leave kinda creeped out
>I immediately close the store and call everyone who works there asking them what just happened
>everyone thinks I'm crazy

[220]

>work in restaurant
>building is 100+ years old renovated church

- >always see & hear spooky stuff
- >sometimes catch glimpses of old man walking around corners when whole building is deserted
- >hear door open/shut & see nobody come in or out
- >happens daily, esp at night during clean-up
- >otherwise completely harmless guy

[221]

I work in a nursing home. Weird stuff is always happening here.

Alright, well, where to begin. I suppose I should explain that nursing homes in my state have a bed limit, so you can't just have as many residents as you can fit, and the original building was nearly entirely below ground, so when they built a "second" floor at ground level and moved all the residents up there, the original floor became the basement, and basically a nursing home ghost town, just hall after hall of empty rooms. Now fairly mundane things happen on the active floor like call lights going off in empty rooms, faucets and lights going on and off, wheelchairs moving on their own, but all the really messed up stuff happens in the basement.

The first thing I ever experienced was I was in the break room (which is in the basement, of course) eating lunch around 1 a.m. when I hear three loud bangs down one of the halls. I figured it was probably some of the crap we keep in storage down there falling over knocking other stuff over, but I had better check it out just incase a resident had figured out the door codes and wandered down there.

Couldn't find anything out of place, no one responds to me calling out, I'm about to say "screw it" and get back to work when I notice someone looking at me through a crack in a door and almost piss myself. Then I realized it was a mirror. A lot of times when people pass without family, or the family is too far away,

their stuff just gets donated to us, and that's what this was, an large antique ornate mirror, the kind that stands freely. So I laugh at myself brush it off and go back to work. Wasn't till later after I told that story to an older coworker that I found out that that mirror is notorious for moving around on its own - and there's no glass in it.

I was sure she was just messing with me so I had to check it out myself. That is, the next day, during the day when at least a little light got down there. It was in the same place but sure enough it's just the frame and the wooden backing where the mirror would have been. I've had more Nopes down there but that's the one that's stuck with me the most.

Place is in Ohio, pretty much indawoods. Let's see, the CPR practice dummies like to end up in weird places. Washers and dryers will start up at night despite the door to get to them being locked. Their is a big pool table they left down there and the cues fall off the wall all the time, I've often considered bringing some balls in and setting them up, seeing what happens. Shadow people. Fingers the impatient patient. And a rocking horse I have never seen not moving at least a little.

[222]

- >be three years ago
- >working a retail job
- >walk up to a customer to greet him - he's an older guy with messy white hair and a scraggly white beard.
- >ask him if he needs any help
- >he starts telling me what he wants, and then suddenly he stops talking and his face looks disformed and he starts convulsing
- >I think he's having a seizure, but his face looks like it's changing into something else entirely, so I just stand there, mouth-agape
- >Suddenly everything is back to normal. He stands silently for a second, turns around, and walks out of the store

>Never saw him again

I wish I could believe that it was a seizure, but I don't think a human face can contort into something so alien and monstrous.

[223]

- >work at target
- >doing overnight for big transition
- >walking past electronics register
- >see a guest (customer) standing at the counter
- >female, young, wearing a dress
- >bout to walkie electronics team member back when I realize the store is closed
- >turn around, nobody there

also:

- >go into target bathroom
- >about to use first stall but someone's inside
- >see khaki pants and a blue plaid shirt through the door
- >go into different stall
- >in there for a minute, nobody enters or leaves
- >finish up, leaving bathroom
- >first stall is empty

[224]

I have a story for you guys:

- >Work at Best Buy
- >Walking around the store due to having to put stuff in the back store room

- >Feel a really weird brush of dizziness
- >Hear name coming from around me, mostly behind me
- >see old man at the counter at Customer Service
- >sitting down because he's old I guess?
- >his head turns to look at me
- >his face looks like a skull
- >I jump, and practically trip over myself
- >Man turns his head, can't see it anymore
- >"Liz, you alright?"
- >co-workers help me up
- >old man gets up and leaves
- >no one remembers the old man being there

I don't know what I saw, but he was creepy.

[225]

- >work in hotel as night auditor
- >100 year old remodeled as a ramada inn
- >a lot of hotels claim to be haunted
- >many people have died here
- >referred to as checking in and checking out
- >late at night often hear extremely loud banging down one side of the hall
- >go check it out it stops
- >people are sleeping so usually if you have a noise issue I will get a call and have to go handle it
- >never get calls when this happens
- >pay phone in the lobby
- >rings sometime late at night
- >walk over to it
- >always stops before I can pick it up

I don't really have any doubt that there were some restless spirits in that place.

[226]

This happened while I was visiting my gf during her work at a clothes store

- >helping move stock for gf and her manager while store was closing
- >we see this black figure blow open the curtains in the upstairs attic
- >dismiss it, break on through to the other side starts playing
- >as it finishes the manager gets a call from the store we're in
- >we look at the phone and no one is calling from it
- >she flips out and doesn't answer
- >happens three more times, hear strong and tangible voices out of no where from the stairs leading to the dark room
- >break on through plays once more before the power shuts off and comes back on

Apparently a butcher had lived there and died before it became the pin up store, was a pretty out there experience, things still happen and I like to imagine it has a sense of humour whatever "it" is given it's choice in music and timing, similar themed songs play on their own from time to time and I can attest as a witness to it first hand.

[227]

Be a few years ago when I get a call for a house fire early in the morning. Get there and the house is fully involved and we do what we can to save this guy's home. Not a whole lot really salvageable but we put it out in 30 minutes or so. Our captain had to talk to the homeowner and police to get statements and stuff before we investigate, and the cops tell us that the guy says his

house was on fire and he thinks some weird figure is trying to kill him and that it has been breaking into his house.

>lolwut?

Guy tells us the same story.

When we went in to investigate, we didn't find much of anything but when the FI found the point of origin for the fire it was dead center in the roof of his bedroom and no accelerants were found. The guy's story started to creep me out then.

[228]

I have a couple stories. I have 1 personal story and 2-3 my close friend says he has experienced. Here is the story he gave me.

>at work with 1 other employee

>it's a restaurant with full bar

>it's late, after closing

>finishing the clean up and laying some final tiles on floor

>getting ready for a party in few days

>clean off a 75 Lb steel table

>move the table into another room, took both people.

>Well the "secure" shelf above table comes undone

>A1, hienz 57, ketchup, ect. all fall to the ground

>nope outta there, "We'll finish tomorrow."

>lock up like normal

>tomorrow comes

>walk in, freak out

>the table is back, shelf is back, all the stuff is back.

>organized, like Gordon Ramsay

>anon is the only 1 with the keys

>"alleged" female ghost that haunts this area

>and it apparently gets pissed if people mess with stuff too much

>say she's known as 'The Lady in Red'

Then there's my less than enthusing experience while working there, same area.

>late at night, but about 6 people still working (they're goofing off in bar area)

>I go in kitchen, fry up some bacon for a sandwich.

>walk past that area with a nose full of the smell of bacon and cheese

>get dizzy, smell roses, hear tapping in the wall

>friend in bar area "anon, wth are you doing?"

>he comes in "did you hear/smell that?"

> "What?"

>explain

>"Christ."

[229]

>be cop

>guy calls us

>hasn't seen his neighbour since days

>it was unusual for him not to answer the door or the calls since they were good friends

>he only saw the lights going on and off throughout the days/nights

>we knocked on his door, looked through the windows

>nobody to be seen, but lights were on (7pm)

>broke his lock, searched his house

>no one there

>officer yells my name

>'You have to see this.'

>traces of blood leading from his backdoor to an old shack in the garden

>mind you, the backdoor could only be locked from the inside, and it was locked

>houseowner sits dead in his chair, his legs cut open

>doc says he sat there since about 3 days, cause of death

exsanguination

Not very spooky, but we neither could explain the lights nor the locked door. Must've been someone else?

[230]

Not paranormal, more psychological, I suppose.

- >be 23
- >be working at treatment center for multi diagnosis teenagers
- >Autism, scizo, paranoia, etc
- >Facility built on top of old cemetary after the bodies were removed.
- >Autistic kid talks about his imaginary friend who lives in the mirror.
- >Calls him the Master.
- >Every time kid freaks out and gets violent he blames the master.
- >Kid gets too much and gets moved to new facility.
- >3 month later new kid in room.
- >Paranoid schizophrenic with bipolar tendencies
- >Claims the Master is telling him to do bad things.
- >Both kids never met.

I freaking hated that place. Don't have too many stories.
However, here are some from the old station.

A little backstory. The station in question used to be a candle factory. The offices above the factory floor were re purposed for illegal apartments and had several violent incidents including a suicide.

Later on the station was turned into a firehouse and after the construction of a new one was given to EMA and Public safety. Basically allot of remodeling took place in this building over the years. Doors covered up, stair well locations changed etc.

Now for the stories.

>Be 17

>volunteer with the department.

>We get the fire departments old pump.

>We do a training thing over a weekend and sleep at the station.

First evening:

>Sit in chiefs office deciding on dinner.

>Watch shadow walk from side office through a wall into bunkrooms.

>We decide it was just a shadow on the lense.

>The Chief goes home. 3 of us now.

>We sit in meeting room watching a movie and screwing around.

>Hear loud bang followed by metal grinding on hardwood flooring.

>We run to bunkroom.

>Bunk bed moved 2 feet away from the wall towards the center of the room.

>No one in building and any intruder would have had to go past us to get out.

>We blame each other for some elaborate ruse and go back to watching movie.

>Finish movie late and get ready for bed

>Me and guy 2 getting our gear ready in bunk room.

>Guy 3 getting something from downstars.

>He's talking to someone.

>Go into hallway with other guy. Hear 3rd guy coming up the circular stairwell (used to be a pole)

>Who were you talking to?

>Claims the guy who was with me was standing by stairwell talking to him.

>Shortly after making it to bed.

>Heading to bed, Drew the short straw and am in the "haunted" bunkbed.

>All of a sudden guy starts freaking out staring at 3rd guys bunkbed.

>3rd guy fast asleep while what looks like a shadow hand is

reaching for his face out of the mattress above him.

[231]

2 stories from my uncle, who was the chief of police when he was still alive:

#1

- >Had to patrol town cemetery at night to keep all the edgy teenagers out
- >Going thru cemetery, had to pee
- >Got to the little toolshed on the edge of the grounds
- >hopped out, left car running and door open
- >started pissing by the edge of the shed
- >Suddenly his car died and the door slammed shut
- >Nope'd outta there, but it always bothered him:
- >Newer model police car shouldn't die on its own
- >No wind that night, and car was on flat ground; what the hell slammed the door?

#2

- >Other officer, his good friend
- >same cemetery
- >pulled up the the front gate, about to drive inside
- >noticed old man walking towards his car like he needed something
- >rolled window down just as man got to him
- >old man disappeared right in front of the officer
- >shat brix and GFTO'd back to the station

They also used to have an old cell block at their previous location Every night, about 1am you could hear an old keyring jangling from the back door, up through the row of cells, to the front offices. My uncle said anyone locked up back there made sure not to be put back there ever again.

[232]

You guys like Cop stories, got one from my father.

- > Father was deputy of a small rural county when young.
- > One day get a call from a resident who's seeing people hanging around an old trailer park, building bonfires and singing.
- > Sheriff and Dad respond, go check it out
- > Father and Sheriff start checking things out, no sings of people or bonfires.
- > They figure out it's some old resident being old or a prank
- > Start to get into cruiser when they notice there is an old pile of charred wood a few meters away, like an old fire that was made years ago
- > They decide to check out the trailers
- > Dad enters one
- > Everything is charred or burnt black, although on the outside trailer looked fine
- > Doesn't smell of ash, smells as if someone burnt fat or cooked with blood.
- > Smell of rot as well
- > Dad keeps hearing whisper sound. Figures it's the wind
- > Sheriff didn't find anything else on other trailers, but also heard whispering sound
- > When they get back to the cruiser they call the station
- > Only static on radio
- > "You can't fool ol'nick" says a faint voice on the radio
- > Sheriff picks up reciever and asks "come again."
- > "You can't deal with ol'nick and get away with it" it says again, clear as day
- > Then static dies and radio cuts back to normal police chatter
- > "Come again what Sheriff ?" asks operator.
- > They leave
- > Once in a while people call station to report bonfires and people singing and running around the old trailer park.
- > Dad drives by once in a while

- > Radio always goes static
- > Says he always felt as if someone was sitting next to him on the cruiser when he did so.

[233]

- >was stationed in Kosovo before it got independent
- >was assigned to check this Serbian home not far from our post
- >four of us headed out to check the place as reports of disturbance were coming in
- >arrive at place, looked like a typical run down house in Kosovo
- >all dark except for a dimmed light that peaked through the window
- >we followed standard procedure
- >no answer through several tries, contacted backup for potential firefigt
- >decide that breaking in was necessary but still cautious of potential danger
- >backup arrives
- >we break in
- >standard shouting and through the dark I could see an elderly man sitting on worn out sofa
- >he didn't take notice of us but was rather fixed on a a point on the wall
- >one of the officers asked him something in serbian but the man did not take any notice
- >it was really eerie
- >hear some wail coming from the door near the dried out fireplace
- >two bros open and one goes in, I soon follow
- >stairway led to the basement, really dark down here
- >see older lady standing facing her back to us
- >we ordered her to identify but he just started laughing like crazy and started walking backwards to us
- >serious moment of tension as both our guns were on her
- >she came between us and turned around

- >her face was axed through her left eyeball and her lips while her nose seem broken
- >she broke down and fell
- >dragged her out while her husband was taken to the station

Nothing paranormal but screw it, I was spooked.

[234]

- >work in a pig slaughterhouse
- >security guard
- >have to patrol the building on weekends when it's empty, all the lights out
- >creepy.bat
- >walking down the stairs from the office on to the kill floor
- >clackingnoises.wav
- >freeze, scared witless, only have a crappy flashlight, not armed
- security
- >noise stops, convinced it was just my imagination or machinery settling
- >starts again, sounds exactly like hooves on tile
- >it's loud, definitely not my imagination
- >there are no hogs in the building on weekends
- >not enough light to see, machinery and pallets block my view
- >clacking speeds up, sounds like it's getting closer
- >nope out of the kill floor, back to guard shack
- >feel stupid, check the cameras because if it was a loose pig, bosses will be pissed I didn't report it
- >nothing on the camera but me running away, angle shows where the noise was coming from

I avoid the kill floor on patrols now. Scared the crap out of me, place is creepy enough without phantom noises.

I also have to go out in the refrigerated trailer lot at night to check temps/fuel level, it's right next to the water treatment pools, so if

the weather and wind hit right it goes sub ten foot visibility with fog, and I carry an old walkie talkie that occasionally picks up random static bursts. I call it Silent Hill: Fight Me IRL Edition.

Then a raccoon running between trailers makes me nearly crap myself and I realize I am the WORST security guard.

[235]

- >working night shift in dementia ward/assisted living facility
- >doing rounds
- >walking around on third floor
- >see shadow from around corner
- >walk faster to it, might be a resident wandering
- >turn corner, get real disoriented
- >look at doors
- >suddenly I am on Garden level (basement)
- >no recollection of how I got there
- >check watch
- >1 hour later, other guy on duty pissed at me 'disappearing' on him

[236]

- > at work in spooky factory
- > even bosses say that they feel on edge, but great deal on property.
- > working night shift, till 2 am.
- > not feeling too spooked.
- > suddenly hear banging,
- > not my department, coming from the un-used section.
- > can see all other workers.
- > break time, investigate!

- > go to location.
- > hear bangs steel on steel, very close
- > step near room and the noise stops,
- > low hissing and sounds of something moving through water,.
- > big hole for god knows what in surrounded by fence.
- > in hole is waist deep black sludge, surface is being disturbed by something.
- > hear low whispers.
- >NOPEACTUALWORKSPACE.jpg

This workplace is seriously creepy, from things out corners of your eyes to seeing full blown people at a dead on look. Not to mention the sounds.

Also:

- >be two weeks ago
- > 'Anon, check if we have this in this bay.'
- >kinda dark but still daytime
- > bend down to check out the pallet
- > scrap bin in middle of the floor rumbles
- > look at bin
- > bin 2 meters away
- > bin still rocking
- >"Freaking rats."
- > bend down
- > glance up to see man sized shadow move across open bay door
- > NOT A RAT
- > leave area forget about pallet,
- > go back later,
- > handprints all over wall
- > NOPETOLUNCH.GIF

[237]

Work at department store in the stock room. I'm the only guy in

the back today. It's been slow so far, like two customers for hours. Men rarely shop here anyway. Which means I usually have the men's room all to myself and can crap in peace.

- > Go to men's room in very back of store
- > Browsing random websites on my phone
- > Being paid for this is the best
- > Finish, flush, stand up
- > Was in the middle of reading an article, so stood in stall for a minute to finish reading
- > Two stalls.
- > Both doors were wide open when I entered, nobody else in there
- > Standing there reading on phone
- > Hear a sneeze in the stall next to me, and I see a piece of toilet paper fall to the ground from beneath the gap in stalls
- > Stand there for a sec to listen before realizing I'm alone in there
- > Nope
- > Walk out of stall and see that the door to the other is still wide open.
- > Nobody there
- > Nopenopenope

[238]

- > 17 working as a plumber's apprentice
- > get a call to go check out the system in this old abandoned church
- > the owner wanted to sell the place and needed it to be up to code
- > unlock the door and walk in
- > dust everywhere on everything
- > was the afternoon so sunlight came through in beams through the dark stain glass windows
- > everything fashioned in red
- > red carpet, drapes, pews

- >make our way down to the basement
- >roughly the same size of the upper floor
- >very large with tons of cement support pillars
- >completely dark, no light from the stairs to the boiler room
- >boiler room was on the opposite side of the basement
- >forced to walk through darkness to get to the little lightbulb in the small room
- >start working when we get blasted with light
- >turn around to find all these huge florecent lights illuminating the basement
- >walk around and find a lightswitch in the corner
- >maybe they are also motion sensitive...
- >go back to work and about a minute later the lights go off
- >finish up and head upstairs
- >look at lightswitch to find it in the off position, opposite to how we left it when the lights came on
- >being on edge we push past each other to get up the stairs

Coldchilddownmyback/10

Anyway we got out and locked the door. After a few minutes the owner showed up and after giving him the ok we chatted with him. Here's the kicker: apparently the churches pastor shot and killed two homeless kids for trying to steal food in the basement pantry. The church dissolved after he was arrested and the place was boarded up.

I guess the place is notorious for lights going on and off and people hearing noises.

[239]

This is the story told by my supervisor. I work at a call center for a popular e-retail website and is surrounded by a massive cemetery.

There have been numerous stories there but this is my sup's

story.

- >740 pm
- >closing call center
- >turning off radio and switching off lights.
- >go to female bathroom
- > "Anon, you still in here?"
- >"Yeah, give me a second."
- >"Kay. Just turn off the lights and hurry."
- >sees bathroom anon walk from her desk
- >"How did you get over here so fast?"
- >"Wut?"
- >"Nvm, just go, I need to set the alarm."
- >Sets alarm, hears her name yelled
- >"Someone's still in here."
- >disarms alarm
- > walks around building again to make sure everyone is gone
- >overhead radio turns on
- >hecknoimleaving
- >arms security
- >walks to door
- >someone screams sup's name
- >nope
- >locks door without looking up and leaves

This is pretty common. I used to work the later shift and I would hear people yell my name, and there is one bathroom by the warehouse that is creepy. You hear people get paper towels (the loud lever ones), and people come in the stall and lock the door, but when you get out, the other stall is wide open.

I had a few WTF moments in the break room so I NEVER eat in there alone and usually eat at my desk. That whole building is a nope-fest.

[240]

A few years ago, I worked as the campus event organiser for my university. It was during the Carnival, where there's a bunch of different stupid tasks to accomplish, and of course, most students were drunk most of the time.

So imagine my surprise when I wake up with a call from campus security.

Security : Hey, do you know anything about goat carcasses?

Me : What?

Security : We've found three goat carcasses on campus ; is it you guys?

Me : I hope not...

We never did find out who brought the carcasses. If it was one of the student groups, I think they would have bragged about it, but I still wonder why the hell there would be carcasses dumped on campus. Urban campus, too, far from anywhere with goats...

[241]

>At work.

>Gotta climb to the roof of building to drill some holes to a pipe for antenna cable.

>Pipe is on the opposite side of the roof from the ladders, like 50 meters walk.

>Really snowy on the roof, no foot prints when I get up.

>Done up there and start walking back.

>Smaller set of boot prints next to mine for about half the way where they turn right and end at the edge of the roof.

Not necessarily nope, but it was really freaking weird.

[242]

- >be 18 years old
- >be a co-op student for a local music studio
- >learn nothing about recording music.
- >drywall and paint lackey for their large property next door.
- >while painting in this large warehouse, always have the strange suspicion I am being watched.
- >one day in bathroom, I could have sworn I heard faint screaming coming from the basement through the floor air duct next to my foot.
- >listen closer, nothing.
- >have slew of nightmares
- >start having an overwhelming feeling of dread when I have to go to work. No longer enjoy it.
- >one day mixing paint in lobby
- >hear a loud thud upstairs.
- >I feel reality. Last thing I am thinking is a ghost. Because we are downtown, I worry a homeless person had broken in or someone is robbing the joint.
- >walk to flight of stairs with a 2x4 in my hands. Look up this long skinny flight, where it opens up at the top there is a large skinny portable mirror.
- >I am looking at the mirror which is on an angled that allows me to see down the hallway. After a solid minute in silence I hear nothing.
- >"If anyone is up there, I have a gun and I will use it. Please show yourself out the door."
- >2 seconds later I hear BANNNNNNNNG! A door being slammed at 1000 decibels. You know in highschool when a kid or teacher accidentally shuts those big metal doors against their cement frames by accident and you can't help but notice how loud it is? It was like that.
- >I immediately drop the 2x4 in fear and run out of the building next door. I tell all my coworkers. they think its funny and decide

to check it out next door.

>My coworkers and the owner are super cool. The owner came next door with a huge billy club.

>We literally checked the building from head to toe and nothing.

>I was then told the place has been haunted for over 100 years and they never told me. They had a good laugh. They still expected me to work. I quit.

[243]

>be working as a chef at a local pub

>small kitchen fire one day (I wasn't working that day)

>nothing major, but enough to keep the kitchen closed for a week while it gets refurbished

>the brewery who owns the pubs ask if I wanted to carry on at a different pub they own

>yes plz because need moniez

>end up working at a pub called the Jamaica Inn (in Cornwall)

>one night working the late shift and have the breakfast shift in the morning

>landlord says I can stay in one of the guest rooms for the night because of above, and I live miles away

>wake up at 3am

>can hear as clear as day a horse and cart pulling into the driveway

>literally the hooves clip clop along the cobbles, even the horses' heavy breathing

>hear some muffled deep voices talking

>wtfisgoingon.rar

>look out window

>nothing... completely still night

>ask landlord about it in the morning, he says yeah, guests say they hear that all the time

>mfw I'm working in one of the most haunted pubs in Cornwall

>was pretty happy to get back to working at my local place

Seriously though, Google Jamaica Inn Cornwall hauntings... weird, weird place...

[244]

My buddy was deployed in Afghanistan in 2007, at FOB Wilson, as part of an arty regt.

He sometimes will talk about the only time he watched men from his regt fire directly on an 'enemy'. Apparently two locals shambled up to the wall surrounding the FOB and began tearing apart and devouring a dog laying dead outside the compound. According to him, they were yelled at, screamed at, to leave the perimeter, but didn't seem to even hear the men on the wall around the compound. They tore the dog apart and ate it raw directly in front of the wall.

Then, according to my friend, 3 men went out to try and dissuade these individuals from continuing their feast. The man in charge attempted to communicate with the individuals eating the dog in pidgin arabic, but was promptly assaulted and pushed down by the offending individuals. Then, they were torn apart by fire from the two guys with him as well as C9 fire from the walls.

I dunno what happened, but I always said "musta been zombies". No idea what really happened.

[245]

>last year, working at Walmart
>in receiving (where we unload trucks and such)
>down-stacking some pallets

- >look up after pallet #2, realize NO ONE is in the entire back room or receiving
- >lovely
- >look out towards hallway where freezers are
- >see manager who quit a few weeks before walking through
- >what?
- >go towards the freezers
- >he turns and goes into this big corner spot
- >go there
- >no one's there
- >?
- >open side door on freezer
- >no one there
- >look through all the freezers
- >NO ONE
- >nope'd to the break room, found the back room manager, made him go back with me and stay back there with me

He thought I was crazy.

[246]

Haunted fire dept.

- >be new guy at FD
- >have upstairs dorms
- >feel funny there when alone.
- >see black stuff dart across the floor sometimes
- >hear coughing in empty room.
- >have bathroom door pushed open on me when all alone
- >Other staff says the fell asleep and hear someone call their name and it woke them you, yet all alone.
- >3rd staff guy says he turned the TV off one night and heard a voice whisper to him, he actually started to cry he said.
- >find out FD was built over old church.
- >find out a chief from the 1970s died there.

[247]

- >Work in a group home for the mentally disabled
- >One client loves stealing people's drinks
- >One night, stupid and lazy staff put her to bed before they're supposed to
- >She has a seizure and dies from drowning in her own vomit
- >Weird stuff starts happening in the house for a few weeks after
- >Come in one night and a staff tells me that their soda vanished
- >Another night, I'm sitting in the living room with the other staff watching television
- >Suddenly, we hear a noise coming from the hallway
- >I get up and turn the corner to see what it was
- >The laundry basket is sitting upright on the floor as if someone picked it up off the dryer and set it down
- >Turn on the light, set it back on the dryer, and nope back to the couch

The weird stuff stopped happening at my work. Her parents were into spiritual stuff so I assume she's following them around. They've apparently had some things happen at their house, too.

[248]

This year (accountant) I work at a small firm.

- >sometimes I finish pretty late
- >in office
- >hear someone in the kitchen, clinking of cups/doors opening and closing
- >out of the corner of my eye frequently see a person walking past my office door

- >scares the living crap out of me still and it's been happening for like a year
- >have a permanent sensation of being watched/not alone

[249]

Not a very good story but I'm a security officer too.

- >Doing my patrol at around 3 A.M
- >Lonely dark data center in the middle of the night
- >Going up one of the sets of stairs
- >Hear very loud and clear whistling
- >Think it's the overnight maintenance guy, so call him on the radio
- >He has no idea what I'm talking about
- >Continue up stairs, still hear whistling
- >Get to top of the stairs and turn on the light
- >Whistling stops dead

[250]

Any other security officers on /x/? Watching monitors of security cameras and performing late night patrols in dark hallways, it's the sort of job that leads to at least a few paranormal stories. I'll share mine

- >be me
- >work in nuclear security at a power plant, night shift
- >assault rifles ftw
- >positioned in bullet resistant position by intake
- >lake is completely still
- >lighting is crap, flickers often
- >fog comes in off of the lake

- >turbines make low noise
- >whole area is creepy
- >position includes a monitor so officer can watch a security feed of the other side of the intake building
- >crappy power supply makes the monitor shuts off frequently (yes, even at a nuclear power plant)
- >monitor goes black, hit the reset button
- >image reappears, notice something out of place
- >dark figure standing inside fence line
- >call from alarm station
- >"Received alarms on all zones at the intake."
- >nope.jpg
- >panic and reach for rifle, turn around and figure is gone from screen
- >go outside and walk patrol after partner arrives, no sign of anyone else

I'm a supervisor in the alarm station now so I don't have to sit in that position anymore, but for months after that encounter I traded posts with anyone else willing to sit in there.

I have one more that I might as well share before this thread dies.

- >still working at nuclear power plant
- >in alarm station
- >get a call from one of the perimeter positions
- >officer sees someone walking around without an ID badge
- >dispatch a patrol unit to question him
- >officer says the guy is just standing there
- >suddenly receive alarms on motion detectors near that position
- >camera replay doesn't show any animals in area
- >officer hangs up
- >ten minutes later the patrol unit arrives
- >no sign of anyone in area
- >officer who made the phone call doesn't remember calling me and says his radio is working just fine
- >after day shift arrives a patrolling officer says he sees shoe prints leading up to the fence and disappearing, no shoe prints leading back

This one was pretty creepy to me at the time but later one of the workers admitted that it could have been him since he was working in that area. He denied approaching the fence though.

Bad thing about nuclear security is that it's illegal to take photos/video in certain areas, so there usually won't ever be any evidence of those experiences.

[251]

I've worked at a big site that produces medicine, is a research site and they do alot of scientific research. This site was easily 4x4 kilometers big and had about ~20 buildings. I worked the night shift as a security guard, doing rounds and sitting in the alarmcentral, monitoring cameras and handling alarms that came in all the time. The site was always at high risk of exploding, considering all of the chemicals and fumes all around, so we had explosive safe equipment, wich meant a small flashlight that didn't illuminate anything at close range.

The rounds were five hours long, and you walked by yourself in the dark, and you couldnt even listen to music because the phone or whatever could make everything explode.

- >walking through production hall
- >what is this feely feel that feels a bit feely
- >walk around a tank
- >whatsthat.jpeg
- >arm scutters across floor
- >I have a bad feeling about this scoob
- >turn around to leave the hall and go into a nearby lab
- >hear someone loudly clear their throat behind me
- >tactically crapping myself all the way back to the safety central

[252]

Not security, but late night concierge. I'm pretty much alone in the dark at the front desk with nothing but the computer monitor glow for light.

The hallways are very long and windowless and on particularly long nights when I start to get tired it can really set me on edge. I will see dark shapes dart in and out of the corners of my vision. Shapes and people moving up and down the end of the dark hallways, often I think I will hear people call out to me but I know I'm alone and it's 4 in the morning.

The most paranormal thing I encountered here is one time I was walking by the workout room and thought I saw a tenant running on her favorite treadmill, kept walking, paused, then went back for a second glance. She was an elderly woman who had passed away a month earlier who was known for always using the same treadmill when she exercised. She obviously wasn't there when I went to look again. Super weird....

[253]

- >working security at a mall
- >looking at the monitors showing the parking lot
- >a pale, topless woman stumbles into frame
- >her arms are in a weird position, she isn't walking right, her hair is messy and her body is emaciated
- >she's clearly doped up
- >radio other security officer who is out patrolling to help her
- >woman can hardly even walk, she falls over multiple times, she doesn't stop moving, is constantly rocking back and fourth
- >see other security guard enter the view of the camera

- >he walks right past her, doesn't even slow down
- >I radio in to ask him why
- >he said he didn't see anything
- >I tell him to go back, again he walks past her and doesn't notice anything
- >weird thing is the woman is staring at the security guard
- >she stopped rocking back and fourth, has managed to stand up and is just STARING right at him, tracking his every movement with her eyes
- >she is only like 2 feet away from him at times
- >I tell my coworker to come inside immediately with a shaky voice
- >he notices the fear in my voice and asks what's wrong I say "come see for yourself"
- >by the time he got back up she had walked away
- >he doesn't believe me
- >go out looking for her myself and find nothing

[254]

- > Doing security at auto plant.
- > Quiet night, sitting in patrol car with feet on dash. Reading "Next" by Crichton I think.
- > Odd noise, radio says he sees a drunk at the fence in my area.
- > Hear loud cry of terror, guy sprints by, vaults over fence and takes off away from plant.
- > wut
- > swarm of foxes chasing him run up against fence. Notice me and start swarming over hood of car.
- > 2 biggest ones stare at me through windshield. Start hopping all over windshield like they want in.
- > welp. Screw this. Honk horn.
- > they all scatter.

Why were those foxes so aggressive? And where did they come from?

[255]

This one might be paranormal, might be a botched robbery, or I may be insane.

- > One of the first times working security.
- > Watching a restaurant with a break-in problem.
- > see 3 guys fiddling with lock on back door.
- > about to call cops when they get in.
- > guy seems to have key, ask what he is doing here.
- > "I am here to clean the ovens. I am the supervisor, these guys are the cleaners"
- > two guys just go into the supply closet and get regular restaurant cleaning supplies. Start scrubbing random stuff.
- > other guy lights cig and starts chattin.
- > fast forward, we spend the whole night smoking, having beers he brought and chatting while other dudes scrub kitchen sparkling.
- > they leave around sun-up, an hour and a half before I go off duty and restaurant opens up.
- > owner arrives, tells me off about cigarette smoking inside.
- > I ask about cleaning
- > "what cleaning? The place looks fine."
- > OHGOD
- > Nothing missing or stolen.

Still have no clue who those guys were.

[256]

- >worked night shift updating multiple PCs
- >just kicked off the jobs to install Windows 7

- >decide to step outside for a smoke
- >only people on site are a handful of engineers to help if power goes out
- >work in basement, long hallway leads to loading dock
- >engineers tell stories of a woman that roams the hallways and cries late at night
- >walking toward dock
- >light flickers at opposite end of hallway
- >hear a quiet sob
- >neck hairs Stand up
- >run outside lightning fast
- >call boss
- >talk to him for about an hour while tracking builds remotely
- >literally terrified to go back inside

[257]

- >911 county dispatcher
- >small county in northern panhandle of West Virginia
- >on midnight shift you are in the OLD courthouse, all alone from 8pm-8am
- >dispatch room is in old jail floor of courthouse
- >part of this job included watching camera feeds in the courthouse and surrounding areas
- >see janitor working in courthouse on camera, 10pm
- >receive phone call on phone that has no outside line, only used to call internally between offices in courthouse
- >phone call came from office that was just down the hall from the room janitor was working in
- >look on camera, janitor is not using phone and that room is empty/dark (camera had night-vis)
- >suddenly see glass doors that lead out of the courthouse jump as if something ran into them
- >they were locked, so they didn't open just sort of bent outwards
- >front door of sheriff's dept (also on my floor) right outside my

bulletproof window suddenly slams as well

>look on camera, all I see is a mop/bucket on the floor

>hear another BANG, look up, janitor is at my door wanting me to buzz him in

>buzz him in, he comes in white as a ghost and says he heard someone running down the hall and towards the door from room phone call came from

>look on camera, weird black blob moving around courthouse as we talk

>I show him this and he left. just flat out walked out. left.

>he retired the next week.

[258]

I have a friend that is a security guard. Here's what he told me. And by the way, any time someone starts a conversation with "So uh, you believe in ghosts right?" You know it's going to be a good talk.

>He starts talking how he heard about the building he's stationed in is haunted

>"I never believed it" etc.

>tells me he gets told to go search the building after a power outage.

>has to make sure the workers all got out and didn't get lost in the dark

>he and 3 other guards go in.

>building is huge, he says.

>he ends up all alone in a "aircraft hanger looking place"

>sees a shadow run through is flashlight

>then he says he thinks he hears drums

>no idea what it was, but sounded like "war drums"

>he goes deeper into the room and he sees the shadow again.

>this time it stops in his light

>"It soaked up the light, it was like my flashlight just ended right where it stood"

>he said he then heard something right next to his ear say "Go now"

He dropped his stuff and ran, and now he gets called "pee pee pants" at work, for obvious reasons.

[259]

>Clearing out a show at The Shrine in L.A.
>Old building (for L.A. at least) tons of history, Academy Awards, Grammy's, etc. etc. etc.
>Multi-level facility
>top levels are all old storage
>dark up there, no one goes up there. It used to be the old powder room where performers and celebrities and other people would get ready before performances.
>I'm event manager so I close down the building after the show.
>Late, around 3AM.
>Go to clear top floors. Lights are out.
>All sorts of storage piled up for decades. Lots of mannequins, costumes, displays, etc.
>Clearing out storage area, hear some footsteps.
>Think its some stragglers.
>Hear footsteps and talking coming from powder rooms.
>Go to powder rooms.
>"Hey buildings closed gotta leave!"
>No answer
>Hear giggling of an adult female then footsteps.
>Go deeper into powder room. Say the same thing. No response.
>"Let's go time to leave!"
>Hear footsteps behind me. Talking has moved to opposite end of the powder rooms.
>I'm in the back of the powder rooms, now these people or whatever are behind me.
>No way they could get past me without me seeing, only one way in and one way out.

- >NOPE
- >Run down the stairs to my admin office.
- >Tell my remaining supervisors and staff to finish clearing.
- >They come back, freaked out.
- >Same thing happened to them.

This happens regularly at that place and many of my co-workers have heard and experienced the same thing. Some of them even refuse to work the venue because of it.

Every single theater in the world is haunted.

[260]

- >Be me
- >Working Los Angeles Convention Center
- >Overnight Manager for Convention.
- >Making rounds in Kentia hall, sometimes used as part of parking.
- >Booths falling over left and right one night.
- >No wind, no earthquake, only people in the hall are myself and my guard at the entrance, way away from the booth displays.
- >Figure it's some transient.
- >Call building security for camera monitoring.
- >Head up to camera room.
- >Rewind takes in hall.
- >See the booths fall.
- >No one around.
- >looks like someone violently pushed displays over. They didn't just "fall" as a result of faulty set-up.
- >Happens regularly.
- >NOPE

[261]

Spoke to a few others and only one had anything /x/ worthy to tell me. Another had a decent story but it wasn't while working security so it doesn't apply to this thread.

- >be her
- >outside mobile patrols
- >quiet night in the neighborhood
- >drives up to spillway area
- >there's a picnic table where people used to be able to come and see the lake
- >she sees a figure sitting at the table
- > drives over to investigate
- >figure disappears when headlights shine over the area
- >uses spotlight to look around, sees nothing
- >calls alarm station on phone, too embarrassed to use radio
- >operator pulls up camera of area
- >wtf.jpg
- >operator sees ripples in the water nearby on the night vision
- >officer investigates, nothing there

That's pretty much the gist of it. The operator in the story doesn't work here anymore so I can't ask her about it but it's still kinda eerie I think.

[262]

- >walking around ship- around 2AM
- >only red lights are on throughout the ship, makes everything look weird
- >nobody in passageways
- >about to walk outside through an airlock
- >hear loud footsteps behind me

>spin around, nobody
>hear distant whispering like chit chat that I can't make out
>H-hay!
>that's all I could think to say
>it's still going on
>ok
>walk into airlock, shut door behind me
>the whispering is reverberating inside somehow
>It finally happened, I'm insane
>have a smoke outside for like 30 minutes so I don't have to go
back in

[263]

>Be at work
>Working register at supermarket
>Guy who looks exactly like my co-worker comes to my lane
>"Oh, hey anon! I thought you were working today."
>"Anon is my brother"
>Confused since I didn't think anon had a brother, let alone a twin
brother
>Fast forward to end of shift.
>"Hey, Anon. I saw your brother today."
>"... I don't have a brother."
>"Well you must have a twin you don't know about then. Guy
looked exactly like you."
>Anon gives me a wide-eyed gaze.
>"Tell me if you see him again."
>he walked away.

I asked him roommate - whom I also worked with - about what
happened and he acted very strange the next week or so.

Happened a few years back, and I've been meaning to get in
contact with him to see what happened.

[264]

>Be drinking at a bar a few years back and talking to some old dude because I had nothing better to do

>Guy is a retired sewer worker for the city

>I comment how it must have sucked working down there

>He says sometimes but the pay was great. He then becomes white as a ghost and asks "Hey, you want to hear something really weird?"

> "Sure"

>Proceeds to tell me how one time him and a couple other workers were down in the sewer and then turned this one corner and came upon a spider "the size of a horse" sitting on a massive web that blocked the path

>Guy tells me there were all rats and cats and even dogs caught in the web and cacooned up

>I laugh and tell the guy he is screwing with me

>The old dude swore on his life he was telling the truth and holy christ did he look scared as he told the story

>The guys got the hell out of the sewer and told their supervisor who like me, laughed and told them they are full of it

>They brought him down there to see for himself

>After seeing it with his own eyes, the supervisor hired some guys to go down there with flamethrowers and burn the thing

>When they got down there they found the web had been knocked down and all the dead animals were still there but the spider was nowhere to be found

>They never did find it

>They were also disappearances of several small children around this time who never were found. Not that there is any connection, but who knows?

>The whole story just gave me a really nasty feeling

[265]

- >work in a mining laboratory
- >giant warehouse for core storage connects to laboratories by a series of big thick double-doors down the length of the warehouse, which are swipe-card access only, and have windows in them, and are spring-loaded to close and latch if you let them go
- >be working late one night with another guy
- >we're wheeling a table of core across the warehouse towards the labs
- >I'm facing the labs, he's facing me, at each end of the table
- >I look over at one of the double doors
- >it's about a foot ajar, and I know this because I can see in to the corridor behind it
- >it slowly and quietly closes
- >nobody is on the other side of it
- >nobody is even in the labs at all

[266]

My brother is a security guard who works various places. Just gonna cospasta the story from an archived thread.

The first incident was in August of 2012. My brother was at the corporate building where he's been a thousand times, and they're remodeling it or something, the furniture and such is removed from a lot the of rooms. He looked at a monitor and saw a big shadow cover up like the entire screen. Said it looked like the head and upper shoulders of a person. But no one could have walked in front of the camera due to how high up it is in that room. He felt creeped out the rest of the night and mentioned that coworkers have felt uneasy there too, but he never believed them since nothing ever happened to him before until this incident. I pestered him to take pics for me the next time he went there, but he said the rooms are basically being torn apart and

the pic he got me (which I don't have at the moment) wasn't all that spooky.

The second incident happened toward the end of September. He started texting me saying that he thought something was very slowly moving an empty swivel chair in front of him from side to side. I asked him if the air was on and he said yes, but not enough to move the chair. He eventually noped out of there. Later, he showed me a brief video he had taken of it, but unfortunately, the chair wasn't moving in that video. He hasn't reported anything else happening when he's worked there, though he did tell me more about some of his coworkers feeling creeped out. I think he said one person had a door slam shut in front of them.

So that was two years ago, nothing has happened since, no more creepy stories from him. Sorry to disappoint.

[267]

I work as a night shift worker on London's underground. I walk though the tunnels after all the trains have been grounded for the night to check for tramps, kids, druggies etc. I see a hear all sorts of things. I know for a fact its haunted because we built the tunnels of mass graves from the middle ages, disturbing thousands of bodies that died in the plague.

To name a few things that happened I'll keep it short and green texted:

- >walking thru tunnel with torch
- >3am ish
- >see an old guy repairing the track about 100 years ahead, he had an old tilly gas lamp from like 100 years ago
- >approach him, and say it's late for repair work and he should get back
- >I receive a solemn nod and I carry on

>Ask team leader why there is a man down there repairing the track at this time, he replies there's no one booked in to look at the tracks and he's been told about this apparition on other occasions by other night workers.

>Sat in CCTV room and see a woman in all white on a disused platform

>Go check it out

>Nothing there

>Radio back to CCTV room

>Colleague can see me on the camera but can also see the white woman standing beside me looking directly at me, I saw nothing.

>Getting in lift down to bottom platform to do routine check

>There's someone down there I can hear

>Leave lift and check it out

>See a man that look like he's out of the medieval times, quite rich looking too

>Follow him round the corner as he's walking away

>Reach corner

>Gone

>Nopejpg

>Walking back I hear loads of door slamming over and over

>Walk faster

[268]

I'm way late to the party but I love these threads. I used to work in a dementia/Alzheimer's community. We had one resident who seemed fine, no need to check on him incessantly, didn't bother anyone. One morning we went to go wake him up for breakfast. He was in the shower so we left after knocking on the door and hearing his 'Out in a minute'. We got worried twenty minutes later when he still hadn't shown. We heard the water still running and opened the door to find blood everywhere and him lying on the floor, dead. EMS said he'd likely had a stroke and blacked out,

hitting his head in the process.

A week or so later, a new resident moved into his room. Places like where I work don't believe in bad juju or anything that doesn't involve money. His room was sold almost the day after his family moved his stuff out. The evening she moved in, she called us incessantly insisting that her bathroom door was locked and when she tried to get in she heard a man inside say "I said, I'd be out in a minute". This continued for a week or two, including instances where the shower would randomly turn itself on. Same community, lady dying of stage 4 cancer. She still had her right to go out and smoke, so we would take her to the commons area where she would proceed to have conversations with her old (dead) crack dealer named Magic and defiantly tell him she would not be going to hell with him. The day she died, as we were waiting for the funeral home to come pick her up and were sitting there having a cigarette in her memory and crying, we heard her voice clear as a bell say "I ain't go with Magic. Don't cry". I cried harder. We loved that woman.

I am also a home hospice nurse. I had a very odd lady who was close to the end and she was insisting that there was a woman in her bed. That's a clear sign for most of us that either the veil is thinning, condition declining, or a combination of the two. She would call me in sobbing, saying that that wasn't the lady who was supposed to come get her. I couldn't console her, I called her daughter to come see her. She was on her way, so I moved her into a bedroom on the front of the house that let more light in and had a view of the road. My patient had developed an inexplicable fear of the dark out of nowhere so I figured the streetlights and porch light would help her feel better and sleep without an overhead light keeping her fully awake.

Shortly after I got her to sleep, her daughter ran full speed into the house. It was past dark and she was on the phone with the police. She grabbed me, pulled me into the room with her mother and locked the door and windows. I was dumbfounded. She explained to me that when she pulled up she saw someone crawling on the side of the house towards her mother's normally-

inhabited-but-now-vacant bedroom. CRAWLING ON THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE LIKE SPIDERMAN. Cops came, checked everywhere, found nothing, left. Not half an hour later, my patient woke up, smiled at me and her daughter, said "the right one is here now, I love you", died. I didn't sleep for days.

[269]

- >working graveyard shift in a group home
- >only one person here, low-functioning, very hostile
- >be 3 am, going to get a drink of water
- >walk by the vacant hallway
- >hear a loud grinding noise, with loud bump sounds occasionally
- >kinda sounds like someone rubbing 2 coarse rocks together, and someone else bumping his fist against the wall
- >sound only lasts 2 seconds, but happens periodically throughout the night
- >I figure it's just normal house sounds(dishwasher, icemaker, water heater)
- >6 hours of listening to that on and off
- >finally the person living here wakes up
- >shambles around as usual
- >as I'm making him breakfast he walks back into the vacant hallway, which never in the months I've worked here happened
- >proceeds to stare at the door of the empty bedroom in the back of the hallway, hitting himself on the head
- >he makes this weird "nuwh!" sound, that he usually uses when he wants someone's attention
- >only problem is that he only ever says it when he makes eye contact with someone
- >he's staring at a door
- >this is totally cool with me because it means he's not trying to kick the crap out of me
- >this continues for hours though, long enough to where he just went to the bathroom on the floor
- >finally the person whos supposed to take over my shift comes in

>I ask him if there's anything in that back room that ever makes noise

>he says he's never heard anything in the 3 years he's worked there, and that there isn't anything back there that could be making noise

Anyways, I'm sitting in the house right now, staring at the hallway, wondering what is/was back there. Seriously can't take this level of fear 8 hours a night...

[270]

>started managing a convenience store after I got out of the army.

> working the overnight because someone called off.

>pissed because the stuff in our cooler keeps moving and I'm pretty sure I'm losing my mind.

> making coffee at around three when I hear someone behind me say "It's cold outside,"

>I chuckle and say "I know, right?" and turn around to face who it was.

> no one is there and I realize the door bell hadn't rang.

>say forget it and finish the rest of my shift outside smoking.
Never work another overnight again...

Oh God, I'd imagine working a convenience store would be bad enough during the daytime but I can't imagine working night shift all alone.

It's not scary really. Not compared to military life. It's actually

pretty nice. Only problem is the store is kind of off.

You'll see this blonde kid walking around sometimes when you are alone be it day or night and the sodas in the cooler always switch themselves...

The place doesn't have a history of deaths or anything that I know of, but it's just an odd place to be alone. Luckily I work days unless I have to cover a shift, so I'm never alone anymore. Third shift tells me stories though. Sometimes second, if it's slow.

Do share, please! I've been waiting for a good story for a good while. Would you mind?

One I can think of is similar to mine only the third shifter was talking to the kid. She didn't really think it was a ghost when she was telling me about him. Said that as she was working this blonde teen came up to her and was asking weird questions about the old country store that was here like fifty years ago.

She was trying to tell him that she wasn't even born when it was here and asked him if he was doing a report on it and he just shrugged and walked off to look at the candy. She turned back to break down the cappuchino machine and when she looked up he was gone. She asked me to check the doorbell because it hadn't worked that night, but according to her he was the only one there.

I didn't have cam codes at the time because I was just a cashier then, but it sounded a lot like what I'd been seeing out of the corner of my eye for a while. It was after that that my third shift experience occurred.

Outside of that, it's just sodas moving and seeing that blonde kid randomly out of the corners of your eyes. Oh, and hearing random quotes about the weather. Our second shift hears that, usually.

[271]

>girlfriend has a job at alano club for AA meetings and such in
Newport Beach, California
>place used to be a jail
>apparently a lot of death has happened in the building, police
would rough up the inmates
>the entire downstairs is lit up with one lightswitch, at the back of
the room
>forget that
>I help her close every once in a while because she's pretty
scared of the place
>coworkers have told us stories
>helping her close one night, everything going fine
>downstairs, stacking chairs, hear thumping from corner of the
room
>like clear as day can hear thumping
>take a step in that direction, figured it was a homeless guy
hiding in the back
>thumping stops
>nope
>turn off light, start sprinting across the room
>I literally hear, clear as day, someone speaking
>lose it, run all the way upstairs
>finally convince my girlfriend I'm not screwing around with her
>we tell her coworker what happened next day
>dude is like 90
>asks me where I heard the thumping, I show him
>he knocks on the wall and it sounds hollow
>he tells me the people who bought the building from the city
back in the 50's had covered up the stairs to the basement
>that's where they kept the inmates
>I don't help her close anymore

[272]

- >work as an orderly
- >during our breaks at night, some of us go to the old, barely ever used overflow wing to sleep on the stretchers there
- >place is reputedly haunted
- >one night, trying to sleep there
- >lying on stretcher facing the wall
- >heavy footsteps slowly walk all the way to right behind me, then walk away
- >ask coworkers who came in
- >no one did, door is locked so no one could get in without them knowing

[273]

- >Working night shift with a co-worker at a gas station
- >Pretty small town, no one comes around at night other than edgy 13 y/o.
- >One night "steve" walks in with "fred"
- >never seen those two ever come in here.
- >both have on hoodies and cargo shorts
- >they look at me and go back to the coffee maker.
- >they have their hoods up and are getting coffee, talking to one another, occasionally looking back at me.
- >takes then about 3 minutes to get coffee, every 10 seconds they look back at me.
- >think something is going to happen, reach under counter and feel for the shotgun we keep under there incase of theives.
- >Kids finally stop talking and look straight ahead towards the wall behind the coffee maker
- >they drop their coffee cups, nothing comes out except sugar
- >genuinely scared
- >"Hey kids, are you going to clean that up or-"
- >Steve looks back at me and opens his mouth

- >Steve opens his mouth and looks like he is saying something
- >fred turns 90 degrees so his whole body is facing steve
- >steve does the same: turns 90 degrees so his body is facing fred.
- >steve still holds his glare at me.
- >Steve's mouth is still moving but nothing audible is coming out.
- >Co-Worker comes out from the back room
- >"Hey anon, I got the-"
- >Co-Worker stops talking and looks at the kids
- >Kids look at him.
- >I look at Co-Worker
- >Co-Worker looks at me
- >We can see in each others faces that something is going on.

- >Kids turn towards us and take one step
- >They are a few yards away.
- >Imagine what they are seeing
- >Two guys wearing stripped aprons with a paper hat.
- >look at co-worker and whisper
- >"Dude what is going-"
- >Kids are at counter with cups filled with sugar
- >look back behind then and see tnothing is on the ground
- >wtf.jpg
- >Steve and Fred are looking at me.
- >"We... Would like... To buy some... Sugar... And cigaretes please."

Fred says.

- >Look at co-worker
- >I can already tell he is saying "Dude, what the..." without him saying it. You can see it in his face.
- >"Can we see some ID for the ... Cigarettes?" I say.
- >"And you can keep the sugar, it doesn't cost anything anyway."
- >"Just give us the cigarettes" steve says in a low voice.
- >Voice almost as low as the chocolate rain guy
- >He began to moan and reach into his pocket
- >NOPENOTGETTIN'ROBBEDTONIGHT.gif
- >Reach under counter for shotgun
- >Shotgun not there
- >Co-worker knows what I was doing and looks under the counter when I can't find the shotgun
- >"Nevermind." Fred says.

- >they leave without sugar
- >Look inside cups and it isn't sugar, it is some back powder
- >Me and Co-Worker never told our boss or anyone else
- >Still hear what seems to be styrophome cups hitting the floor every other night

Never again have I seen those kids.

[274]

- > Take a night stocker job at local grocery store out of desperation
- > Work from 10-11 PM to 6-7 AM
- > Go aisle by aisle and refill shelves, nothing too hard
- > Usually work with only one other person who works on different aisles
- > always kinda eerie environment because it's early in the morning, mostly alone, and some of the big lights are turned off but I need the money
- > Notice weird things: finding one can lying in the middle of an aisle no one has been in, finding freezer doors just hanging open, lights turnings off, even weird noises in other aisles
- > Even though it's happening in aisles that the other worker isn't in, I figure he's just trying to freak me out
- > After a couple days confront him about it while taking a break
- > He laughs and says he knew I'd ask that
- > Says it's not him and that "stuff like that happens" and it's best not to think about it
- > The guy I replaced quit because he said he saw someone watching him from the end of an aisle one night
- > Never feel comfortable there ever again

I quit two weeks later because of other circumstances, but I'd be lying if I said all that stuff didn't make it a lot easier to walk away.

[275]

- > Parents buy place in Lake District
- > Turn it into activity centre for kids
- > Building is old, used to be a sanatorium for people with TB
- > Something to do with the fresh air
- > The building was proper knackered, not lived in for years
- > Old beds and stuff still in the out barn
- > Parents want to turn upstairs into dorms for kids on school trips
- > Locking the place up with my dad for Christmas
- > Late afternoon but dark because it's December
- > Stripping up some carpets in one of the dorm rooms below the attic to decorate
- > Hear some rough sounding coughing
- > Shout down the hall to my dad to see if he's alright
- > He says it wasn't him
- > Standing in hall, still hear coughing, coming from the attic
- > Dad comes, both confused?
- > Scuffling from the attic, like wheels rolling across the boards
- > Pull down the trap door
- > Dad sends me up.
- > Pull light
- > Nothing there, apart from some weird wooden train with string tied to it in middle of floor
- > Nope all the way out of there
- > Still hear coughing now

[276]

Not paranormal, but I guess maybe a little spooky... Maybe. Anyway, I worked as an overnight stocker for a Wal Mart in West Virginia from April - July until I quit because of how awful it was. I did have a few run-ins with late night/early morning weirdos.

>I was kind of stalked by some black dude who didn't work there. He would only show up on nights I worked, and whenever I went outside for my two nightly smoke breaks, he would ALWAYS be out there trying to make casual conversation. And I rarely ever went out at the same time, so he must've just lurked out there. No one knew who he was but everyone including management found it funny rather than alarming. I stopped going outside on my breaks by myself.

>Beginning of one work night, at around 11ish, me and another older associate we're stocking the beauty/health area and we found a puddle of blood by the pharmacy (which was closed). There were pin pricks of blood leading away from the main puddle and going in different directions. We got a manager who came over and just wiped it up like it was no big deal. I still don't know what happened there.

[277]

Here's a strange experience I had working late at the library two years ago.

It was long after everyone has left, I was doing a general tidy up of all the floors (9 in total, big uni library) putting away rubbish/books left out and making sure no one had fallen asleep or stayed on studying and was going to get locked in.

When I got to the sixth floor I went about, calling out casually for anyone who was still around to go the ground floor and leave as always. Usually there was no one as late as three hours after closing but always worth checking.

The floor was basically spotless, aside from one big pile of books at a desk. All these books were from different parts of the floor, so it took ages to find them all.

As I was putting these away I became aware of sounds from above my head. At first a couple of dull thumps made me think I'd jammed a book in the wrong way and caused a row to tumble off the shelf. But it sounded distinctly muffled, as though it were coming from upstairs.

As I am walking through the corridor into the physics section of the library there sounds again from upstairs the dull thump of something moving around. This time with the striking impression that it is footsteps.

This impression grows clear the longer I stay on level six. There is somebody moving about on level six. Stomping around, tipping books off shelves.

I'm scared, but decide to check it out anyway. Once I'm done putting the books away I walk up the stair to level seven and stick my head through the door from the stair foyer.

Pitch black. All lights are off. We are meant to leave them on overnight. Feel certain that I did not turn them off. Can hear no sound.

Call out meekly a couple of times but too scared to walk in. Felt certain that if I were to turn the lights on I would suddenly be face to face with something unpleasant, but this was probably paranoia. Slowly close door, leave.

Remember I forgot to lock level six so I move back onto that floor.

As I'm locking the male toilets and doing one last scan of the floor something catches my eye.

It's a desk pushed back against the wall, with a pile of books on top of it.

Heart racing, I walk over to the desk, a cold, cold feeling heavy in my stomach as I realize it's the same desk as before and the exact same pile of books.

The MOMENT I see this there is a calamity of noise upstairs.
Banging, kicking, thudding all over the place.

I bolt it down stairs, don't bother to lock the bathrooms, clear books, call out, whatever. I just lock every single floor and catch a taxi home.

Never asked anyone about it, never heard of anything like it happening. I guess it's not the spoopest but that memory will always stay with me.

[278]

- >Work nights at the mall as a custodian.
- >there was this really friendly old woman working.
- >become fast friends
- >Nightshift at our mall are weird
- >Knocking, music, speaker turning on and off
- >she jokes around that we protect the mall
- >after two years of seeming harmless weirdness
- >Hear her crying in the janitors room
- >ask her if she is alright
- >"He's dead, he's dead!"
- >Who's dead?
- >All of a sudden she is behind me asking what I am talking about.

God help me I will never have a night where I don't think about it.

[279]

- >be working in a hotel, overnight bellman
- >3:30 am playing uno with the night auditor

- > all 3 elevators can be seen from where we are
- > after a few hands a very pretty blonde comes down the main stairs and heads to the basement/fitness center
- > only 1 of the 3 elevators goes down there and it's idle open in the lobby
- > 30 min pass and the girl hasn't walked back up, the elevator hasn't moved either
- > decide to go check and see if she needs anything
- > get to the fitness room all 3 treadmills are on. TV is on but static. And the sauna is on as well , but the woman wasn't there
- > go back up tell the auditor. He starts freaking out saying a bunch of prayers in Spanish. And hides in the back office till 7

The only way out was the elevator that never moved the whole night. We even pulled it's floor records. And she never came up the stairs. Those are the only 2 ways to get out and both ways were directly in front of us. No idea what I saw that night.

[280]

- >census worker, 2010, rented office space opposite a bank in one large building
- >administrative department okayed for night shift to handle mass amounts of paperwork
- >I get asked if I want to make some bank earning sweet night differential hours and accept
- >things go as normal for a while
- >one night, someone banging on tinted windows like crazy
- >follows us around even when we move
- >eventually asked to go outside and investigate on my own

Sigh.

- >go out, nose around with a flickery flashlight
- >see nothing
- >go back in, as auto-locked doors click shut behind me

BAMBAMBAMBAM

Nearly crapped myself. But, it stopped after that. Drunk person probably got bored and wandered off.

[281]

>4 or so years ago
>going to college in the afternoons, work overnight at a fast food joint
>get promoted to manager quickly probably due to the fact that I'm white working class and everyone else on night shift is an ex-con
>they're cool guys, so we get along
>though we're open until 4am, we always die off at 3am
>someone had seen some horror movie, and it became a joke that we lost all business because of "the witching hour"
>some random Tuesday night, 3am almost exact
>I'm on drive-thru, and as usual business is all but gone
>the beep beep of the drive thru sensor goes off
>myself and the guy on food line who has a headset on both look at each other with surprised amusement
>"Evenin' and welcome to (place). What'cha want?"
>no reply
>turn around to check the drive thru camera
>no one there, must be a glitch in the sensor
>still no answer, so I decide to go outside to check the sensor thing
>there's a reddish brown SUV there, single guy inside, but I can't make out his appearance
>headset still buzzing with activity
>must've been a camera malfunction then... it happens, right?
>"Hey bud, you alright?!" I call out
>no reply, not even a reaction
>don't approach window of his car, kinda freaked out
>"Yo, what are doing? Order something or leave!"

>what feels like an hour goes by, but he eventually drives off
>headset buzz dies when he drives off, like usual
>go inside, weirded out
>"Hey cuz, who were you yelling at?" the guy with the headset asks
>he must've heard me through the speaker, so at least that works
>"Jerk in the red car, did you see what he looked like? Freak, right?"
>the guy looks at the other employee on line, both confused
>the guy without a headset responds
>"no one was there. You just stood there and yelled every now and then"
>we all sat there weirded out for a bit, they kind of believe that I at least saw something
>never talk about it again

[282]

I work summers as a flex security guard. This time around I was at a Digital Realty. This place is huge, and it's still being expanded. There are a few full suites, but many dark ones under construction. One full time guy left because he got spooked... grave shift security is just one person, taking care of the whole building. No ones there, not even the customers or engineers, unless we get an alarm.

>be me, going for first patrol
>go through suites, all's well
>get to the empty suite, badge in
>dark as all hell, still gotta walk through it
>reach the end, loooong as hell, like 100yds
>as I go back to the door, hear stuff
>whispering, try to pass it off as AC
>powerwalk back, whispering gets louder
>barrel out that door faster than a fat guy from a gym

- >complete patrol, inner and outer
- >next times at the room is eerily quiet
- >ask around, people who have done grave here didn't like that room at all, some just opened the door , check and left to avoid it
- >find out dude working grave got spooked and left
- >even supervisor hates that room
- >don't blame him
- >still hate it

[283]

A friend and I guarding some old lady's property. Previous occupants (her sons, two bros) both die within weeks of each other.

- >Grave shift
- >hear music in garden
- >enter garden
- >music stops, starts playing in nearby field
- >enter field
- >two pillars of dust shoot up like gysers
- >draw pistol
- >btfo onto property
- >next day, lady shows up
- >gives us their cds
- >go home
- >first cd O play is Alice in Chains
- >first song is song I heard outside
- >go back and leave cds in garden

As I was leaving I swear I heard someone whispering "thank you" over and over again.

[284]

I worked night shift security for a few years, first place didn't have much but I moved to a new state and got a job as security for some crazy woman.

- >21, just moved to a nice sleepy town
- >get call some weeks later from a woman who sounds almost drunk, slurring words, etc
- >asks my previous experience, etc
- >after lengthy conversation she gives me my bi-weekly pay which is triple my asking
- >imokaywiththis.gif
- >gives me address and what not, it's quite a bit out of town but can't turn down the pay
- >arrive my first night, it's a large manor, looks pretty old, but finally understand why the pay increase
- >meet the woman once when I arrive, she's had issues with vandalism and kids killing wildlife on the lawn
- >discuss payment methods and she leaves, creepy middle aged blonde
- >first few nights, place is pretty eerie, there's almost no sound coming from the enclosing woods
- >about after my first week, was doing my rounds in the garden\ backyard when I hear low whispering from behind the shed
- >pull out flash light and expect to see some kids
- >go back there, nothing.
- >hear the whispering, it's in the shed, sounds like 2 or 3 people all speaking over each other
- >dont have keys for the shed, and it's locked
- >shine light in the window and see something scurry behind a table, shed is large and has only one window
- >I can see some eyes looking back at me
- >watch shed for the rest of the night, don't see or hear anything else

[285]

- >Work at an estate garden/greenhouse/nursery
- >sprayer broke, so I am looking for a new sprayer in the basement of the house.
- >got my head in a bunch of crap looking around
- >feel something behind me
- >turn around
- >a man, about 5'8 in a grey pin stripe suit walks past me and walks straight through a concrete wall in the basement.
- >my mind instantly registers that I just saw a ghost (I'd had experiences with ghosts at an ex's house before)

It wasn't scary, and I felt no bad feelings from the ghost. He was just there. I have a pretty great job and I love it and I'm fairly sure it was the rich guy who owned the estate. I got the vibe that he approved of my being there.

[286]

[Images can be found in the corresponding image folder.]

- >Volunteer at tourist railroad
- >Sitting in front coach
- >Myself and others are in penguin suits
- >Doing some papers, passing the word
- >Look down long corridor of coaches and see a person derping around in another coach
- >Don't think much of it. End of the day, so he could've been cleaning
- >Make final call on radio before closing barn door, everyone reports back.
- >Look down coach, see the man cleaning again.
- >Yell "Hey, we're closing up. Got a key?"
- >No response
- >I walk down to see who it is, keep in mind it's very dark in our

car barn.

>Nobody in the coach.

>Begin to walk back, hear a crash.

>I turn and see the door unclamped and closed itself behind me.

Something that can't be done without a brute amount of strength.

>Leave with a weird feeling for the next few hours.

Pic related. Same coach as the one I'm describing.

[Image 1]

>Two weeks later

>Santa made his visit to the railroad

>As we're heading back into the same car barn, I hear the door closing again.

>At this point I assume it's just something loose that keeps doing it, but I check anyway.

>Train stops, completely dark again and I hear the carpet start to get that compressing noise when something walks on it.

>I gtfo and start walking from the back of the barn to the front.

>Loud bang again. Only this time it was a tad bit louder and sounded like metal on metal.

>I make it to the front and don't bother saying a word.

6 weeks later

>Valentine's dinner train. Sold out crowd, lots of food in that car.

>Night runs smooth, we return around 11 PM

>While talking to catering group, they say two lightbulbs died and their food went REALLY cold even though everything was torch heated.

>I say ok and I'll write it up.

1 week later

>While putting in the new bulbs, I hear a very distinct sound.

>A ticket puncher, much like mine, clipping away.

>The coach is gutted and no need to punch tickets.

>I turn around and see the typical nothing and go back to work.

>As I'm cleaning the carpets, I hear the sound of a whistle outside

of the car.

>I'm ignoring this like the plague, trying to get out of there.

>On my way out, door closes behind me and I hear the whistling noise again.

>Have never worked that car since then.

A little background on the car. It was built in the 1920's as a passenger coach and served most of it's life in towns you never hear about. It was involved in a train wreck but repaired some years later. My friend has also told me about strange happenings around that car. Creeps me out all the time.

Pic related, it's the interior.

[Image 2]

>I walk the train of steps to the creekside

>Creek is partially frozen and pretty deep W/ a waterfall on it. You would have to swim to go anywhere. Not very possible in a frozen creek and temps. around 10 degrees.

>Report back, engineer and other crew join me to search the area.

>Nothing

>As we're heading back, we notice a large hole in the ice downstream. As if something fell through.

>We stop, look from the bridge, and keep going.

7 hours later...

>Here comes the dinner train. Sold out crowd and plenty of food.

>We reach the grove to eat.

>About an hour after dinner, a passenger asks me about the area we're in and when the trains run here.

>I take out my lantern and point at a few tables and explain.

>I swear to you. Someone was sitting at the table I shined at. Clear as day.

>I get fellow trainmen, we call out and ask if they're OK.

>He says yes and that he's "Just passing by"

>9:30 PM and freeZING with 3 feet of snow on the ground.

>Train leaves, we are still confused at this dude sitting here.

Next day.

>Text message from friend.

>"We went to the grove to do some track work. The table by the creek was cleared off and had footprints going to it, but not away"

>I'm skeptical at this point.

>Ask "Did he walk back on his own tracks?"

>"Nope. Clearly just one way"

>I said OK and stayed clear of telling him the story.

5 weeks ago.

>Ride train up as a car host.

>Arrive at grove and discover a man sitting at the table. He waves and I ask him how he is, where he came from, etc.

>Tells me "I'm just passing through"

>Vietnamish flashbacks engaged.

>I beta out and stay put by the other car hosts.

I'm still scared to go there til this day. I stay where the real people are now.

Pic related. That's the grove the day before the footprints were found.

[Image 3]

>2013

>With 2 best friends, cruising down back roads that follow the said railroad in above stories.

>As we're heading down one of the roads, friend #1 tells me about an area we call Daleywood and a story associated with it.

>Paperwork shows a brakeman working on some railcars was crushed by accident when a passing train coupled into the car. He died in that general area.

>Friend 1 and 2 tell me this story about how they'd go out with a flare and throw it at the passing by train full of volunteers to screw with them.

>Friend 1 said they did it until they actually realized the story wasn't 100% fake.

>2010

>Friend 2 decides to mess with friend 1 during an operation.

>Friend 2 parks on a dirt back road in a town of 30 or so.

>He hikes back a mile to the spot featured in these stories and has his lantern and torch ready.

>Friend 2 then finds his buddy, who was in on it too.

>As friend 2 and buddy throw torch at friend 1's train and shine lanterns in, they realize something "odd".

>In the quarry siding that the man died, an actual light was shining through the tree's.

>They walk back to it expecting another volunteer who wasn't stupid to the story.

>They find nothing, and the light disappears.

>Friend 1, 2, and buddy never mess around back there after that.

>2014

>I'm on a night dinner train bound for an eatery along the line.

>We go past the area of interest and I take my curious look out the window as usual.

>There it is.

>In between 2 pine trees and some broken rock from the 1800's was a small light. No bigger than a lantern.

>I've already seen some freakiness around the railroad, but this was cool to finally see

>Upon returning, we don't see anything, but there is that weird feeling you get sometimes.

Ever since then, we periodically see the light in the woods.

We discovered there's nothing back there. We figured it had something to do with the rock wall back there because some jerk has a light that shines up it, but this light is very misplaced and strange looking. Like it shouldn't belong. I like to tell passengers the story of what happened to get a few ooohs and aaahs, but

the volunteer corp. are the only ones that truly know about it and that it isn't a joke.

Since we're at it, here's one smaller story.

- >Winter time in creepy car barn.
- >We have a steam locomotive.
- >The locomotive was undergoing inspection and couldn't have any steam pressure on it whatsoever.
- >Mid-winter 2013
- >MOW goes in to check on engine, do general maintenance, and clean.
- >Fellow name Andy notices the locomotive was a tad bit warm (know how you can see when a surface is hot and the air around it fluctuates?).
- >Andy gets in cab of locomotive, only to find the firebox was empty, no water was in the engine, and it was about 35 degrees in the barn that day.
- >No one knows why or how it started to fire itself up.

This isn't the first time it has happened. The locomotive is 105 years old and has had a number of historically significant incidents happen, including hitting a bus full of kids, derailing a full train, have multiple deaths in the cab, and so on so forth.

And for the simple folk, steam engines can't heat up without water, coal, or anything else inside of it. It should be a cold block of iron and steel.

[287]

I use to work as a sound-tech roadie for my friends band when I left highschool, some of the crappier venues use to only let us set up either way before opening hours, or just after closing hours. Anyway I'll green text the rest.

- >Gig is in a rural area
- >Arrive at 5am to set up after driving all most of the night
- >Old school aussie pub, large and pretty historical
- >Setting up microphones and amp's for day gig
- >place all main rigs
- >climb up into the rafters to get it all running
- >main guitar stack gets interference
- >usually just sounds like static, ignore it
- >begin to climb down the ladder
- >hear 'mind your step' through the static
- >swing around expecting pub owner to be there
- >still no one in the building
- >jump down and switch off the amps, a bit panicky
- >Walk towards the exit after packing up my stuff
- >walk past bar, hear a drink being poured, loudly
- >close the door and lock it faster than ever before
- >everyone in the band called me a wimp

It may seem like simple stuff, but the vibe in the empty old pub that night was so terrifying.

[288]

I got a few stories from work and my old home, will keep them short.

- >9:30PM, work is dead, no one really around but me
 - >working in old retail building
 - >stocking some juice, enjoying the silence and lack of customers\ management
 - >putting some v8, when I see a girl walking towards me
 - >looks like she'll ask me something, so put my stuff down on my cart
- I swear, she was about 3/4ths the way to me, and the aisle is like 60ft or so, as well the floors make a lot of noise in the silence.
- >turn not even 1 second after looking at her

>gone

Another:

>9PM again, another empty, lonely night, no work left to do and still an hour left in shift

>cleaning the backroom, organizing, etc

>look up at camera and see a figure standing at the door

>radio uppers that have the keys that a truck is here

>"A truck? ...There shouldn't be any trucks this late, Anon."

>yeah well

>manager from across the building comes, unlocks and opens the door

>nobodies there

>they ask me why I'm wasting their time, tell them to review the footage

>security looks over the footage, the feed cuts out but just before you can see the air get distorted, like when it's really hot out.

>everyone shrugs, life moves on.

Found out my store is haunted shortly after from a supervisor, and a lot of the old timers there shared some stories.

One of the overnights told me that one of our machines, the older ones, was found trashed in the parking lot, which it's never supposed to be outside in the first place, the weird part was it was during a blackout, when the electricity went out and the back up blew its load at the same time, the only door the machine could've gone through was locked, and the keys were still locked up in the cabinet.

Some employees died there as well in its 30 years of being around, some girl died of a heart attack in the training room a week after opening. Place is cursed.

Also regarding that machine, apparently it decapitated someone trying to operate it.

More spooks:

- >working early shift
- >talking with my manager, just chilling in the backroom by the lockers
- >security guy comes up, points down the hall
- >manager looks, goes white as a sheet
- >"Go back to work." in a tone that I never heard from her before.
- >Walking back to my area, turn over to them, see them walking toward this tall pale chick in torn up, black clothes
- >clock out for the night, walking to my car, stayed late
- >parking lot pretty empty, maybe 30 cars total
- >all the lights in the parking lot flicker and shut off for a minute, come back on
- >see that girl standing infront of my car, looking away
- >well looks like I forgot ajax, time to shop
- >nope back into the store and don't leave until about 2 in the morning

Come to think of it, I hate this place.

[289]

- >be working as a barback at a restaurant
- >restaurant is located in a very old church building
- >built just over 100 years ago
- >have to stock wine at the end of the night after closing
- >cellar located in the very back of our stock room in the basement
- >its very packed, with only a narrow isle going all the way back to where the wine is
- >finish getting stock and turn to leave
- >light bulb farthest from me goes out
- >freeze.jpg
- >light bulb second farthest from me goes out
- >manage to squeak out a 'hello' but am too freaked to really move

>final light bulb directly above me goes out, basement is pitch black except a tiny amount of light coming around the corner from the exit
>NOPENOPENOPE
>frantically 86 box of wine stock and bolt upstairs
>make dish boy come back down with me to get abandoned wine

When I came back down we tried the switch. It was flipped on but the lights were still out. The next day when I came in the lights were fine and nothing's happened since then, but I've heard people say the building is haunted.

[290]

>work bed and breakfast check-in for a bit
>get to drive golf cart between cabins/cottages
>get radioed to pick up elderly couple at the actual plantation house
>drive there like normal, smiles for the visitors
>pick up old couple, all cute on the back of the passenger golf cart (6 seater)
>on drive back, pass slave quarters
>no crew doing renovation today
>see lady in white dress behind the slave quarters
>pass in front of some bushes and breaks line of sight
>lady in the white dress isn't there anymore
>pedal to the metal back to the gift shop to drop the couple off
>pedal to the metal past the slave quarters to put the golf cart away
>nope.jpeg
>get bad feeling in stomach
>throw up in bathroom
>leave work early

[291]

- >be me 21 years old
- >working for a construction firm
- >old elderly care home undergoing restoration work
- >move elders to another part of the building as we work
- >using cordless drill
- >battery slowly runs out
- >best go put it on charge
- >wander corridor looking for somewhere to charge
- >no sockets on the corridor
- >enter one of the rooms
- >old lady laid in bed
- >Run
- >supervisor asks what's wrong "Anon what the hell?"
- >"There's a lady still in there!"
- >laughs "There's no one in here."
- >goes back with supervisor
- >Empty room

I still haven't gotten over this, that old rinky grey skin still creeps me out to this day...

[292]

- >working the night shift in a care home
- >doing hourly checks on all residents, they all have dementia
- >checking one resident who is standing out of bed laughing to herself
- >muttering about little kids who can't find their ball
- >shake it off and reassure her there are no kids around and get some sleep
- >on the first floor and a few lights are broken (always happens) makes it a bit creepy
- >I hear children giggling

- >hoping it's just my imagination as the kids story is playing on my mind
- >I hear footsteps along the other corridor
- >I walk fast and see no one is there
- >forget this
- >I head down the stairs
- >as I open the lift door a resident is behind me, makes me jump
- >"It's a shame about the kids, they were only looking for their ball."
- >how can two residents know the same story?
- >I ask what happened
- >"They drowned in their father."

[293]

Girlfriend's dad is an architect and has a lot of contacts in the security industry for building sites and offices etc. He heard this one from a guy he works with:

- >Guy works currently for a security firm
- >Used to be night patrol security for the Natural History Museum in London
- >The NHM (unbeknownst to a lot of people) actually have 3 formalin preserved pygmies and a couple of aborigines in huge glass jars in the basement
- >Legend has it that these bodies were "Specimen collected". i.e. killed for the purpose of preservation by the NHM
- >At the end of shift, one guard patrols the basement where the specimens are, and one takes the lift up to patrol the top floor
- >Perfectly normal evening
- >Guard in the basement hears screaming
- >Grown man screaming, the worst kind
- >In an empty NHM, as big as it is you have to understand how much this would echo and resonate through the entire building
- >Only two people in the building so his thought goes straight to the other guard

- >Runs upstairs to the top floor
- >Sees the other guard on the floor, shaking
- >There's some blood
- >And a lot of hair
- >The guard's hands are fistfuls of hair, like he's pulled his own hair out by the roots, hence the blood
- >Ambulance is called to take the guy away
- >Spends a few days in hospital, before being moved to a mental health care unit
- >Declared sane and released some weeks later, the doctors put it down to work-stress or a nervous breakdown
- >Tells his friend (the other guard on duty at the time) what really happened
- >Swears that as he stepped out of the elevator, he heard footsteps, like at a pool when wet feet slap the tiles alongside the water
- >Then he felt two hands grab his head and start to rip out his hair before he blacked out from shock
- >Never saw his attacker
- >The other guard (who related this story to my girlfriend's dad) swears to this day that moments before he heard the scream he heard a clunking ringing noise in the basement
- >Like big heavy glass bottles being moved around...

[294]

- >work at movies
- >year before I started working there was a murder-suicide there in the front lobby area.
- >I'm closing up with 3 others cleaning lobby area at 3 in the morning.
- >see a woman standing there in the walk up to the front doors.
- >She standing at door.
- >I yell that the theater is currently closed till 9.
- >she turns around and walks away from door.
- >I look outside to see if she is leaving, she isn't there and there

is no cars in the parking lot.

>I go back to cleaning and directly behind me, I hear DON'T DO IT JOSE!

>I turn and no one is there.

>I go home freaked

>look up the shooting.

>Guy was named Jose

[295]

>2008

>Working in retail

>Store had a problem with weird/aggressive customers

>We weren't even close to being major retailer like

Walmart/Macys/BestBuy

>No rude employees (we were all laid back) nor was it a bad location in the town

>Customers threw things at employees, fights in the middle of the store, jump over the counters to get to employees, loiter in the back trying to attack smokers

>Made no sense

>Guy comes in one day

>Explains he used to work there as a teen

>"Hey do they still talk about Rob here?"

>"Who?"

>Guy explains Rob was an employee who bit the bullet in his car before his morning shift.

>He'd parked his car right at the entrance so employees/customers saw it

>"You guys still get horrible customers right? It all happened after he did that. It seemed like it brought the crazies."

>nope.jpg

[296]

- >worked at a fabric company
- >there was one room in the back full of finished products(children's clothes)
- >I'm talking 4 50 ft long racks filled to the brim with clothes covered in plastic
- >walking through there one day near the end of the day
- >about 30 ft down I see a very creepy old woman with stringy white hair poking her head from around a jacket staring and smiling at me
- >blink and she's gone suddenly...
- >slowly walk away from the room and run around the corner
- >old repair man that used to work there
- >"You saw the old woman, didn't you?"
- >"Yeah, some of the ladies here have seen her a few times.. she'll pinch you if walk all the way through the racks."
- >never go into the room again.. quit about 3 months later due to other issues

[297]

- >be working in a department store
- >nights
- >whole building is alarmed apart from the specific room I'm working in
- >have two store security guards supervising me
- >nobody else in the building
- >hear footsteps coming down the department store stairs
- >look to stairs
- >see black smoke vanish into wall
- >security guys hear it too and go white as a ghost
- >come to let me out of the building after finished
- >plaque on top of stairs
- >"God bless you employee xxx, who died falling down these stairs."

I work in some really old buildings and a few things have happened, this was the creepiest.

- >Working nights again in hospital
- >see middle aged woman in white go into lift (elevator)
- >shout for her to hold the lift
- >doesn't
- >run to lift as doors close
- >manage to press call button in time
- >door opens
- >nobody in there
- >mention to staff, they say "Happens to people a lot, anon."

NOPE

[298]

I'm a local NCO/Crime Check patrol officer in a bad neighborhood. I've got a few creepy stories. If anything, general nope thread.

- >Constant Nuisance home
- >Always calls. severe DV calls, serious fighting (always with homeless dudes or something) which gave us probable belief for the owners to be in possession of drugs
- >anyway we were forced to evict the owner and condemn the house
- >other officers are outside boarding up the doors and windows and posting orders while I search the rest of the home
- >I search basement
- >no power, use flashlight
- >hear shuffling noises
- >Screw that, I'macop.pdf
- >"please vacate the premises blahblahblah or we'll use force blahblah"
- >no answer

- >probably squatting crackheads
- >search entire basement: found nothing
- >sweet smelling smoke-type-stuff emitting from the dryer in the corner
- >check it out. probably drugs
- >smoke is coming from a crawl space
- >look in crawl space
- >empty, dark, and looks like it carries on forever.
- >suddenly see piercing blue eyes
- >noped out of there and never went back, even for routine patrol.

[299]

I work at a warehouse for a furniture store. The warehouse itself is pretty old and was once a manufacturing company of sorts, and a couple people had died previously due to work related injury. Probably why it became a simple warehouse and not a factory anymore.

Here's my story-

- > be me at 3 am
- > walk the warehouse all alone
- > lights are automated, only go off when movement is detected.
- > walking down the right side of the building to ensure the closing crew locked all the delivery bay doors
- > warehouse is pretty dark, except for the trail of lights I tripped walking here.
- > look over to other side of warehouse
- > a single light had tripped
- > what?
- > lights don't trip on small movements like bugs or moths
- > light is right in the middle of an aisle of couches
- > the next light trips
- > then the next
- > the path is heading towards me

- > head to the aisle to see if maybe it was another coworker
- > another light trips
- > nothing in the aisle
- > greatgooglymooglies.jpg
- > another light tripped
- > notice the couches
- > plastic wrap is moving as if something walked past them
- > strands of tape wafting
- > realize AC isnt on yet
- > no door open to create cross breeze
- > then I feel the hairs on the back of my neck stand up
- > nope
- > start to walk back to front office
- > still quite a few minutes walking distance (pretty big warehouse)
- > doesn't matter, neck tingles still persistant
- > can't shake the feeling of something behind me
- > runrunrunrunrun
- > run to the office
- > made it back
- > tingles fade
- > phew

Never happened again.

Other employees often talk about a sense of dread in certain parts of the warehouse. Especially at night. I'm the only one who comes to work that early so I have no one else to confirm that this has happened before.

[300]

Security guard at a local newspaper building in Britbong land (up north), only been working there for a couple of months. Building isn't that old, built around 1990's.

- >First night
- >Be around three in the morning.
- >Sit at a desk beside window facing out onto street.
- >Comfy.jpg
- >Three monitors in front of me cycling between cameras 1-30 every five seconds or so.
- >All have motion detectors, monitors cut immediately to a camera if it picks up anything.
- >Three escalators in front of me, all turned off.
- >Watching Doctor Who on computer because why not.
- >Suddenly an escalator begins to move.
- >Look over, frowning because I'm only person in building, and you need a key to turn them on which is in my pocket.
- >Go over, turn it off, resume Doctor Who.
- >Half hour or so later, two escalators turn on.
- >Begin to get annoyed, turn them off, back to iplayer.
- >Hour before shift ends, around half six in the morning.
- >Look at camera 20-something.
- >Usually shows a meeting room of some description on third floor.
- >Showing static for some reason.
- >Go up to check camera.
- >Room is fine, back of camera is unplugged.
- >Plug in camera, red light on, everything is fine.
- >Take lift back down to lobby.
- >Escalators on. All of them.
- >Turn them off again, return to desk.
- >Notice the imprint of a pair of hands condense and fade on desk.
- >All of the monitors turned off.

As I say I've been working there a couple of months now. Usually that's all that happens (monitors turning off, cameras being unplugged, escalators turning themselves on). A colleague of mine the other day though said he saw someone walk across an office on the top floor, but he's a bit of an alky so I'm not sure whether to believe him or not. Never seen the hands appear since though. That bit was a bit freaky.

[301]

- > be around 2am
- > Cash register been bugging out, beeping and displaying 1986 (same year my husband was born)
- > restaurant is dead, only a few customers in store, sitting on opposite ends of place
- > man with red hair and long black coat walks in.
- > everyone says hello and acknowledges his presence. Even other customers.
- > He sits in booth right next to register
- > waitress scurries over to get him set up (silverware)
- > She looks up from silverware holder and he is gone.
- > everyone is like wtf.jpg
- > next morning they have the manager pull up cctv
- > sees everyone acknowledge someone coming in, but door never even opens, and no one shows up on camera.

It was about that time odd things were happening at work. You would see someone out of the corner of your eye (I did anyway). Just out of your peripheral, but still where you could catch a glimpse of a figure. Cooler lights that had been busted (after repeated attempts by the maintenance guy to fix over the years) started randomly working again. The register continued to go all crazy and display 1986 randomly. Lights would flicker, would get intense cold spots randomly throughout building at night. It went on for a while, but we ignored it, cause screw it, we have a job to do. Casper can get sassy all he wants, people still want their steak and eggs in a timely manner.

It eventually calmed down, but still every once in a while things happen that cant be explained. Like sugar shakers will vanish and reappear somewhere random, same with salt and pepper.

I think that it. Aside from the IHOP I worked at for like 2 days. The original owner hung himself in the attic back in the 70's, and decided to stick around and make sure things are running right.

They literally had a buddy system in place for if you needed to get something from dry storage, which was upstairs. Same for if you had to change the syrup out for the soda fountain. That set up is in the room he hung himself in. Which is also the room with attic access. And he doesn't like it when people go in to the attic. At all.

Electricians have been attacked and their ladders slung across the room. There is a huge metal door at the top of the stairs before you get to dry storage and the attic access room (as well as manager's office, which was originally a closet but they can no longer keep the office in the attic access room, obvious reasons.) and it would slam shut all the time. Would have to explain to customers what all the banging around was upstairs, not allowed to tell the truth mind you. You would also hear the sounds of someone stomping around all the time, and this overwhelming feeling someone was eyeing you down while in dry storage. Like a penny pinching manager that doesn't think table 4 really needs more ketchup.

[302]

This isn't my story, but I saw it posted a while a little while ago.

- >be night shift security guard
- >work in a nice office building in a nice neighborhood
- >always just me and one other guard in the entire building
- >literally no crime, no problems, basically just screw around on the internet all night
- >only have cameras on first floor and parking lot, so if you're on any other floor, you can do whatever
- >it's literally the cushiest job ever
- >they've got huge flat-screen TVs, wifi, a nice gym, expensive coffee machines, and tons of other stuff
- >every single door is locked by keycard, so the building is extremely secure

- >just started shift
- >go to floor 2
- >notice someone left a light on in the south wing
- >a lot of lights here are motion activated, but this one just uses a light switch
- >happens sometimes, so I just turn it off and go back to doing a quick patrol so I can get back to screwing around on the internet
- >finish that up, eventually the other security guard does a patrol

- >it's about 2 hours after my shift started, and I go on another patrol to stretch my legs
- >go to floor 2, south wing
- >a motion sensing light is on, right next to the light switch I turned off 2 hours ago (which is still off)
- >the motion sensing lights are only supposed to stay on for 15 minutes
- >me and the other guard had been sitting next to each other for the last hour

- >I go back to the security room to tell the other guard about it and ask if he knows what's up with it
- >he says that when he was there, the light switch was on, and he turned it off himself
- >I'm 100% sure that I had already turned it off
- >he says he hasn't seen or heard anything, but since there's no security cameras on floor 2, we have no idea what if anything could have activated the light
- >I decide to go back up to floor 2 to check it out again, and I tell the other guard that if he doesn't hear from me soon to call my cell phone
- >our security company never bothered to issue us radios

- >go back up to floor 2
- >the light switch is back in the on position
- >motion sensing light still on
- >at this point I'm genuinely concerned
- >consider just running downstairs and calling the cops
- >I figure that if it turns out to be nothing, I'd look like a huge

faggot

>"security guard calls police because a light switch was in the wrong position"

>decide to check out more of the south wing

>I suddenly hear a loud banging noise

>I jump a bit and start to freak out

>then I remember that when the AC comes on it makes a loud banging noise

>calm down and check out the rest of the wing

>only takes another 2-3 minutes

>no signs of intruders

>all doors locked tight

>nothing broken or missing

>look at my watch and see that I've been at this for about 20 minutes now

>start wondering why the other guard hasn't called me yet

>I lean up against an air vent and take out my phone

>start going through my contacts list to call him myself

>hang on a second...

>the air vent isn't blowing any air...

>NOPE

>call the other guard's phone

>no answer

>GAH

>lock myself in an office

>call 911

>I tell the dispatcher what happened and he says the cops are coming

>asks where I am, and I tell him

>asks if the police will be able to get into the building themselves

>GAH ONCE MORE

>all doors are locked

>run through the building, down to the main entrance, and run outside

- >wait for the cops outside while still on the phone with 911
- >cops get there
- >I let them in and bring them to the security room
- >no sign of the other guard at all
- >the computer that displays the security cameras is turned off
- >well crap
- >give each of the cops one of the spare security cards so they can search the building
- >they find no trace of the other guard in the building
- >his car is still parked in the parking lot
- >he's still missing to this day

[303]

- >worked as a mall cop for a winter
- >bazillion and twelve little entrances and exits to secure
- >place is creepy as hell when empty
- >abandoned stores from the 1970s and 1980s walled off
- >customers have no idea they exist
- >still can access them through service tunnels
- >one in particular creeped me out
- >closed Chuck E. Cheese kind of restaurant
- >remaining lights inside on 24/7
- >still a ton of crap from the 1990s in there
- >broken animatronic animals leaned against walls and in closets
- >costumes for mall Halloween & Christmas events stored there as well
- >forest of artificial christmas trees
- >outdated mannikins
- >shoulder-high piles of christmas lights
- >always really hate going in there
- >nobody ever talked about it, but if called to go in there we'd never go alone
- >lock up connecting service tunnel early each time

- >occasionally hear dragging noises from the other side of the wall
- >ignore ignore ignore nope nope nope
- >get sent by mall office to grab a reindeer thingy
- >two maintenance with dolly, me and one other mall cop
- >unlock service tunnel entrance, pry open sticky door
- >pops open
- >one of the animatronics is right up against the door
- >nearly crap ourselves
- >one guy stays out in the hallway while I and the others go in
- >reindeer thing isn't where it was supposed to be
- >searching all over this creepy indoor forest full of empty costumes, christmas lights, and mannequins
- >flashlight goes dead
- >clump together with maintenance guy w/ remaining flashlight
- >find reindeer on prep table in old kitchen
- >haul it out, leave the restaurant ASAP
- >can't lock the door fast enough

- >last weekend at the mall
- >locking up
- >light flickers once
- >hear a split second of what sounded like muffled children's laughter
- >sound was coming from across the wall
- >sprint out of that entire wing of the mall

Three years later, and the knowledge that the lights are on in that room as we speak still gnaws at me.

[304]

- >working as gate guard at shipping depot in philly.
- >probably 10 trucks every night that I had to sign in/out
- >this night it was snowing
- >no trucks came
- >finally at 3am, a single black kenworth rolls up

- >tinted windows
- >stops at gate, no window rolling down or anything
- >I hear a door open from the other side
- >man in black suit with shades comes up
- >"Everything should be in order."
- >hands me shipping papers, its for a shipping container marked "misc"
- >"Right on, you're good to go." I say
- >no word, just takes recite papers and walks back to the truck
- >pop the gate and the beast crunches through the snow
- >like 5 minutes later the truck comes back and I open the gate
- >they blow through almost too fast, and into the night
- >mfw I notice it had gov tags

What's odd about this all is that when a truck comes in, it takes a good 30-60 mins to load it and get everything filled out. But this truck was in and out like nothing.

[305]

- >Father used to be the caretaker of a graveyard in his thirties
- >He had a small office inside an old house that was left intact inside the graveyard
- >One Halloween night, some kids tried scaring him by making noise and messing with the lights of the house
- >He let them have their fun until they got bored and were about to leave
- >He donned his black raincoat, then got out and went to the gates before the kids got there
- >When the kids arrived, he stood between them and the gate, striking a shovel to the ground
- >Says "You're allowed to get some fresh air and stretch your legs, but you're not allowed to leave the premises." to the kids in the most intimidating tone of voice he could muster
- >The kids freaked out and just jumped the fence to get out
- >He got some good laughs out of that and went back to the

house

>He sees flashing lights inside

>He never turned on the TV that night

>Figured out that there were more kids than he originally thought and one of them had snuck in when he was scaring the others away

>When he went in, the smell of mold is the first thing that greeted him

>The TV is on, but there is nothing but static on it because it's on a channel with no programming

>In front of the TV is a chair that was in the kitchen when he left

>On the chair is a pile of dirt

[306]

I used to work at a camp (in my country children get sent to camp for a week with their schools, so we got kids from 8-13 years old running around the camp every week) and my job was to monitor and entertain these kids.

We had night activities, one of them would be flashlight tag. Before the game began, we would always spook the children with a ghost story about a kid who disappeared in the woods.

The story is obviously fake, but sometimes weird things would happen such as:

> every child is already asleep, but one of the workers would spot a light moving between the trees

> or a scream would echo in the woods

> sometimes you could even hear whispers there

I guess someone was pranking the rest of us but it was spooky, especially when I had to patrol alone.

[307]

One time I held a conversation with a little girl for like 45 minutes in the middle of my shift. I'm pretty sure it was a hallucination because I hadn't slept for 30 hours and it never felt odd while I was talking to her. Still spooked me out though.

Some of my co-workers say they have helped customers find things hours before the doors are unlocked.

[308]

Alright, former Coroner Transport here. (Oh lawd. Here we go.)

- > 3 in the morning.
- > Phone call to come get body.
- > Grab stiff up, nothing odd.
- > Get to office and wait for partner to turn off Security stuff.
- > Left outside.
- > Feel intense need to run, get away, flee, etc.
- > Darkness just got darker, yo.
- > Forget that, go inside the office. Screw the alarm.
- > Partner is stone-cold standing there, frozen in fear.
- > The freezer door is not locked.
- > Not. Locked.
- > Being logical, say Hey! Someone forgot to shut and lock it.
- > Start to approach door, beating noise on other side of door.
- > Screw that. Call Police.
- > Beating noise stops after we get off the phone with dispatcher.
- > Cops show up, walk in.
- > "Help, I'm cold!" comes from other side of door. Cop rushes over and pulls it open.
- > NO ONE IN THERE.
- > Just another day on the job.

[309]

I've been working the graveyard shift (10.30-8.00) for a while now and haven't seen anything too strange, other than a creepy kind of vibe around that time. However, I think that comes mostly from how empty and quiet an area is during that time in contrast to the business of the day. I do have one story though which I will share.

- >Be me in the Navy
- >Get stationed at an ancient jet base in the crumbling arid wastes of the Central Valley of California.
- >Would have been creepy enough without the occurrences that followed.
- > Get pulled to stand "watch" in a dirty old hangar filled with broken jets. Basically play security guard for 4 hours.
- >Just me there in the hangar so I pull out my phone, take a seat in a corner and read books on my phone.
- >"Should be chill" I thought. At this point it is 2AM
- >About an hour more into the watch and its around 3AM. My thoughts of calm relaxation sink into a strong sense of dread.
- >I try to play it off skeptic style.
- >Note that at this point the hangar was still well lit by overhead floodlights.
- >Around 15 minutes after this feeling of fear and utter dread all the lights in the hangar go out one by one leaving me in semi-darkness.
- >The only light now comes from the streetlights outside filtering through the hangar bay doors.
- >"Forget it," keep reading my book, the lights probably always go out around this time. And anyone would be creeped out in this weird hangar.
- >I stop reading my book and go patrol around, its cold.
- >Strange for the hangar to be this cold.
- >Suddenly hear a loud crash from one of the jets.
- >Almost crap myself

- >Run over to investigate
- >Nothing there, everything in exact same spot
- >Freaking out at this point
- >Sit down and try to clear my head and talk myself out of how freaked I am.
- >Notice that a long metal cable above my head tying down one of the jets begins to shake and wobble.
- >Suddenly stops.
- >I slowly, deliberately, reach out to touch it.

- >I reach out to touch this metal wound cable rod.
- >It is so strong and the tension on it so tight, that even with all of my force I can't get it to move so much as a centimeter.
- >At this point im sure I let out an audible whimper.
- >I sit down and close my eyes for a second "can this really be happening".
- >I start to hear music, faint chimes. but music off in the distance behind the hangar bay doors.
- >No one there and more so, I can't even pin point where it's coming from.
- >It was about 15 minutes later and I am almost having a panic attack from fear and dread, shaking in my chair.
- >Have what I can only describe as a "vision".
- >I almost considered omitting this part because it sounds ridiculous and is hard to explain.
- >I saw this, but I didn't see it, its more like I was "forced to imagine it" I guess. I would just call it a vision.
- >See in the vision a horrible, ghastly, burned looking face appear out of the exhaust port of one of the old jets.
- >Leers at me through peeling and burned flesh with a horrible, pleading look on its face.
- >At this point I positively force myself to not look up for the rest of the night and read my book relentlessly.
- >Hear multiple crashes but don't look up for anything.
- >In the morning sun comes up and I feel better, take a look around.
- >Not a single item out of place.

- >Watch relief shows up (next shift basically)

>He asks me with a shocked look "you were in here all night?"
>I say "yeah?" with a look like, shouldn't I have been?
>He says he doesn't know anyone who would dare stay in this hangar overnight for this watch and everyone usually just sits in the smoking area outside till the end of the watch.
>Says hangar is known to be haunted by everyone on base.
>I mentally flip out.
>Tells me a story about how someone on watch here saw an old women in the hangar.
>When they went to investigate she dissipated into shadow. Multiple other stories as well, owls are drawn to roost in this hangar.
>Finally he tells me a lieutenant died in this hangar years ago.
>I don't ask but I think I know how.
>I walk away and drive home shaking.
>Feel partly relieved that I'm not insane
>On other hand think I may have had genuine paranormal experience.

[310]

>grocery store freight nights
>9pm-5am
>had heard stories of packages falling off shelves, footsteps, ect.
>midnight
>coworker on phone in office talking to gf (we slacked a lot there)
>on phone for maybe 30 minutes
>2am
>walk by office
>all lights are off in office and hallway
>hear strange beeping start right as I walk by office
>nope.jpg
>go into office with coworker
>phone off hook swinging

Also:

- >be in back room unloading pallets
- >hear loud noise, like someone running into a wall at full speed
- >go into aisle
- >florescent light above drink coolers had exploded

Those are the two incidents that stuck with me the most. I'd also always see shadows peeking around aisles in the corner of my eye when I'd be putting stuff on shelves. Luckily it was a really small store so we'd be blaring music to distract.

[311]

I work in a kitchen at an Irish Pub. It's not that old, but it has an old feeling to it. Like a lot has happened in the building, and not all of it good.

I don't know how I feel about paranormal stuff, so I'll keep this to the point and say that I have no explanation for these things. Maybe when some of you read them, you'll offer me some.

When you work at a bar, you get used to ruckus. People shouting, music blasting, the crack of a cue ball rattling around the table. The slam of mugs, servers calling out drinks. When you're there alone, in the silence, this pub just feels suffocating. Like the air is heavy.

Well I figured out pretty early on that the heavy feeling was usually associated with something completely insane happening. I also figured out that those things happened in the kitchen a lot more than they happened anywhere else.

On this particular day we were literally talking about how weird the place feels, me, my manager, a bartender and a server, on a slow night. The bartender started into a story about how some of the servers have been saying they've been seeing the same old

guy way after hours every night. She was telling us that the servers all swear to a girl that the man wore a long peacoat and a fedora, and that he would almost always walk down the back hallway toward the janitor's closet, and then disappear. The girls would invariably follow him, as they had to make sure everyone was out of the bar, and he would always be gone when they turned the corner.

A little way through the story, a bunch of dishware flew off of our shelves right in between us. I mean, I don't have an explanation for this. It just flew off. Like someone had swatted it in anger. Not an accidental fall. They smashed into the opposite wall, for Christ's sake. Smashed!

It was clear no one else had an explanation for it either, by how quickly we all sprinted out the kitchen door to the back lot. It was freaky. Freaky deaky.

[312]

- >work for resort that does off property functions for big groups
- >most popular one is a banquet inside an old civil war fort
- >my job is setting up and breaking down stuff for said event
- >there from 5pm-3am that night
- >almost done pulling plywood when co-worker dares me to walk down one of the hallways leading to the stairs
- >why not
- >make it halfway with no phone light when they shut off the floodlights
- >can't see
- >immediately feel pressure on my chest and sense of dread
- >coworker yells for me and turns on his phone
- >run for him and light
- >expect him to be laughing at me when I get back
- >he's spooked
- >says he saw shadows behind me when he turned on the light

>NOPE.avi

We finished and finally left. I hate that place.

[313]

- >work at amusement park
- >be 18 year old stud muffin waterpark manager
- >work a camp night so I was there at 2am
- >no guests in the park
- >have a 60ft Lighthouse slide
- >see a little boy walking at the top
- >yell to friend, "Do you see that?"
- >"Yeah, let's go get him."
- >go to entrance door, it's locked
- >"Did we just lock a kid in here?"
- >go to top no one there
- >couldn't have gone any where else
- >friend climbed down slide nothing
- >this is where I start to believe in ghosts
- >weeks later find out a little boy died in the park a few years

ago

[314]

- >be at work
- >all have to have radios
- >be upstairs on my own
- >someone has an open line on their radio (they have pressed the button to talk)
- >not saying anything
- >say into mine 'Someone's left their radio on, who is it?'
- >go downstairs

- >everyone annoyed about whoever has left their radio on
- >only person not there is Jane
- >Jane comes in
- >'Has anybody seen my radio?'
- >went on all night at one point whoever it was was just turning the radio on and off for ages
- >never found out who had her radio
- >weren't even open yet

[315]

- >Work in large office building that is open 24 hours a day.
- >Head to the restroom to relieve my coffe-twisted bowels
- >Bathroom has one door in like normal bathrooms
- >Sitting in stall, I hear the door open
- >Waiting, watching, don't see shoes pass by, but I hear them
- >Hear the stall door two to the right of mine close and latch, stall walls shake a little
- >No poop sounds, someone may be taking their meds and just wanted privacy
- >I finish up and flush, exit stall
- >All stall doors are open, no one else in the restroom
- >Figure I must have just missed them leaving
- >Start walking out, hear feet shuffle and a cough
- >Stop, turn around, check each stall
- >Completely empty

This has happened twice more since my first encounter, and it seems to happen at random times. Doesn't matter if it's day or night or if the office is crowded or mostly empty.

[316]

- >working as a PA on TV show
- >first PA on set at the abandoned Riverview mental institution
- >6AM, still dark outside
- >finish opening and decide to sit down while I wait for other crew
- >sitting in chair next to stairwell
- >really tired and starting to zone out
- >suddenly hear the faint sounds of children laughing and playing
- >realize the sounds are coming from basement
- >there is no possibility anyone is around for kilometres
- >as my first coworker arrives I ask if they hear the sounds of children playing
- >they stop as I ask

Just another day of work at Riverview.

The best story of working on films there was during a show when after a good take we were about to move on, but the sound mixer was like "No, we need to go again." The director was like, "It sounded fine, what was the problem?" and he goes to listen to playback. The look on his face as he listened to that audio, then says "Yeah... let's do it again."

Later the sound mixer told us that halfway through the take, he picked up a loud woman screaming. Nobody heard it during the filming.

There's a lot of great stories from crews that worked there. It's where that movie Grave Encounters was filmed, as well as almost every other movie and TV show produced in Vancouver.

[317]

- >Worked for small amusement park for many years
- >Filled in as caretaker for a couple of months while they found a new one
- >Lived in an apartment on premises

- >One night buddy comes by to hang out (it was lonely there)
- >We decide to go monkey around in the haunted house
- >Part of my job is to turn everything on in the morning, make sure it all works ok
- >I've been doing this for years, so I know the inside of this place and how it works like the back of my hand
- >Decide not to turn sound or music on, since it's fairly loud and might disturb neighbors
- >Discover going through the HH and having it be silent except for the squeeks and clicks of the machinery is wayyyy creepier than normal operation
- >Most things are motion controlled, but there is a small hidden control booth where a couple of things are manually controlled by an employee
- >One of the manually controlled things is like a zombie bride that sits in a chair
- >The employee pushes a button as people walk past, and the bride pops up out of the chair by pneumatic power
- >As me and buddy get to bride, it starts going crazy
- >It's popping up out of the chair repeatedly
- >It shouldn't be able to do this because A: no one is manning the booth, and B: the air compressor takes a long time to spool up enough pressure to do anything, and we'd only just turned it on
- >noped out

I have many creepy stories from when I was caretaking there, but that's the only one I haven't been able to explain.

- >Park is outside of town, on the edge of fairly extensive woods
- >Park is on a hill
- >Caretaker apartment located at the bottom of edge of the park (so the whole park is above it on the hill)
- >One of the caretaker duties is to monitor the park-wide motion alarm system
- >When alarm goes off, you're supposed to go out and check around for people trying to break in
- >It goes off on average 3 or 4 times night, a lot more if it's raining or windy
- >It's usually branches or leaves falling into the sensors, or

animals.

>There are A LOT of animals

>One night I get woken up by the alarm at 3AM

>It's one of the sensors at a snack booth at the top of the hill

>I grumble and put my shoes on, grab my flashlight, and hike up the hill to check it out

>I go around corner and shine my light at the snack booth

>A family of possums have managed to knock a lid off a large trash can, and are digging through it for grub

>There's like 10 of them all kinda sitting on the rim

>Simultaneously slowly turn their heads towards me and then proceed to hiss and screech at me

>nope

That sensor went off a dozen more times that night, and I ignored it.

The thing you have to understand about the critters at the park that makes them all extra spooky is that:

A: they're all acclimated to people. For the most part they stay hidden during the day, but they are around. They couldn't give a single crap about you.

B: they're all HUGE from glutting on junk food they find in the garbage and on the ground. I used to have a collection of pictures I took of grey squirrels the size of cats covered in nacho cheese.

Another time:

>One night an alarm goes off late (like 1am) along the fence with the neighbors

>It's one you kinda have to watch because the neighbors is a one of those motorhome "campgrounds" and if someone wanted to, they could just hike through the woods and hop a fence

>Go out there, don't see anything, check around for people, then go back to the fence for closer look

>The fence is all torn and tangled up, and there's blood everywhere.

- >Call out, in case someone is hurt
- >Hear rustling in the undergrowth like 20 feet away
- >nope

It was probably a deer that got caught in the fence, but it was still creepy.

[318]

Gas station night shift here. This little place has been a gas station since the town got its first automobiles. Things fall off shelves a little too much to blame on gravity. Sometimes it sounds like someones walking into the store but the door is unmoved and im alone.

The thing that convinced me though was this: there I am in the cooler, stocking the booze, when a six pack of corona that had been a foot and a half back on the shelf before I turned around dropped on my head. I say dropped because it was right side up, the way the front of the shelf was designed it shouldve flipped upside down if it slipped of its own accord. No glass broken either. Like it wanted to mess with me but not hurt me.

[319]

Working CQ, Fort Hood Tx, 3cr HQ building.
Anyways, so I'm working the desk and its just me my NCO, an E7 and a fellow soldier, an E4. I was a Private at the time and was buffing the floors. The lights were on throughout the building, this was around 11 pm. All of the office doors were to offices of high ranking NCOs and COs so the doors were naturally all locked and shut when the tops left for the day at 1700. Well I'm buffing the floors and I see a door open down one of the hallways.

I had swept the floors earlier and knew all the doors were shut but I thought nothing else of it, shut off the lights to the office and shut the door. Told my NCO one of the officers doors had been left ajar and he told me to do what I had already done. I got back to work. Well around 2 am I'm sitting half asleep at the front desk behind. Quickly I see a shadow walk past the desk and me, it jarred me and woke me up, I called out to my NCO but he had left to do his rounds earlier. The E4 was in the back sleeping and so I went to follow the shadow, I called out to it and heard nothing. Walked down the hallway and turned down the left hall to see the door I had closed earlier open again with the lights on.

I called out again and walked into the office. In the office there was a separate room towards the back. I walked into the office to shut light off of the back room and the lights in the office shut off.

I noped out and shut the locked the door shutting it behind me.

Got back to the desk and the phone rang. It was the E4 telling me he went out to get some cigs.

[320]

I was working the late night gas station shift. It was around 11:30 12:00. Close to closing time anyway. I was looking out the window and could swear I heard something along the lines of

>hey
or
>help

Curious, I look at the cameras and obviously see nothing. I look out the windows and see a man. Not a man-like figure or anything stupid like that, but an actual person standing by the last gas pump to my left. You can probably guess where I'm going with

this.

I couldn't see the dude on the camera.

I know he wasn't in any kind of blind spot, he should be clearly visible on the camera. I call the police and report a suspicious person on the property. Needless to say they found no one.

And I still had to step outside to finish closing for the night regardless. Nothing happened to me, thank God, minus the imminent pants-ruining at every waking second before I finally left.

[321]

University Professor here.

Back when I was still getting my doctorate I used to stay in the university until very late at night/early morning (I like working at night and back then I didn't have the means to perform all my work from home). I used to get all sorts of spookiness. I remember one night specifically in which the night guard came over to my office looking terrified and said he was hearing some really weird noises. He asked me to go along with him just to make sure he wasn't going mad, so I agreed.

It was probably around 3 am by then and we were walking around in the dark. Quickly it became clear the noises were of someone, possibly a woman, crying. We went looking everywhere, thinking it was probably someone in shock, since the person would not reply to us. We followed the noise to a corner where, I swear to god, I know was the source of the crying I was looking and hearing the sound come from absolute empty space. I was scared witless for quite a while and then the noise started moving away until it disappeared. To this day, neither I nor the guard know what happened.

[322]

I used to be the night guard at a mall in the Denver metro area called the Westminster Mall. It's been since demolished.

Some neighborhood kid killed himself right outside the NE wing, in one of the loading bays. At the time, I had no idea.

So my job was basically constantly walking around the mall through an intricate series of back halls and corridors. The 2nd to last corridor was the NE corridor. For some reason, I would always get the weirdest feeling when walking down it. I mean every single time. Like I was being followed. I would also notice weird stuff like merchandise inside the locked stores being in different positions than they were an hour before.

Then one night, after leaving the NE corridor and starting down the final hallway, which was centrally located, something really messed up happened. Now this final hallway was different from the rest. It was a lot longer than the others and it had 2 right degree angle turns in it.

As I took the first turn, I heard the metal door I had just come through BANG really loud, as if someone had opened and then slammed it shut. Which should have been almost impossible due to having one of those hydraulic-hinge things at the top so that the door simply cannot be closed that fast or hard.

I turned around and ran back to check it out, thinking there may have been intruders or whatever. But nope, the mall was dark and quiet as usual. I chalked it up to being some sort of mechanical noise or something. I turned back and started walking down the hall again. halfway to that first turn, the door started opening and slamming shut repeatedly. At least 15 times. Just BAM! BAM! BAM! Over and over.

Needless to say, I proceeded to crap myself and took off running. My first thoughts were that it was the 2 guys who cleaned the floors pranking me. But no, I found them down by the Cinnabon, cruising around on their little Zambonis. Mas spooky, yo.

[323]

>be me. One man night shift cleaner guy.
>work in a massive factory.
>holy-crap-huge. Just shy of a mile across, 3/4 of a mile from front to back.
>lots of machinery, warehouse racks, loading docks, the works.
>Operate a floor scrubber. Just like the ones you walk behind, except its the size of a Volvo and you drive it.
>takes me about 9ish hours to do one pass over the whole building.
We have a shutdown day on Sundays, I come in at 8pm, and leave at 6 in the morning. Like, 2 years ago around November I was driving around, just business as usual, rocking out on my head phones. Technically, I'm not allowed to have them but the one security guard (the only other living human there), doesn't care, and he's outside in a guard shack.

Around... 11? I was watching my fuel gauge. I usually have to stop and refuel at least once a night. My tank was down to 1/8, I was waiting for the light to come on.

Suddenly, the PA speakers come on and the emergency tone starts to sound. It's loud as all hell, meant to be heard over a busy day of machinery. We've run drills before, so I know what's coming next. Its supposed to beep 5 times, and some pre recorded message come on, one for different occasions; fire, chemical spills ect. I shut off my scrubber so I can listen to the message.

It only sounds off twice and suddenly everything is black, and

deathly silent. It takes me like 20 seconds to realize that the power is out.

That building went tomb dark. All I can hear is a lot of ticking; things like the ventilation fans, light fixtures, whatever, cooling down. I can't see my own hand in front of my face.

Meanwhile, I'm flipping out. The emergency tone was going off, and now power is out so this time it's not a drill. I don't hear or see anything obvious, so I assume its a fire somewhere. (Big as the building is, there really could be a fire somewhere I can't see)

I don't have a flashlight, but my scrubber has headlights. I have no idea how long I sat there, just feeling around the dashboard for the headlight switch. I've never had to use them before. (No way I'm walking with just my phone screen for light)

I find them, but I don't know if it makes things better or worse. That factory is a whole other world in the dark. Everything casts a shadow, I was terrified.

I get to the designated exit, but I have no plan beyond that. Normally my bosses do a head count to make sure we all made it out, but its just me. Without the outside lights working its just as dark outside, just cold. (It's November.)

I wait inside by my scrubber, which I leave idling so the headlights will stay on, hoping that the security guard will eventually come by and let me know what's going on. An hour I sit there, and that sack of crap never shows. By now I'm running out of gas, and without power to the pump I can't get more. I drive over to the main office, prop the dooropen, and start rummaging around for a flashlight. 15 minutes into it, my scrubber goes dry. Lights go out.

And that's how I spent the next 5ish hours, till dawn came. I actually browsed this board for an hour. Had to stop, because I was making my night worse, and the browser was killing my battery.

Legitimately the worst night of my life. Later I was told something big had short circuit, over heated and tripped a fuse.

[324]

Fast food cashier here. Had a couple of experiences, all last year. Been quiet since then.

First time, I'm restocking stuff in the front when I hear my co-worker scream in the back kitchen. I shout what's wrong, and she comes to the front nervously laughing. Says she felt something touch her, and thought it was me, but she didn't see anything when she turned around, so it must have been her imagination. No one was in our dining room at the time, so we started talking about random stuff. A few minutes into the conversation though, we hear a crash back in the kitchen. We walk over and notice that one of our prepped containers of chopped cabbage was knocked all over the floor. It was really strange, as it had been sitting directly in the middle of one of our tables.

A few months later, something happened again, but it was a lot more personal. A different co-worker was taking the trash out, so I was in the building alone. I was cleaning the restroom, and the lights inside start flickering and go out. I flip the switch, and they don't come back on. So I step out of the restroom into the dining room to see if the power is still good. Sure enough, all the lights are still on. I walk into our back kitchen, and see that the lights are on in there too, and that's when I hear the bathroom door slam shut. That's really unnerving though, because I had the doorstop down. I walk back over to the restroom, open the door, and see that the lights are back on. It had me freaking out.

[325]

Former security guard, current police officer here. I've had some weird stuff happen to me both on and off duty, most of it explainable. My second to last day as a security guard freaks me out the most though.

So this place I was working at, I don't really know how to describe it other than saying it was a group home, but that's not entirely right either. It was kind of like an apartment building for people with some sort of mental health issue, who could take care of themselves for the most part but still needed help. They had their own rooms and paid rent, but they had their meals cooked for them and had rules they had to follow. There was no curfew. My job was to let them in when they came to the door by hitting a button on my desk, wand them down if they had left the property, and do a round of the building every hour. I had been there for about 2 1/2 years and was on my next to last shift when this happened.

>be me

>be two years ago

>working the 1600-2400 shift

>staff left early at 2200

>great, mean I got to handle anything that goes wrong

>quiet night though

>about 2300 I get back from my final round of the night

>settle in chair and go back to reading

>see on camera someone coming on property

>looks like resident Hank (same body type, way of walking, clothes)

>go back to reading and put my finger on the button ready to let him in when he reaches the door

>weird...I thought I saw Hank on last round

>look up, Hank is in building watching tv upstairs

>who is this then?

>check camera, dude is at the door

>don't let him in, look through window

>can't really see his face, definitely not a resident and visiting hours are over
>hit intercom, "Excuse me sir, can I help you?"
>no response
>"Are you looking for someone?"
>no response, door handle jiggles
>"Sir, visiting hours are over, I'm afraid you'll have to leave."
>still no response, door handle starts jiggling more
>starting to get really weirded out
>"Sir you can't get in and if you don't leave right now I will call the police."
>weird dude starts walking away, I'm pretty unnerved but go back to my book
>hear a thump less than five seconds later
>look up
>dude has his face pressed up against the camera that shows the door
>I lose it
>charred black skin, razor sharp teeth, no lips, smiling
>let's out what I can only guess is a laugh that sounds like nails on a chalkboard
>dude bolts
>I'm really freaked but decide to write an incident report
>write "Suspicious person tried to enter building at 2300. Fled when I threatened to call police."
>put a sticky note on incident report asking the house manager not to check the footage till I come in
>go home when relief gets there and try to sleep

>next day
>come in and Steve asks why I wanted him to wait
>tell him I didn't know how many people he would want to see this
>he gives me a weird look and goes to check the footage in the basement
>comes up a bit later looking pale as a ghost
>he's a black guy, ever see a pale-looking black guy before?
>doesn't mention the footage to me or to any of the staff that I know of

>have an uneventful last day and be happy to get out of that place at last

[326]

I worked at a fairly large 2 story mall in northern Illinois. The place gets by just fine but they budget cut constantly and security was no exception. Thus came to be me working the graveyard shift. Alone.

The mall at night after the cleaning and maintenance guys leave is so quiet you can hear a mouse fart, makes the place really creepy when I go on patrol. Every night was the same, every hour on the hour I go on a walk about around the mall. I always took the back corridors when I could as they were lit while the rest of the mall was not (total wuss I know.)

One night I came back to the security office from a walk about and sat in front of the boring camera monitors. But I saw something weird.

A mannequin was standing in one of the hallways. It was one I'd walked down just a half hour ago and I know nothing was there then.

Curious, I got up and went to investigate.

When I got there I was suprised to see not one, but 4 mannequins shoulder to shoulder like they were blocking the hallway.

Now these weren't the kind of mannequins that are all posed and have a face. These were the ones that just stood at attention to display suits etc.

Rightly freaked out, I started to take a step forward when I heard a noise from the other end. 4 more of the things were down the other side of the hallway. At that point I noped back out through the door and saw another one just standing out on the mall floor.

At this point I knew it had to be one of the cleaning guys screwing with me. Problem was, they all left well before 12 and it was going on 4.

I decided to forget this and booked it back to my office and sat there the rest of the night.

When the morning shift guy came I asked him about them and he said he didn't see anything. None of the stores even use that kind of mannequin anymore, they all use the ones in fancy poses.

I quit a week later when they tried to put me on graveyard shift again

[327]

Teacher here.

I work for around 18 years at a school that has been build around 1700, burned down and rebuild in 1860.

It also had it's share in WW2 victims and all kinds of catastrophes. There's a whole level I can't seem to go to, nobody knows where the staircase is.

Thing is, there are windows and sometimes there are humanoid figures visible.

>working one night to get some stuff done for a 4day culture thing

>I have to go to the cellar for some electrical work, hate that place

>Doing my thing, suddenly the sound of cracking glass.

>I go up, glass everywhere and a door out of it's hinges

>Nope out and sleep in my car

I was the only one in that building and I had the key, the old part is always locked down with chains. Just one more schoolyear and then I'm transferred to a newer building

[328]

- >July, 2011
- >Just graduated high school
- >Get hired to do summer work for a church
- >The church was pentecostal (I was brought up Anglican)
- >Made for some interesting convos with the Minister and his wife, anyways
- >Be cleaning the downstairs of the church
- >Kitchen area, dining area, classroom, furnace area, etc
- >Suddenly hear people talking and music
- >Think that they probably don't know I'm here so in the event that its just some old women, they won't drop their collection plates thinking someone is trying to rob them
- >Go up stairs and open the door to the main church area
- >No one
- >Check the door lock, locked
- >Nope back down stairs

Also:

- >Given the task of mowing the graveyard
- >Graveyard is down a desolate, grown over road that has two graveyards. One is Anglican (has the typical creaky fence and spooky letters at the top)
- >Imgoingtodiebackhere.pepsi
- >It's 10:30am, just get off my break
- >Look around, still all alone, and it's very quiet
- >Start up weedwacker and go for a walk among the tombstones
- >Get to a grave from like 1990, one of the only tombstones with no grass grown over, no flowers, etc

- >Remember great grandmother telling me that it means they are not at rest
- >Decide to turn off weedwacker and amuse myself by talking to the grave
- >Say things like "It's been a long time that you've been here. It's okay to let go and move on", etc
- >Notice that in the dirt that there are things that look like a child's footprints
- >Notice they seem to form a path
- >Follow footprints into the woods
- >At the end there's like a wreath with a bunch of flowers and bows scattered on the ground
- >Be like "lol why is this here?"
- >Pick it up and bring it back out of the woods
- >Standing at the foot of woods and see a little girl wearing a pink dress with a white hat standing at the grave, see her skip off, right past me, into the woods
- >What just happened
- >Walk over to grave, place wreath on grave
- >Come back 3 weeks later, grass is beginning to grow over the grave.

[329]

- >used to work at a drugstore closing shift
- >used to be me and this one other guy
- >would hear weird sounds a lot when alone in store
- >sometimes would use bathroom and find faucet on
- >would turn the faucet off then close store
- >next day openers would say faucet was back on
- >one night me and dude heard it on, so he turned it off
- >thirty minutes later its back on, we both get scared
- >next night same faucet, power also goes off that night super creepy, bathroom door open
- >hear faucet on, go in to turn it off in the dark
- >see figure shape behind me in the mirror as I go to turn it off

and hear a voice

>run out of store and quit the next day

[330]

>First job as a teacher at a high school in rural town of about 1000

>school hasn't been updated since the building was constructed in the late '40s

>town has a history of mountain men folklore and blue collar lifestyle

>being a first year teacher, swamped with work

>staying late at school to grade and prep

>about 10pm

>sitting in school library by myself with all the lights off except for a few to work by

>feel creeped out by scenario but keep it up

>print some copies

>head out into hall to get to printer, hit lights in sequence to light my way

>grab papers

>plan out my escape to hit lights behind me so I'm never standing alone in darkness in this big empty school

>realize I left my bag downstairs in the Science Lab

>done for the night, but I need that bag

>take my chances and run to the end of the hall in complete darkness, hit lights to stairwell and bound downstairs

>get into lab, grab my bag

>shut door behind me

>hear a "HELP" that sounds like it's coming from inside room

>do a double take and look through window into lab

>see a small light was left on illuminating exactly one desk in the room

>don't remember hitting a switch for that side of room

>NOPE.MP4

- >rush up the stairs, flip switches off and fly out of the front door of the school
- >go to bed shaking
- >come in next day to realize I left the front doors to the school completely unlocked I was so scared
- >nobody says anything to me
- >go about my day, don't say a word
- >stop into science lab to see what switch went to that light
- >not a single one turns on only that one light
- >teacher in room tells me she found a bunch of items on the floor she remembered putting on her desk before she left, asks if I know anything
- >shake my head no and leave
- >never stay late to work at school ever again

Toward the end of the year, I swear, the superintendent told me that there was a fire in the school science lab 60 years prior where a young student was killed.

[Later]

Teacher from earlier back again. I do have another school "haunted work" story if you guys are interested (gonna post anyway):

- >still teaching at small school in rural town
- >December, it's snowing like crazy and nighttime
- >terrible service in my apartment so I take a walk across the street to the school, which happens to be on top of a hill looking down the valley and gets exceptional service
- >standing in parking lot freezing and chatting with gf
- >snow falling like crystals -- it's really pretty
- >not wanting to be cold, but not wanting to go into school at night because afraid of what I experienced last time
- >tuck into corner of building outside and below window
- >phone call is getting static, tell gf I'm getting off the line
- >hang up and at about this time swear I still hear static
- >whole location is dead silent except for this sound
- >don't want to do it, but step out anyway to peek inside window

of school
>see nothing
>pheew!
>start walking back home, halfway across lot when I hear static again
>turn back to look at school
>two small lights turned on, same rooms that were "haunted" last time
>no cars in lot, I was near the only entrance to school -- whoever turned them on had to be in the school (in the dark) for the past hour or so
>lights flicker off and on, like they're signaling me
>NOPE
>rush back home
>this is the second to last time I ever go back at night (last time coming next post)

[331]

>be college student me
>work in admissions office, it's boring and agonizing having to punch into the system those stupid college fair cards high school kids always fill out
>small college, but rich history and tons of 2spooky haunting stories
>trying to burn all my workstudy hours at the start of the semester so I don't have to come in later in the year
>boss lets me run mail across campus
>delivering packages and stuff to professors, one of them requires me going into the school's theater
>remember my drama major friends telling me the place is haunted
>normal delivery, nothing happens
>curious though, so I pop my head into the larger theater because doors were unlocked
>scan aisles and see that there's one chair stuck down, but

nobody in it

>"Just a weird chair."

>notice lights flickering and start to hear applause

>chair swings right back up

>feel a cold breeze blow by me and the door to the sound studio creaks open on its own

>back out of theater slowly

>get back to work and gtfo to my dorm

>telling friends what happened

>they share that it was "Sister Ann," the nun who used to help with drama but died a few decades back

>she does weird things in theater all the time

>nothing bad, not even scared

>"Sister Ann" is a permanent fixture of that school's Drama Dept.

>she goes to every play and is there even after hours

>saw or heard her at least 4 more times while there

The other Sister Ann story is that the theater on the second part of campus was locked up and set to be torn down/remodeled once the college decided what to do with it.

One night the fire station got a call that the theater was on fire. When they got there, the place was burning to cinders and they were able to save it and a few of the students nearby.

But when they tracked the call later, it turned out the alarm was pulled from inside the theater, which nobody should've been able to get into.

School decided it was Sister Ann and now students thank her whenever they go by the building.

Final, more college than work, but it's a good story:

>freshman year living in big dorm

>keep hearing stories dorm is haunted

>live on top floor, above us is only an attic that is rarely used

>see lights on up there from time to time and hear weird noises

>hear the legend of the "Black Knights," a fraternity in the '60s

who broke in up there and tried to summon demons but were busted by security before they could "close the portal"

>one night we're sitting in a circle with friends drinking and swapping our haunting stories

>one friend swears his door opens and shuts on its own

>another says his gf keeps getting woken up and sleepwalking, referring to "the men upstairs"

>one girl says she watched all the showers in the bathroom turn on at once on their own

>my roommate says he keeps hearing rattling chains at night

>think it's all 2spooky4me fun stuff, but nothing serious

>same week or night (I forget) our light keeps flickering

>friend decides to shout at it and blames the ghosts, light suddenly stops and stays turned on

>hear a thump upstairs and dragging, like somebody is moving furniture (or a body)

>lights start flickering all down hallway, one room to next

>we chase them shouting and "fixing" them

>get to end of hallway and the dragging and light business stops, right where the ladder to the attic sits

>nope

>friend decides to climb ladder and bang on the door

>nothing happens

>we all go back to rooms, no more spooky

>that night trying to rest and keep hearing my roommate talking in his sleep, listen for fun

>talking about time travel, hell, spooky stuff

>laugh

>4am, wake up and don't see roommate

>get up to use bathroom

>hallway is spooky. somebody left window open and lights are still flickering, so it's cold and dim

>hear a fuzzy static like a rainstick, feels like it's muting all other sounds. can't even hear myself walking or breathing

>go into bathroom and hear shower on

>check and nobody's there, so I turn it off

>take a piss

>hear the toilet next to me flush -- nobody there

- >go to wash hands, see that sinks are all on
- >turn off and leave bathroom, hustle back to my room
- >slide back into bed and notice the time on the clock reads 3am
- >did I screw up the time earlier?
- >go to bed finally
- >wake up extremely late (noonish)
- >roommate is pacing the rooms
- >"What happened?"
- >"Where the hell were you, man!?"
- >discover that he also wasn't able to sleep last night and got up to the use bathroom around 4am
- >he realized the clock was 3am when he returned and couldn't explain it
- >tried to wake me up but couldn't find me
- >waited an hour to see if I'd come back, but I never did
- >woke up freaking out and wondering if I died
- >realize we both had exact same experience
- >points out all the stuff on our walls and shelves fell off last night too and he's been cleaning it for past hour
- >never bother with attic again

[332]

- >Be Me, 14
- >Manager for Baseball Parks Field Maintenance Team
- >One day at work I have a PD detective come to talk to me
- >she tells me that there was a murder behind the park (forest) and the murderer killed his mum
- >kay bye
- >few weeks later
- >Night shift and closing in an hour
- >Me and Supervisor, sups in office listening to news
- >by old field which is adjacent to forest
- >hear crunching and think it's an animal, but it's summer
- >look around and see woman on bleacher
- >"Im sorry Mam but the park is closed, You're going to have to

leave immediately."

>shes doing her thing ignoring me

>start walking toward her

>shes dark, we had lights off to save money on energy and yeah

>I look up and freeze

>shes standing, but not on the bleacher, more to the side of it, like shes floating.

>I hear a whisper in fem voice, "I'm not leaving just yet."

>all my Nope

>Ran to the office screaming

>sups standing outside with crowbar and calling 911

>he saw it all

>police come and go and yeah

>Never talked of it again and boss and I just kept that secret

[333]

>be only person closing concession at 1am because week night and boss says screw you

>it's just me, two managers, and an usher left in the building, all the patrons are gone

>we have two concession stands but only open one (at the front, another is at the back and you can see auditoriums 4 and 5 from there) during the week unless there is a big movie premiere. The stand stretches for forever and there is only one way in- an open portion of the stand against a wall that comes to a door with required key code that leads to the kitchen and stock

>I'm mopping up in the kitchen

>almost done, I wanna go home

>have earbud in one ear listening to music and the other ear open in case a manager calls for me

>am over in a corner next to our soda racks in the kitchen

>something falls behind me and makes a loud thud on the floor

>am startled and turn around

>it's a bag of popcorn from stock across the room

>those weigh like 20 pounds and are stacked evenly so they

never fall
>maybe I messed that up
>pick it up and put it back, finished up mopping around the ice machine
>open door back out to the stand
>pause while I pull my earbud out and turn my head back to the kitchen; there is a door at the back wall that leads to auditorium 1 that can only be opened with a manager's key
>I swear there is someone standing there holding it open and staring at me
>just staring
>I don't get paid enough for this!
>run the mop and water out with me and hide by the manager's office door until one of them comes back and checks the stand (they have to check our work before we can leave)

[334]

>working at Winn-Dixie in FL
>working a late shift, around midnight but people still trickling in
>sitting at register, bagging about a guy every 20 minutes
>no one in the store at the moment
>chilling, listening to music
>hear a loud bang in aisle 4
>walk over there, aisle 4 is all baby products
>literally all the metal cans of baby formula fell off the shelves, like 40 of them
>look around the store, nothing
>go back to aisle 4 and put all the baby food back up
>shake it off, go back to register, put one earbud back in, leave the other out
>weird feeling in my stomach, kind of cold and twisted
>about 30 minutes later, I hear something fall and break
>ok, what?
>head over to alcohol section, there are two broken bottles of

wine sitting on the floor

>Now I gotta clean this up!

>mop up wine, sweep the glass up

>clock out for the night

>thankthelord.jpeg

>turn out the lights, go out to car

>lights flip back on

>OHCOMEON!

>go back in, flip them off, gtfo

>get called out next shift for leaving the lights on

[335]

>24 years old

>working night security detail in a construction site

>Early days so only the husks of the floors are built and there's supplies and stuff everywhere (hence me guarding)

>patrolling around when I see a guy in a hoodie creeping about the site

>I call out at him, and he looks up and books it like a Kenyan deeper into the site

>I give chase, eventually following him up the stairs to the second floor

>Have him in site the whole time, he's mine

>Chasing him down the edge of the building when suddenly I hear foot steps running at me from the side

>A second guy!

>next thing I know the second guy has rammed me with all his speed

>plummet off the side of the building into a pile of steel posts

>try to pull myself up But soon realise one of the posts has slammed right through my side

>starting to freak out when the guy I was running down actually comes back to help me

>he uses my mobile to call an ambulance and stays with me in the ambulance

- >I ask him Where the hell his friend came from and ran to
- >He tells me he was alone and just chancing his luck
- >tells me that while he was running from me he turned Because he heard me get hit and all he saw was a shadowy figure looking over the side at me then fading away
- >cctv coverage confirms there was no third guy on the site

Sadly, there was no CCTV in the actual building at the time, so I have no idea what hit me.

But thanks for the month off work, I guess.

[336]

- >Be Security guard
- >Working into late night as usual
- >Alone
- >CCTV installed but still have checkpoints that need a key to operate to say that you have done a perimeter check
- >In the gatehouse watching a film
- >Corner of my eye see lights in the distance
- >SOMETHING IS ABOUT TO GO DOWN
- >Remember my self defence lessons and get ready for action
- >Grab my torch/baton combo
- >Venture outside
- >Torch off
- >Walk slowly sticking to the shadows as much as possible
- >Legs trembling, never had to deal with anything like this before (who steals food labels??)
- >Lights still moving, slightly bobbing up and down
- >Begin to hear metal grinding
- >See that the lights are attached to 10-12 black figures
- >NOPE BACK TO THE GATE HOUSE
- >Call the police
- >They come check the premises, nothing to be found
- >Review the CCTV footage, lights can be seen on 1 of the

cameras appearing and disappearing
>Police agree it is strange, take a statement and leave.

Research into the place is that the place is over an old mine from the early 1900's when many people were killed through out the years. Nothing has happened since. Its an experience I wont forget. I'm still not sure on there being an afterlife but that was creepy.

[337]

>be 20
>be doing volunteer work with the local coastal patrol guard, at an old, established base in local town, at a remote area facing the ocean, not too far from local lighthouse.
>be stuck with UHF/VHF marine radio duty , listening to radio static all night
>due to most volunteers being over age of 60 and lack of personnel, find myself all alone in a double shift from midnight to morning.
>Relieved last volunteer at 11:45pm and won't be seeing anyone until 7:30am the next day.

Imagine an old and yet well-kept, well-cared for clubhouse/boat shed, full of relatively expensive stuff, like marine rescue gear, vests, small 6-footer boats, plenty of memorabilia dating back to the foundation of the place in the 1900s, and of course, lots of expensive radio gear. The crown jewel being the USD\$500k rescue boat moored right outside in the jetty facing the radio room.

Someone HAS to be on duty, listening to the radios and recording recreational boats entering and leaving the harbour. the old timers tell me endlessly how this place has been open for almost 110 years, always running, not even shutting down during the WW2 raids when we genuinely believed the Japs were going to

invade. So yeah, being left there in charge was kinda Big Deal to me back then. Now, the old timers always want to give you crap for being such a "child" and yet it was like having a dozen grizzled, seasoned grandpas who were genuinely interested in talking crap and giving you life advice. And plenty of ghost stories, too.

Place had seen many volunteers come and go, some lost at sea during rescues, some died right there, found dead the next day, presumably from old age and existing conditions. Place was downright spooky in the daylight, let alone at night.

> So, it's nighttime. Be me, all alone, sitting in the radio operator room, looking at a pitch black night, hearing mostly static, broken by the occasional call from recreational boats entering or leaving the harbour, recording callsigns, destination and time of departure/arrival.

> Be like this until 2:21am. I know the time cuz I was looking at the clock, getting sleepy when I swear to god, I hear steps outside in the jetty. I put my textbook down, and look out the window and listen, hoping no drunken idiots have wandered into our private jetty or worse, thieves coming in. I hear only pair of footsteps on the jetty. Faint at first, then louder.

> getting ready to call the local police number (on speedial in case of actual emergencies). Also thinking of calling the chief and asking for help. But I'm embarrassed to make an idiot of myself in case I get it wrong, so I'm listening and straining my eyes, looking into the dark.

>hear those steps again, this time definitely coming closer. Whoever it is, it's heading from the jetty towards the base. He'll have to pass right outside the window.

> all of the sudden, I'm struck with intense fear. I don't scare easily but my first instinct is not to go look outside but to sit right there and wait.

> steps right outside the window now, yet I see nothing. now I'm freaking out.

> steps go past me and I nearly shat myself as they actually continue INSIDE the building. These steps are now crisp and loud and echoing inside the boating shed, right accross the hall on the

other side of the radio room.

> not daring to move because I KNOW all the doors and windows were locked and I didn't hear any of them being opened and yet, these steps are inside.

> I decide to turn off the desk light and sit there in the glow of the buzzing radios, not moving, hearing those steps right outside. This went on for maybe an hour, though it felt like eternity.

> Been sitting there in the dark, thinking furiously what to do, afraid to make any noises, listening to those steps going back and forth, sometimes getting louder, sometimes fading back. At one point, right outside the radio room. Start praying out of fear.

> nearly have a stroke when radio hisses and someone calls in for a radio-check. it's a recreational boat. I'm nearly crying and my voice is cracking. Thank god for radio static that hides most of it. I call back, not really listening since I'm trying to hear here those steps are. They have now stopped.

> finish call and listen again. No noises. Decide to turn the lights on after maybe 30 mins. Still nothing.

> To my intense regret in hindsight, decide to step away from the radios and have a look around. Have one of those everready dolphin spotlight torches with me.

> I go to the galley first, then to the mess hall. I see nothing. I turn on those lights as I go along. Now it's just the sleeping berths at the back, some stores rooms, and of course, the boat shed. Start heading that way...

>... until I hear those steps pick up and start walking towards me from the shed.

This is were I NOPEd and went straight back to the radio room and locked myself in, and that's how they found me the following morning. I quit the following week and never went back again. I never saw it, but holy crap, did I ever FEEL something was with me that night.

- >work as security guard
- >night shift, alone
- >have 4 big block buildings, roads between and massive garage to cover
- >doing checks, everything is fine so far
- >roughly 3:50am go to sweep garage
- >garage is known for us to be typical hideout for drug addicts, thieves and the likes, but we've never actually encountered any.
- >every now and then we find small blood pools or blood splatters, usually rub it off as idiot junkies failing to find a vein or something
- >go down to stairwell to garage floors, the place echoes, so you can hear people talking from the other side, roughly the size of one and a half football fields (soccer)
- >start on 2nd floor, all good until I get near the car slope down to 1st floor
- >start hearing things, not even talking. more like some kind of gurgling or some kind of animal sound
- >this is in a small city, only thing that lives here are birds, literally nothing else ever gets spotted around there.
- >had to be on my shift. gurgling sound continues, kinda faint so walk down the slope to check it out incase its a person who's hurt or something
- >see nothing, kinda dark, but still hear sound
- >start yelling out "hello? Anybody there? Do you need help?"
- >sound stops.
- >I walk around the middle area which separate the two sides of garage,
- >hear this fast paced walking, almost running
- >other side has a big, open square "hole" in the wall, serves as a door to the back.
- >as soon as I round the corner and look in direction of backdoor, see something looking kinda hunched over exiting, don't get a good look.
- >walk around to place it appeared to be going from, more blood splatter and a small pool of blood under the car slope on other side of garage
- >get fairly spooked, take picture with work phone and quickly head back to office to file report

>hear nothing more of it, only that guy who came to work in the morning also saw the blood

[339]

>Me working in healthcare delivering beds and picking them back up from old people.

>Me and my co-worker have to pick up a bed from an old man's house

>Ring the bell a few times, nobody answering.

>Decide to call him

>Man picks up after a few times, saying he'll be right with us

>Keep waiting outside laughing and joking about old people a bit

>Call again, he says the same thing "I'll be right with you in a bit."

>still nobody opening the door

>Neighbour spots us and comes talk to us

>We say we've been calling him and he told us he'd be right there

>Neighbour asks us if we're joking, tells us it's a bad prank

>Tells us old man died a week ago, electricity was also cut off in the house

>Realise we've been talking to a dead guy

>No known relatives of the man are alive, nobody else could've picked up

>We nope away

[340]

First of all, I'm not an English native speaker. This happened to several people a month ago.

>working on construction

>had people working on drywall and paint, while some techs were

installing cameras and other security devices

>notice some finger marks on the ceiling, think it was techs with dirty fingers

>ask my workers to get rid of the marks they do and I check their work

>next day, a fellow supervisor noticed the same finger stains on the ceiling

>three times we cleaned that part of the ceiling

>more stains of fingers and even a hand appeared on several walls and other parts of the ceiling even in areas where nobody was working

>then I notice that the fingers were slender and thin, like a woman's hand, we didn't have women working there

>ended the work ASAP, told the night guards to not say anything about the spooky stuff they saw (noises, lights turning on and off, voices)

[341]

>Work at old person's home

>Sometimes forget coat/snack I take for later

>Completely empty kitchen room, but I still hear walking in it

>No matter how hard I look, nobody is in the kitchen

It's real spooky. Especially with the lights all off.

[342]

My mom and dad work as overnight personal home care nurses. I took this job right out of highschool as well. Pays well, good college temp job.

>be 19 inside old retirement home

- >have to be awake from 10PM-8AM
- >try to kill time by playing my Wii which I brought because I could use the patient's TV while they were sleeping in their room
- >every once in a while hear scratches on the wallpaper in the hallways outside as if someone dragged their nails while walking
- >sometimes hear footsteps scurrying back and forth repeatedly in empty hallways
- >sometimes hear knocking on the walls in another part of the facility late at night when no one is awake
- >start hearing weird things like creaking, opening doors when I know these patients are bedridden and cannot walk

Stuff like that made that job interesting. Never again lol, I'd crap my pants. Besides, I could never harness the energy to do graveyard shift ever again, got fired for falling asleep once.

[343]

- >working taking care of the severely mentally disabled
- >night shift
- >the clients always made spooky sounds when they sleep, so it was usually nothing to worry about
- >been sick but needed money, show up anyway
- >finish my janitor duties and sit down to read
- >hear the sleep sounds of the clients behind me (the chair I was sitting in had its back on the wall about a foot away from the archway to their residential hallway, facing a TV in the living room which is always on, a client can't sleep without hearing the distant sound)
- >eventually nod off for about 5 minutes and then jump up to wake up because I don't want to lose my job
- >notice TV is off
- >all clients totally quiet, which means they are all up
- >immediately spoofed and worried because that means a client is roaming
- >look in their rooms (only 3 clients at the time)

- >the first 2 communicated that they needed to use the bathroom
- >take them before I check the third room
- >he is gone
- >IMMA GET FIRED
- >look outside and in the kitchen/bathrooms
- >he was sitting with his legs crossed on the floor staring at the blank TV, I had walked past him at least twice, or he was somewhere else and settled there

To this day, I don't know why all the clients woke up, nor do I know who turned off the TV. My best guess is a coworker. Needless to say, I was no longer tired.

[344]

- >be friend's father
- >working in a huge industrial building as a security guard
- >night shift
- >he's sitting in the waiting room with another guard and a dog
- >the room has a big sofa and all the security cameras where they can see what's happening in the outside
- >they have to walk around the building every now and then to make sure everything's ok in the inside
- >friend's father is half asleep because at that time he had some family issues and didn't sleep well
- >partner wakes him up saying there's people outside
- >not worried, says it's probably a couple looking for a place to make out
- >leaves to tell the couple they can't be there
- >when he returns he says they are gone
- >about two hours later
- >they both stand up at the same time because a light turns on at the end of the corridor
- >they take the dog and go to see what's going on
- >they walk past the room with the lights on, nobody there
- >decide to go to the next floor

- >go upstairs and keep walking until they are sure there's nobody in that floor
- >when they are heading back to go to the next floor, the elevator starts working
- >they push the button to stop the elevator in their floor
- >friend's father's partner is right in front of the elevator door with the dog, friend's father is a bit behind
- >door opens
- >from his position, friend's father can't see who is inside the elevator but...
- >dog starts crying and sits behind partner
- >friend's father's partner freezes and looks petrified, with his flashlight pointing at the elevator
- >friend's father tries to look inside the elevator, but as soon as he moves, the doors close
- >partner doesn't move
- >takes about 2 minutes to bring him back to reality, when he does he starts crying
- >never says a word about what he saw
- >partner quits the job and takes the dog with him
- >several weeks later
- >boss tells friend's father his partner committed suicide
- >they found the dog partially buried in his garden

[345]

- >Be inna police shoot house.
- >Get told to help clean up after a pretty messy training scenario.
- >building is set up like an office on one floor, and a house on the second floor.
- >buddy of mine says he'll get the bottom floor if I go clean up the top.
- >"Ok".
- >go up top.
- >picking up spent SIMS cartridges, cleaning paint off the walls, picking up trash.

- >see a person come up the stairs
- >"Hey come help me!" assuming it was another cleaner-upper
- >they walk into a room down the hall
- >notice they are in all black
- >nobody was dressed in all black.
- >"Get back here bro!"
- >go in the room
- >the room is pretty spooky
- >fake blood, bullets, and a mannequin (used to represent a hostage) are in the floor.
- >there is one of those sliding glass door closets
- >It was supposed to stay open, so the glass wouldn't get shot out.
- >it's closed
- >walk over
- >open it
- >nothing.
- >never found a person in the room.
- >no exit for them, other than a window on the second story, that couldn't be opened.
- >Get spooed
- >go downstairs to get some help moving some heavy furniture
- >3 instructors are waiting on me
- >"Yes sir"
- >"Did you see a guy up there?"
- >"Actually, yeah I did."
- >"All black?"
- >"Uhhhh, yes sir."
- >"Congrats, you saw Mr. Hicks."
- >"What sir?"

All three laughed and walked off. I have no clue if they were messing with me, or if there were actual ghosts there. I HOPE they were messing with me, because that was really creepy.

- >working as archivist for Catholic diocese
- >offices are in a large building that used to be an orphanage
- >no offices on the third floor
- >ask why
- >maintenance guy says no one messes with that floor
- >go up to check it out
- >the rest of the building has been modernized, but this still looks like an orphanage from the early 1900s
- >spooky
- >look around a bit
- >find some cool stuff, like an old table clock and a fountain pen etc.
- >hear noise
- >look up
- >at the far end of the main hallway I see a door open
- >then another then another
- >the doors are opening closer and closer to me
- >hear the sound of running feet approaching too
- >peace out
- >next day talk about what I saw with maintenance guy on our smoke break
- >he laughs
- >"Sounds like you met Sister Marie."

Apparently one of the nuns at the orphanage fell off a ladder and died there.

[347]

I'm an ex prison guard for a private company. I've worked several prisons over the years, but nothing has been more disturbing and unpleasant than the one I worked on the border of Mexico in Texas.

It was about 2 years ago, I had just moved to this town, and I really didn't know about all the urban Legends and all the

supernatural stuff that goes on in this place. I've experienced many different things while working in prisons, especially that one, but the things that always got to me were the shadows. They weren't shadows though, they were black silhouettes, walking around, crawling on all fours on the ceiling while guards would do their rounds. There's so many of them too, it takes every ounce of willpower to ignore them once they show up, and you were considered blessed if you never ran into them.

[348]

- >Be In the Navy
- >Out at sea on patrol looking for people smugglers, drug runners etc
- >On watch one night, its 3am, everyone is tired
- >We talk to pass the time
- >PO brings up ghost stories
- >Tells us about the fridge flat and the NCO's showers
- >Ten years prior the ship was out stopping illegal immigrants and one of their boats capsized
- >Bodies everywhere in the water
- >They had to pick the corpses up and store them in the fridge flat
- >Tells us about the PO who shot himself in the heads after coming back from an operation.
- >We all knew about this, it wasn't crap
- >Young female seaman starts getting all sobby
- >Ask what's wrong
- >She's quite hysterical by now
- >Tells us that she was down in the fridge flat one night and it was red lighted
- >Saw a person standing in the corner
- >She asked who it was, but they didn't answer, so she approached
- >When she did, she said the person turned, and she described it as disfigured, rotten human with bloated facial features, eyes were glazed and white, skin all hemorrhaged.

>She said all the red lighting died and the hatch to the upper deck shut on her even though it was latched in place and no one else was awake on that deck at that time.

>She didn't tell anyone because she thought she was going nuts

Rumors spread about it and soon enough almost half the crew were telling similar stories. It became so well known that we started to joke about it over pipes and things.

[349]

>I used to work at a wildlife/bird sanctuary

>ever morning I would have to go out to the trees/wooded area and fill up the bird feeders

>it's pretty spooky in the early morning when it's still dark

>usual birds chirping/crickets

>hear a bird whistle that sounds very human-like

>look around thinking someone's messing with me, no one in sight

>as I'm filling up one of the feeders I flance up and see a face in amongst the trees looking at me

>"Jesus man, you scared the crap out of me."

>No one there

>Check the register, its too early for the rangers to be in yet

>Tell my co worker, who says it's the ghost of one of the old rangers keeping watch over his birds. Enjoys spooking people when they are alone out there

>Probably being played with, but I've never seen him before or since. Still, since then, I always made sure it was at least light out before heading out there

[350]

I usually I lurk, but it's time to share all the weird stories from my hometown. As this is a work thread, I'll go with my Grandma's old workplace. She was a guide at Hall's Croft, England. One story involves one of those shows we love to hate.



- >Be my grandma
- >Finishing day in the gift shop, which is for some reason on the first floor. Everyone else has gone home apart from one friend in the cafe, which is in the modern part of the building.
- >Creaking everywhere, but this is normal as the building is tudor and everywhere is old wood. Thinks nothing of it.
- >Sees a figure through the glass doors and tells them it'll take five minutes to shut down the till etc. No response.
- >Noise from the staff room, which used to be John Hall's office. John Hall was a doctor, in as much as a tudor can be a medical professional, anyway.
- >Pass the medical equipment exhibit room which is ridiculously cold. She said to me that walking into it gave her goosebumps, and walking out of it was like stepping out of an air conditioned

car into summer heat.

- >Whatever old buildings are weird. All the cases are closed and windows shuttered.

- >Suddenly knocking on staff room door. Which is strange because why would someone knock to come out of a room?

- >Inside staff room the lights are on for some reason, and three pieces of medical equipment are just lying on the table.

- >Equipment from the locked display cabinets in the exhibit.

She believes John was working on something and couldn't work out who had locked his office door. She actually apologised to the air and just put the equipment back, bless her. She was never afraid of the ghosts there because she'd worked there for so long. More stories from Hall's Croft incoming.

Story two:

- >Most Haunted comes to Stratford Upon Avon and they want to film at Hall's Croft.

- >Grandma is there because she knows all the ghost stories, and is head guide.

- >Yvette (?) Fielding is apparently very nice if a bit dramatic.

- >Psychic says he sees a woman on the stairs. Grandma pretends she is impressed because literally everyone knows a woman died from falling down the main staircase and this is not difficult to find out.

- >Camera crew and personalities head into the main bedroom, talking about orbs and stuff.

- >Everything in the bedroom is behind a rope so it can't be touched by guests. The nearest thing to the people filming is a table. Items on the table are sewn onto the table cloth so that people don't nick them.

- >Someone (apparently a ghost) somehow picks up a metal spoon from this bedside table, and throws it at Yvette Fielding.

- >As far as I recall it actually hits her, or narrowly misses her face.

- >Grandma spends a long time consoling her because she's crazy upset.

Now. Grandma is torn on this, because there is one 'angry spirit' in the upstairs rooms, but she doesn't believe he would throw anything from the exhibits. Maybe he was super pissed that they were filming in his home and pretending to be so spiritually awakened. Mostly she thinks one of the crew threw it, but it was sewn into the tablecloth and nothing else fell off or was moved. I personally think that someone went in before filming happened and maybe cut the threads, because I am a no-fun-allowed sceptic.

I've been trying to find that episode for years. Maybe it's online somewhere now.

These ones aren't about work but they're at Hall's Croft still so I'm just gonna wham them at the end.

>Scores of tourists would bring photos in which you can make out the lady on the stairs, people in windows, figures in the garden.

>My favourite was one my grandma photocopied of the angry ghost's face in a tiny bedside mirror. He kind of looked like Henry VIII, weirdly.

Because my Mum could never come and get me from school if I was sick, I used to go to Hall's Croft and sit in the staff room until my grandma's tour was over and she could take me to her house.

>Multiple times sleeping on a refurbished pew in the staff room that was John Hall's office.

>Always a cold hand on my forehead just before I fell asleep.

>Always woke up feeling perfectly fine.

>Only realised it wasn't grandma when she apologised for not being able to come up and see me and asked if I was alright as we left.

Um thanks John, I think.

Finally, for today. There's a lot of weird stories about Hall's Croft and I'll ask her for more next time I see her.

- > Aunt's wedding reception is in the Hall's Croft garden.
- > Me and cousins are all bridesmaids and page boys etc.
- > Playing princesses and knights and stuff because dresses.
- > We meet a little girl who joins in for a while. Don't know who she is but my family is huge and I was already playing with three kids I'd never met before, so don't really care.
- > Girl fine until we try to go and play in a weird basement pantry thing.
- > She is adamant we do not go into this basement.
- > Cousin Francesca tries to go down anyway.
- > Girl screams in her face and runs down before we can head in.
- > Francesca cries to my grandad.
- > He checks, but the little girl is for sure not down there.
- > Grandma hears the story, nods wisely, and tells us about a girl that got crushed by a falling barrel in there. I think that was in the 70s or something rather than the original period of the house...

Oddly friendly ghosts in my hometown.

[351]

- > Be night auditor at motel built in early 1800s
- > Knew it had to be haunted based on common sense
- > employees tell me creepy stories
- > Bouncing ball noises
- > lights flickering
- > child laughter
- > the usual typical ghost story that kind of makes you cringe
- > one employee had quite a different story though
- > tells me story
- > major chills
- > ... And then my first night at the motel began. Alone. And my god I wasn't ready for this.

At work right now, alone as usual and have to take a break due to major goosebumps. Constantly feel like I'm being watched.

>chick begins telling me story of her experience.
>one duty at the motel is going in the back, to the cold walk-in freezer and setting out frozen dough for the cooks that one in the morning. It's scary back there. It's a huge kitchen with doors off to the side for the freezer and one is a pantry.

>freezer stinks like trash can.
>freezer is cold.
>freezer sucks.
>so, she walks into the freezer to grab the bags of dough.
>suddenly, heavy metal(?) freezer door slams shut behind her.
>wtf.tar
>says she was stunned for a minute just wondering wtf..
>walks over to freezer door
>won't open
>worst nightmare coming to fruition
>is this real life?
>she begins banging on the door, trying to get it open, Keep in mind, no one is at the front desk, which means someone could walk in and take the register or steal something. She would lose her job, plus being stuck in a freezer would be bad.
>continues banging on door.
>panick mode activated
>she even showed me where she dented the inside of the freezer door.
>suddenly, it sounds like someone outside of freezer door
>"Hey, can you open the door please? It's stuck."

And that's when it spoke...

>in a creepy lullaby-like voice over and over again she hears "I know you're in there I know you're in there"
>said she was confused and backed away from the door.
>suddenly, door starts shaking like something is trying to get IN with her.
>she said she literally started to cry at this point..

>door stops shaking

- >silence for a bit, but she's not taking her eyes off the door.
- >at this point, she's scared of the door opening -- would rather freeze to death
- >gets out phone
- >as soon as she sends text to friend to come to the motel, the door opens half way
- >gains enough courage to look out
- >nothing
- >scared something is hiding behind door
- >begins to walk out slowly
- >looks behind door
- >nothing
- >begins to walk out of the kitchen
- >forget the dough
- >suddenly, starts hearing banging behind her, like something is hitting the pots and pans
- >doesn't even look, bolts for front desk
- >lights even start flickering, but that wasn't slowing her down, but said she was ungodly scared the lights would go out for good
- >makes it to front desk
- >continues running
- >makes it outside
- >stops out front of the motel and watches the front door as if she was expecting to see something walking around in there, or come toward the door
- >friends calls wondering wtf
- >waits outside the motel until her friend makes it there
- >makes friend talk to her the whole time until she got to the motel
- >pays friend half of her shift money just to stay there with her until relief came

[352]

>get stuck working first tour (11 pm to 7 am shift) in the oldest part of the prison, built in 1901

- >roughly 0230, trying not to nod out in the office
- >bunch of inmates start screaming at the end of the block
- >go down and ask what they're doing
- >"CO there's somebody out there!"
- >huh
- >inmates in cells next to him tell me "There's a brother out there with no face!"
- >tell them to calm down and tell me what's going on
- >they claim that they heard someone whispering to themselves, when they looked up from their beds they saw someone walking out in front of the cells in a "long coat", and when he turned and looked at them he had no face
- >2 things spring to mind, either 1) they're trying to screw with me, but they do seem kind of worried or 2) an inmate is walking around outside his cell
- >get flashlight, do another count
- >all inmates accounted for, get on telephone and call the second officer to see if he was on the block
- >nope, he's still in the break room
- >at this point I'm tired from working a double and pissed that these inmates are playing games, about to go scream at them
- >as I'm exiting the office, notice movement on one of the upper tiers
- >point my flashlight up near the staircase and definitely see the tail end of somebody moving out of my light on the upper tier
- >pull my baton out of holster and book it to the staircase yelling at them to stop
- >get to the top with baton out, hand ready to drop flashlight and hit the alarm button on my radio if I get jumped
- >walk up and down the upper tier block looking for this inmate/person

>now the way this block is laid out is that on each of the 4 tiers, there's a locked gate that leads to a catwalk in the middle so you can observe each cell through a small peep window in the back of the cell

[Map available in Images Posted With Stories.]

>check gate, still locked. shine light down catwalk, nothing
>start making my way up stairs to check the upper most tier
when my office door slams shut
>book it back down to the office, check everywhere in there
including both bathrooms and refrigerator, nothing
>decide ive had enough of this, call my second officer back down
to the block and we start scouring every inch of that block looking
for this person before I report this to the sergeant
>do a count of every inmate on every tier, thoroughly check
everywhere except the catwalks since you can shine a light down
it and illuminate the entire thing (this fact is important),
everything seems to check out

At this point we go back to the office and are on edge. We have
no idea if there's an inmate out there trying to plot an escape, or
if someone actually broke into the prison or what. Thankfully the
rest of the night goes uneventful. However:

>fast forward to 6 am, wake up call
>do my go around taking attendance for morning chow
>inmates on the second tier ask me why I was walking the
catwalk at 5 in the morning
>what?
>inmates swear they saw somebody walk by the peep ports in
their cells (where the catwalk would be) and could hear the
person talking to themselves, they assumed it was me

That's pretty much the end of it. The inmates who originally saw
the "person" now claim their block is haunted and scare the crap
out of the other inmates with it. Thank christ I haven't had to work
in that block since then. I have no explanation as to what
happened that night, be it some ghost or my own sleep deprived
mind toying with me.

[353]

- >work in book store in small town
- >mix of new stuff and really cool old books
- >rare/expensive items and display copies are kept in a locked glass cases
- >that sort of shop
- >coworkers report things being moved around when shop is empty, weird cold patches, flickering lights, the usual
- >never experienced anything until inventory time my first year
- >boss has us shut shop down for a few days mid-week (most customers come in on weekends) and has us working in shifts overnight to get inventory done as quickly as possible
- >working my way through shelves at the back of the store at around 11pm, and see a little old lady walk past into the romance novels
- >even by normal shop hours, we'd be closed
- >hop up and follow her
- >"Ma'am! Excuse me, ma'am!"
- >get around the shelf and she's not there
- >huh, weird. whatever, someone will find her eventually
- >go back to what I was doing
- >a few minutes pass and I'm back to work when suddenly an icy cold, boney little hand taps me on the shoulder
- >"Miss, Miss? I've been calling for you for a quarter of an hour now. I need help."
- >try to explain to the woman that the shop is closed and we can't sell anything right now because we're doing inventory
- >woman gets really annoyed and hands the books she's holding over to me
- >bunch of really old paperback Harlequins
- >she huffs off towards the front of the shop where my coworkers are doing their own sections
- >get back to work
- >when we're leaving for the night a couple of hours later, mention old lady to my coworkers
- >no one else saw her
- >boss was at register by the door all night and she never came through
- >I'm the only one who saw her
- >boss has no idea who she could even have been

>spend few shifts really wary around the romance novel section

[354]

>Be 12 y/o me

>Volunteer at museum

>This thing was built in the 1800s, and functioned as a courthouse till some Sioux Indians burned it down, then it got rebuilt.

>Guy once got hanged in its backyard for murdering a guy like a block down the street.

>One room is filled with ancient taxidermy animals.

>Mmkay, no problem

>Ask curator if place is haunted

>She says it isn't, they even had it "tested".

>lolok.jpg

>Curator gets me and my brother to head into a vault to clean it.

>We go in and find out that this vault holds all of the mannequins from when it was first built till now.

>ohhellno

>We're cleaning it out, trying to get these creepy figures to at least be organized.

>Brother is in back of vault, organizing some dictionaries.

>I go back to help him, since these things are huge.

>We both look back to see a CPR dummy has fallen over.

>We struggle with it, since it is a full body one.

>We finally have it sitting on a pile of books and leaning on a shelf to its right

>gj, man

>Go back to dictionaries.

>Finish dictionaries, turn back

>CPR dummy is leaning to the left, its arms around a dress-holder mannequin.

>nopenopenope

>Scream and gtfo, locking that vault

>Never go in there again

[355]

Got two stories for you guys.

>Be 14 years old

>Volunteering at local museum so I can graduate high school

>Museum is an old marble building on a historic street corner in downtown Hagerstown.

>The building is at least as old as the city, early 1800s

>There are huge, two-ton vaults on the main and sub-floors, apparently it used to be a bank.

>There's an elevator that stops on all floors. It gets used often because the owner is frail.

>Shift starts at 8AM and goes to 5PM when the museum closes.

>My job is basically janitorial in nature

>Start in the Japanese exhibit, clean the glass

>Go to the back, Titanic exhibit, clean the glass.

>Nothing too spooky about the place

>Love the ship exhibit, kind of put off by the upstairs exhibits because of all the dark, unlit corners

>Only tolerable because there's televisions on up there, 24/7

>Cannot stand the downstairs

>Dark, humid, roaches everywhere

>Assorted curios gather inches of dust, sitting there for years

>Carpet hasn't been replaced since the building was built

>Freaky

>So, here's my first tale for you

>Owner of museum actually rents the place from some megalocorporation.

>Pays lease on it every month.

- >Museum barely earns her enough to cover the bills.
- >At least one light is always out because of the stretched budget.
- >Owner will actually take lightbulbs out of the socket in her house to replace the ones at the museum

- >Forward to day-of-the-spook.
- >Light goes out in party room upstairs.
- >Customer comes down complaining his child is sitting in the dark on his birthday.
- >Owner says she'll deal with it.
- >By that I guess she meant she'll find someone to deal with it.

- >She turns to me as I walk by.
- >"Anon, come here a moment, drop the cleaner here with me."
- >"Now, go downstairs and fetch a 60 watt out of the box in the back vault. Bring it to the birthday room upstairs, please."
- >Whine like a 14 year old, because I am.
- >She scolds me and tells me I'm only making it harder on myself, whatever that means.
- >Complain that she should've kept the box upstairs, behind the register.

- >Now, for those of us who've never been in an old vault, let me explain a few things.

- >This vault was not simply the huge circular door we've all seen in cartoons.

- >It's a huge circular door, which leads into a bare concrete room.

- >After this room there's another room, ceiling as high as all three stories to this building, with every inch lined with cold metal account boxes.

- >And it's pitch black back there.

- >Although electricity existed back then, no electric leads were placed in the vault, to reduce chance of fire destroying the notes.

- >That means the only light we had down there came from a harsh, omni-directional battery-powered floodlight in the corner of the room.

- >Long, LONG shadows were cast by this floodlight.

- >Take the elevator down because I'm fat.
- >Make my way back into the vault.
- >Harsh, blue-white light makes my shadow dance like a 50 foot man.
- >Thoughts run wild.

- >Tip toe to the back stealthier than a ninja.
- >We don't have those in the Jap exhibit.
- >Open the box of lights when I feel a cold air brush over my wrists.
- >Just freeze there, hands not moving and hair standing straight up.
- >Suddenly, something clamps down on my fingers, like someone's trying to shake my hand.
- >Don't even reach into the box, just grab the whole container and bolt.
- >Hop over several boxes, running straight into the floodlight's beam my eyes are on fire.
- >Make it out of the concrete vault and into the main room, with the carpet.
- >Warm, natural light from the ceiling now. Don't care if I'm still downstairs, I drop the box and breathe.
- >Standing there for a whole minute, staring into the dark abyss behind me to make sure nothing followed me out.

- >Take one last deep breath.
- >Stretch out my back.
- >Bend over to pick up the box and I hear the elevator begin to move.
- >Sounds like it's coming down from the top floor, where the party is.
- >Owner must be doing damage control, and now she's checking up on me.

- >Walk over to the shaft door with box and wait.
- >Elevator chimes and the light glows bright.
- >Door opens and my heart just climbs into my mouth.
- >The light is off inside the elevator.

>And, just when the door opens full-wide, a huge gust of cold air blows past me.

>Don't even get in the elevator, nope up the stairs.

>Bolt over two flights to get to the party room.

>Change the lightbulb and quit early, walk home.

>Never use that elevator again.

[356]

>I would see some very strange things on patrol in the graveyard. I remember once I heard kids laughing like they were playing.

>I then realized this was in the section of the graveyard where the kids were buried.

>I would sometimes feel a tug on my pants leg or someone putting their hand in my hand like a little kid would.

>It never scared me. I would always say "Hello! I hope you are doing well. Keep on playing and don't mind me."

>It made me wonder why were there ghosts here. Why were they not at rest. Did they not realize they were dead?

>There were a few areas of the graveyard that I didn't like patrolling. These were some of the areas where I found out later they buried criminals that were hanged or lynched from the 1800's and early 1900's.

>you would get a bad vibe from that area. But they never did anything to me. Just felt uncomfortable in that area.

Personally, if I were to go back to being a security guard, I would prefer guarding a graveyard to an office building. Those are far more terrifying than a graveyard.

[357]

>be 16
>working at aunt's restaurant as a bus boy
>bathrooms are in basement
>other employees say they hear footsteps down there,
sometimes voices, things sliding around, general ghost stuff
>never hear anything and figure they're just messing with me
since I'm youngest on staff
>qt3.14 hostess comes up to me
>"Anon, one of the customers says there's a lady crying
downstairs, can you check on her?"
>go downstairs figuring I'll just ask if she needs police or
something
>no one down there
>"Hello?"
>look in men's room, nothing
>look in women's room, nothing
>"Hello?"
>long, shuddering exhale from storage room
>sounds like the kind of noise a girl makes when she's nearing
the end of a crying jag, just an exhausted shuddering exhalation
>sniffing noises from storage room and the sound of feet
shuffling
>open door
>no one inside
>all the cabinets opened
>look around, make sure room is empty
>walking out of the room
>cabinet door slams closed
>shuddering sigh again
>NOPE
>never go in the basement again

[358]

>security guard at rich people's golf club
>on night shift

- >walking through main clubhouse, pitch black
- >extra spooky because the staff leaves the music on even at night at low volume, so ominous violin music is playing in the background
- >get to passageway that leads to staircase/elevator that goes to basement
- >elevator has been broken and non functional for weeks
- >not scheduled for repair until a month later since it's low priority
- >elevator is at end of hall, basement door is to the left of it
- >head to door and start to open it
- >ding
- >broken elevator came on
- >coming up from basement
- >feels like forever till the car came up
- >radio it in
- >sarge it's anon. Someone's playing in the elevator
- >stop messing around anon that elevator doesn't work.
- >back up a bit and draw weapon, aim it at elevator door
- >can hear elevator slowing down
- >ding
- >door opens
- >empty
- >no one there
- >stood there noping for like 5 minutes
- >didn't notice until later that the whole time instood there, the elevator doors never closed, usually close after a few seconds
- >like it wanted me to get on
- >wanted to nope out, but had to check the basement in case some kids were messing with the elevator
- >still doesn't explain the elevator working after weeks of non-functionality
- >finish rounds with gun out

[359]

>working security at local community college

- >1 am, college closed & locked up
- >just me, other 2 guys on shift, about a dozen janitors
- >walk down hallway toward main lobby
- >pass old mexican lady cleaning restrooms
- >get to lobby intersection, use pc at info desk
- >info desk looks down that hallway
- >reading reports, seeing old lady in peripheral vision
- >finishes ladies room, gets supplies from cart, starts men's
- >finish report, go back the way I came
- >old lady comes back to cart, grabs a roll of tp
- >pass her, say "Hola", wave
- >she greets me, turns to back to men's room
- >door won't open, starts pounding on it
- >I turn around, ask if she needs help
- >nohabloingles.jpg
- >walk over to men's room, try door
- >locked from inside, no key
- >knock, ask if anyone's in there
- >hear something faint, as if from back of room
- >high-pitched man's voice, mumbling something incoherent
- >oh great, my problem now
- >radio dispatch, tell them unsub locked in men's room, pull video
- >radio custodial supervisor, have him gather his people in his office, then come translate for me
- >while waiting, inform man campus is closed & ask if he needs assistance
- >no intelligible reply
- >old lady starts getting spooed, praying en espanol
- >call from dispatch, no external doors tripped, no one entering on video, pulling hall video
- >ok, only closed for 2 hours, maybe he was already here?
- >now noises coming from men's room, in addition to mumbling
- >banging, scraping, retching, gurgling
- >getting spooed myself
- >custodial supervisor arrives, talks to lady en espanol
- >translates to me
- >she was cleaning stalls in men's room, no one there
- >needs tp, comes out to get it
- >can't get back in, saw no one else

>noreally.gif
>I was there! I saw it! No one could have approached that
restroom with out both of us noticing
>call back from dispatch, video shows no one else in that hallway
in last hour and a half
>dispatch informs me they can digitally unlock door
>commotion still going on behind it

>"Screw it then."
>clear janitors out of perimeter
>draw sidearm, ready myself at door
>give dispatch go ahead
>shoulder door open as it unlocks
>commotion stops
>mumbling intensifies
>step through doorway, gun raised
>see no one, 4 stalls, only handicapped is closed
>take couple steps, kneel down
>no feet or shadow in stall
>stand, couple steps brings me to door
>try to open, locked
>mumbling stops
>enter adjoining stall, stand on john, peer over
>nothing whatsoever
>suddenly, lights go out
>nope out, slip
>foot in toilet, ankle broken
>yell for help
>custodial supervisor comes in with flashlight, helps me out
>electricity out on entire campus
>get picked up by ambulance
>no explanation for any of it

[360]

>working night security at fairly large art/history museum

- >bit of a geography lesson to begin
- >the museum is divided into three floors: a ground floor for featured exhibitions, a second floor for permanent installations, and a basement floor for storage and staff offices
- >first and second floor connected via a giant marble staircase
- >first floor and basement connected with a narrow doorway/staircase that is usually blocked with an iron folding gate like the ones on old elevators so patrons don't wander down there
- >security office is on first floor
- >sitting in there late one night, watching the cameras while Game of Thrones plays on laptop
- >see a shadow move on one of the cameras near the grand staircase
- >looks like something small is moving around quite quickly in there
- >we have a bat problem so I don't think much of it
- >watch for a while, see if it comes back
- >hear a click outside the office
- >hear creaking and groaning echoing down the hall
- >check cameras
- >the gate to the basement was closed before, now it's open
- >this ain't no bat
- >grab flashlight, flick the safety off my pistol
- >head towards the gate
- >don't see anything of note besides the open gate
- >shine light downstairs
- >"Who's there?"
- >as soon as I say that my flashlight dies
- >can't see, but I can hear something moving around near the bottom of the stairs
- >draw pistol, try to act tough even though I'm losing it
- >"Step out where I can see you, slowly, with your hands over your head."
- >see a dark shadow come around the corner
- >swear I saw, very dimly in the dark, a white face, unhinged, gaping jaw, blank, white eyes, suspended several feet above the ground at the head of this amorphous shadow
- >coming up the stairs towards me at a running pace
- >I pull the trigger; I hear the hammer fall but nothing happens

- >scramble to shut the gate, get it closed and locked just as the thing reaches the top of the stairs
- >get out of there, hear it rattling on the gate and wheezing angrily
- >go back to security office
- >lock and barricade the door, shutter the window
- >eject cartridge that I assumed misfired; looking at it though, I see nothing wrong with it
- >stand with gun trained at the door, looking over my shoulder at the canera monitors
- >that face is hanging out on the gate camera, just barely in view, staring directly at the camera
- >after about an hour it vanishes
- >don't relax, keep checking other cameras
- >shift eventually ends
- >go home
- >usually I pass out the second I get home but I just stay up watching movies and drinking, pistol on condition 0 on the coffee table
- >eventually fall asleep around 10 in the morning, still in my uniform
- >the next night I go back to review the security footage
- >the 10-15 minutes surrounding the gate incident have been erased
- >camera cuts ahead to after my return to the office, showing a consistently closed gate throughout the night

I'm going to die one of these nights, aren't I?

[361]

Little back story. There was an old nunnery near the Catholic Church in my town. Big long brick building between houses in an upscale neighborhood. Been abandoned for a few years, guy who used to live in it kept the lights in every room on because there

was supposedly a poltergeist that messed with him. The poltergeist was that of a nun who disappeared. Everyone said the priest got her pregnant and murdered her in the nunnery. She would scratch the walls, overload breakers in the house, throw things, and cry. Nope.jpeg

I'm a police officer. One night while working graveyards I drove by the nunnery. I saw a tall figure with short white hair in one of the windows, it looked like an old lady. I called the only other officer on that night. I had him meet me there, because I thought there was someone in the house. It was boarded up and locked shut. We opened a boarded window and started to clear the house. Eventually we made our way upstairs, and one light was on in the back room. We made entry to the room - empty. The messed up part was the switch wasn't just off - it was ripped out of the wall. No way to turn the light off, so screw it, we continued clearing the basement.

We found a box of old bibles and moldy wine next to a tanning rack with hard rotten leather strung across it. Dead cats everywhere. We noped right on out. Recorded the window and never spoke of it again.

The nunnery has since been demolished.

[362]

>Be working retail security
>"Customer needs assistance at Crafts"
>Who needs fabric this late at night?
>couple minutes later
>"Customer needs assistance in electronics"
>almost immediately after that
>"Customer needs assistance at the fish tanks"
>bring up schedule to see how many people are working that night

- >one whole side of the store is now empty of associates
- >trying to load up every single camera I can on the empty side of the store
- >see group of four or five people walking around
- >head out to the floor
- >group of people are heading out the door
- >go to side of store they were just on
- >find a couple empty packs of razors, couple empty electronics boxes, see empty package wedged inbetween two cans of paint
- >empty machete package with "Don't follow" carved into it

Transferred to warehouse management a week later.

[363]

- >security at a hotel
- >around 11pm night auditor calls me on the radio and tells me to check out a room.
- >tells me no one is in it but the old couple downstairs hear someone throwing a ball.
- >go by and unlock door with our key card that opens everything
- >nothing at all inside
- >look everywhere no spooks to be had at all
- >around 3am
- >night auditor sends me up to slide paperwork under the doors
- >getting a little sleepy, had terrible sleep that day
- >get to room where the noises were
- >no papers for them
- >hear balls bouncing all over room
- >open door and still see nothing

Don't know if it's paranormal or just sleepiness.

[364]

- >Working night shifts at a supermarket
- >Hate my job with a passion, so I spend most of the night screwing around in the warehouse and chatting to the security
- >It's usually us two alone in the store, sometimes a manager turns up, but not in this story
- >One night, me and security bro were sitting on boxes of crisps chatting when the alarm to the fridge goes off
- >The alarm sounds when the temperature gets too high or too low, or when someone gets stuck inside
- >We go up to the fridge, check the temperature, check inside and check the alarm wiring, everything was fine
- >go back to eating the stock
- >Then, every single alarm in the store goes off, even the ones on the electrical goods
- >They all then shut off at exactly the same time
- >creeped out, we go to the security room to check the cameras
- >Nothing shows up, but there's no way we're leaving that room
- >About an hour later, there's movement on the warehouse camera
- >A bunch of fizzy drink bottles are rolling around the floor
- >Me and security bro decide "screw it" and go to investigate
- >ourfaceswhen someone/thing had open the meat fridge and knocked over some of the boxes
- >Give up being good employees, lock the store up, and spend the rest of the night on the steps of the store

Nothing like that ever happened again, but I quit a few weeks later due to other reasons. The alarm thing creeped me out more than anything else that night.

[365]

>Working night shift as security guard at a minimarket in Lima, Peru

>Me and another bro have to stay until 7 am
>12 am... we have to close the store, bro says he'll do it
>30 minutes later watching the store on the live feed security cameras... doors still open and lights still on
>Bro comes to the office, ask him why he hasn't closed the doors and turned off the light
>Says I told him I'd do it
>Watching security camera... it's me closing the doors and turning off the lights
>We go out to the storefront.... everything is turned off and the doors are closed

[366]

>working at movie theater
>buddies and I are cleaning up after one of the million Act of Valor showings
>Manager walks up to us
"Hey, two of you need to go clean theater 13, they're going to show Act of Valor again at 3:30
>Who the wants to... nevermind
>Two guys head over
>Clean another few theaters by myself
>Walk into the theater at the far end of the hall, credits are on
>Guy sitting in the middle of the theater, staring at the screen
"Hey, just to save time, there's nothing at the end man."
>He looks at me, then looks back to the screen
>Alright, whatever. I'll wait outside
> Waiting outside the theater when all of a sudden, other two coworkers come sprinting down the hallway
"Dude, someone just... turned the lights out on us and laughed in the theater!
>We decide to check that theater out after cleaning the one I was just in
>Walk in, theater's empty, guy's gone.
>Wat

Rest of the night was just kind of... work. That's the only crazy experience I have from that.

[367]

- >working out on a country road in the middle of the night
- >there's dense forest on both sides of the road
- >almost complete silence except for our feet crunching in the gravel on the shoulder of the road
- >the only illumination is an orange lamp on our work truck and our headlamps
- >it's foggy out here and we just want to get the road cleared of the trees that had fallen
- >barely talking to each other, it just doesn't feel right to disturb the silence
- >friend starts up saw to cut tree into smaller pieces
- >scares the crap out of all of us, even though we knew it was going to happen
- >can barely see my other friend who's heading back to the truck to bring it in closer through the fog
- >look back to my friend as he's cutting the tree
- >see a guy standing at the tree line
- >man is not wearing a reflective jacket, and there's only the three of us here
- >friend stops sawing on the tree, hasn't noticed the guy just standing there
- >I'm kind of shaking, looking at the guy, can't make out his face in the dark and through the fog
- >just know that he's there and he's probably looking right at me
- >he's not even shifting in his stance, just standing perfectly still half on the roadway, half off
- >tap my friend on the shoulder and whisper to him
- >he looks up at me confused and then looks at the treeline
- >sees the man
- >he gasps and picks up his saw

- >tells me to grab the axe and follow him
- >the two of us wait for about a minute, working up the courage to walk towards the guy
- >crazy friend here with the chainsaw takes the first step
- >I follow suit
- >we're inching towards him, building up in speed
- >he has nothing, we have a chainsaw, axe and superior numbers, plus the guy doesn't look that tough anyway
- >what is he even doing out here?
- >just as we're almost able to make out his face, he turns around and starts walking away into the bushes
- >friend and I look at each other
- >nope right on out
- >start running back to the truck

- >we're starting to sprint now
- >look over my shoulder, no sign of the guy
- >friend was watching us from the truck the whole time, wondering what was going on
- >we hop into the truck and slam the doors shut
- >rest the chainsaw and axes on our laps
- >tell him to get us out of here
- >he starts the engine and gets us out of here at 80 mph
- >we haven't even told him what happened yet but he saw the look on our faces
- >after we're about a mile away, he finally asks us what happened
- >I say that I saw a man in a hood or robe on the edge of the road
- >friend says he never even got a glimpse of the face
- >we're all pretty creeped out now, forget clearing that road, we'll argue with the boss and do it in the morning
- >we're now about ten miles away
- >friend turns corner around some trees
- >hooded man in the middle of the road
- >we run him over
- >delayed screaming and terror
- >we have no idea what just happened
- >friend hits the brakes
- >we tell him to hit the gas and get out of here
- >he goes full Jesus and says we should help him

- >curse him out for about five minutes as we're parked
- >finally driver friend offers us each \$1,000 to help him which in hindsight was not enough money to risk supernatural bad guy killing us
- >he doesn't even have that much money or he wouldn't have this job
- >we all grab weapons and put our headlamps on
- >hop out and turn around
- >sticking close together as we approach the back of the truck
- >scanning the road with our lamps
- >not seeing anything
- >finally we see a foot and blood smeared all around the road
- >body still remarkably intact for having been hit at 60+mph
- >we're all afraid to approach this black-robed figure
- >finally convince Jesus to poke him with his crowbar
- >he reaches out and brushes it against the guy
- >punch friend and he ends up poking him for real
- >at this point I am convinced we're in a horror movie and some monster is gonna kill us so might as well get this over with quickly

- >the figure sits up
- >we all look at each other
- >friend gets ready to start up chainsaw
- >I raise my axe
- >ask the man who he is and if he's alright
- >he straightens his posture and replies that he was just going for a walk in the woods
- >in the middle of the night in the middle of the road
- >ask him again what his name was
- >no response
- >threaten him to tell us his name and what he was really doing out here
- >he tells us that he's a hermit and that these woods are his home
- >he says that we're intruding as all people have, starting with the town ten miles away and then the road through his woods
- >well at least he's just crazy and not a spooky scary skeleton
- >ask him if he was the same guy who watched us at the edge of the road
- >tells us that he has no knowledge of that event

- >says that he has heard of another man and seen signs of him
- >he wanders around these woods too, the two of them never meeting
- >he says the other hooded man is a wicked man who has killed and plans to kill again
- >goes on about how the guy is involved with satan or something
- >this has gone too far
- >ask the guy if he needs medical attention
- >he says that he's got some medicine but that he probably should see a doctor
- >it's probably a good idea to see a doctor if you've been hit by a car at 60 mph
- >his arm turns out to be broken, we fix him up as best we can and load him into the back of our truck
- >starts telling us his World War II stories
- >this guy is 70 years old and just survived us hitting him
- >we drive into town half an hour later and take him to the hospital
- >we try to help him some more but he refuses, saying he has a small fortune
- >come back the next day to check in, turns out he escaped from the hospital

[368]

- >working night security in a mall
- >a few weeks ago
- >need to piss
- >our "employee bathroom" is the bathroom in the back of empty lot
- >the small, dark corridor with 3 doors
- >dark rooms with open doors freak me out as it is
- >in bathroom pissing
- >door slightly ajar
- >without warning light goes out
- >goodthingiwasalreadypissing.png

>thought the light was blown
>lightswitch was in off position
>nope out of there for the rest of the night

[369]

I used to work in a retail store that had some accidents. Come to think of it, accidents were common.

I worked there about 2 years and 5 months in I was on my lunch having my smoke when a middle aged lady walked up to me, she asked about a guy, Danny. Told her I don't know a Danny and she walked off into the store, didn't see her after that until about 6 months later.

She asked again about Danny, it was the exact same conversation, she walked off, once again into the store. I asked my manager who had been there since 2006, and she mentioned that a guy named Daniel was killed in a PLE (Power Lifting Equipment) accident some time ago, his wife promptly committed suicide a day after the funeral.

Some of my co-workers met her too, she usually comes around 11PM\12AM if someone is alone and on a smoke break. It's weird because she didn't seem like a ghost to me, just a normal person.

We had a PLE Machine, not sure if it was the one that caused the accident but, it was a power-jack. Basically an overpowered pallet-jack.

In any case, pretty much everyone is convinced that it's cursed or haunted, so they named it lovingly, Christine. I've used it multiple times and can vouch that thing has a mind of its own. I was pulling stock out of the midnight truck, alone, the driver had to take a piss, and when backing up it decided it didn't want to stop and ended up pinning me against one of the steel shelving

units.

It was persistent in keeping me there but I eventually got it to go forward. The machine has been inspected numerous times and it always comes back clean. Store was too lazy to buy a new one.

Mind you it's tried pinning me a lot of times before, that was the only time really.

Now more green text for some misc. events.

- >be stocking late at night
- >in fruit aisle
- >not a single soul in the building
- >hear somebody walk behind me
- >look, nobody there
- >go back to my work
- >tap on shoulder
- >still no one, feel my shoulder, not wet so it wasn't water.

- >about 10PM
- >working in fruit\juices again
- >hear this loud has roar\scream
- >a few customers, they hear it, freak out
- >barely even sounds like a person
- >dart to where the sound came from
- >nothing but water and soda sitting on their shelves
- >ask manager about it
- >she says "Oh, that. It happens, just ignore it."
- >literallywut

I talked to some of my co-workers about this, they don't believe in ghosts really, but they said that they even think the place is screwed.

[370]

I work at a hospital. Oh sure, it's a place to get better or to be taken care of. But it's also a place of disease and death. We have a really creepy basement - long halls with low lighting, pipes running along the ceiling, and machines/generators that hum on eerily. They used to store empty patient beds down there. I also know where our on-site morgue is, though I don't have access - you need security's clearance beforehand when entering. I've seen them take bodies there though.

I've got a creepy story from one of the flooring guys that works there:

- >be the flooring guy
- >working late/after hours
- >on hands and knees installing the floor
- >finishing up for the night
- >hear noise close by
- >thinks it's one of the other flooring guys
- >nobigdeal.jpg
- >back to installing
- >starts to feel being watched
- >starts getting creeped out; but still works onward
- >suddenly, room starts to get chilly
- >he starts thinking sad, depressing thoughts like family members dying, him committing suicide, killing his fam, etc.
- >no idea why - generally a happy dude, loves his fam, etc.
- >feels a tap on one of his shoulders
- >jumps!
- >again, thinking it's one of the other flooring dudes working late with him
- >turns around
- >no one is there
- >back to work
- >time passes/later
- >hear strange noise again, outside the room
- >looks out into hallway
- >sees a large, shadowy figure float towards the ceiling
- >NOPE

>calling it an early night

[371]

Worked in a children's hospital as a casual nurse for a year... that place was haunted. Had children's toys start moving by themselves a few times (they can't ALL have faulty wiring, and it was always at night)

On each ward there was a playroom, and a button to press for assistance in there. The amount of times at night that a playroom assistance buzzer would go off without anyone being in there was interesting.

Other story:

- >Working on night shift again
- >With a nurse who I've worked with previously.
- >Really great to work with, loved her job, friendly and reliable
- >Manager told us we needed to clean up the storeroom because it was messy
- >Nurse friend decides to go because she knew where everything belonged
- >About 10 minutes after she had gone in we could hear banging and screaming
- >Ran down to get her
- >Tried to open the door, wouldn't budge
- >She's screaming for help
- >Run to grab the manager who has a key
- >As we start to run back down the corridor she manages to open the door
- >Runs down the hallway past us and straight out of the ward

Apparently she quit the next day. I asked a couple of other nurses what happened and they she felt something grab her leg, the lights turned off and then she couldn't open the door.

I also worked as a jail nurse.

> On night duty one night a few months ago

> When someone escapes, or there is the threat of an escape, they call helicopters in to survey the jail grounds from the air.

> About 2am I hear helicopters flying overhead, with no radio announcement or a phone call to tell us what's going on.

> I step outside to see if I can see where exactly they were headed.

> I can hear the helicopter flying around in the distance, so I start to wonder if maybe they were just doing a flying exercise.

> My stomach drops when I hear them turn around and start to head back my way again.

> I run back inside and shut the door just in case there is an escapee and they're in my area.

> The helicopters fly around for about an hour, and then stop entirely.

> During that time we are each required to radio in and state our whereabouts.

> At around 5am the night senior (basically the guy who runs the jail overnight) comes in and asks me if I heard anything strange during the night coming from the roof.

> I reply no, and ask him why.

> Apparently a few inmates heard some strange noises coming from above them, as if someone was walking heavily across the roof and screaming.

> When the night senior went to investigate he reported seeing a bipedal shadow standing on the roof.

> When he yelled and shone his torch towards the roof, it ran to the opposite side of the roof and jumped off the two story building

> Being a maximum security gaol it is of course incredibly difficult for a member of the public to get in.

> There were 5 officers on and 1 nurse (me) working that night, and each of them were accounted for.

> There were no inmates missing.

> There was also no ladder or easy method for this "person" to get on to the roof.

> They must have had climbing gear to get up there, yet the

shadow did not appear to have a bag, nor was any equipment found.

[372]

> be me tonight
> 12:45AM
> industrial site security, only person here
> off the beaten path, about 10min drive from nearest person at a store.
> hear com channel crackle... and the sound of rustled breathing.
> I have been watching the only entrance to the site the whole time.
> it's a private radio channel, and the radios all accounted for.
> "Is anyone on site still?" I ask.
> silence.. then the com channel is left open. Someone is holding a microphone 'on'
> So now I am waiting in the security trailer with the doors bolted
> A mobile unit will be here in two hours to check this out with me
> until then... my head is on a 360* swivel out of the windows

Whoever.. whatever it is.. didn't come in a vehicle. And is not on the perimeter camera. I am stuck on a jetty alone with the unknown. I hate this job.

[373]

Names and places won't be mentioned in this story because it involves a deployment that happened relatively recently.

>3 years ago, somewhere in the Pacific
>Final sea-tour on a submarine, getting ready to come home

before crew rotation

>Doing roves, checking valve positions and flowmeters when I hear an almighty banging noise.

>Not the only one that hears it, since my Senior Chief of the time yells down from Upper-Level to investigate.

>Do a quick rove of Lower-Level and the bilge: nothing.

>Report to SC, he sends me through to check the engineroom along with some of the off-duty nukes.

>There's this tunnel that goes through the ship above the reactor-compartment, and there's this little 1x1 lead-glass window to see down into it.

> I take a glance, because I like looking at the cool nuke stuff.

>I nearly lose it when I see someone down in there staring at one of the big steam generators.

>I start yelling, and we end up having to kill primary propulsion so we can go down into the room.

>Reactor gets partially-SCRAMed, which also kills all non-essential power.

>There is only 2 little red lights in that room amongst 20-40 foot containers, pumps, and valves.

>We search around for a solid 20 minutes with flashlights, we can't find a thing.

>At this point, I'm well and royally spooked. "I KNOW I saw a person in here" I say to Senior.

>Rest of my rove goes by uneventfully, I get relieved for the night.

>Forget about it a few days later.

>When we pulled into port, as we rotated crews, someone found a set of coveralls that belonged to someone that died on the ship a few years previously.

>"Where'd you find it?" I ask

>"Reactor compartment."

If I can't get a different ship when it comes time to renew my contract and I HAVE to go out to sea again, I'm getting out of the Navy.

[374]

- >work as a security guard
- >night shift at a business complex
- >finish my patrol of the multilevel parking lot
- >just as I'm about to return to my booth, I hear rapid footsteps several meters behind me
- >startled, I quickly turn back and shine my flashlight only to see nobody there
- >radio the chief who's at the surveillance monitors
- >"Possible trespasser at parking lot, ground floor. Proceeding to investigate."
- >Chief assures me that he sees nothing on the infrared cameras, save for me getting startled but gives me the go-ahead anyway
- >I inspect the ground floor and there's nothing
- >I go one floor up, shining my flashlight here and there
- >Suddenly out of the corner of my eye, I see something darting behind the support beam
- >"Parking lot, floor 1. See anything, chief?"
- >He says the camera keeps flickering and disconnecting.
- >nope.jpg
- >I walk a few paces closer to the support beam
- >"Anyone there?"
- >Chief suddenly radios me with a trembling voice
- >"Stand down! I repeat, stand down! Get out of there, now!"
- >"What's wrong, chief?"
- >noping out at this point
- >"Just get the hell out of there!"
- >I comply and run back to the ground floor where I see the chief waiting with a taser in his hand
- >"So are we gonna call the cops or what? What was up there?"
- >Chief says that during the few flickers on the monitor, he caught a glimpse of something hunched over behind the support beam, as it was taller than the ceiling. Humanoid in general outline, but with abnormally long arms and short legs, almost like a gorilla but a lot skinnier. The recording file was corrupted.
- >Calls the cops, saying that some sort of large animal had wandered in because they wouldn't believe him if he told them

what he thought he saw.

>Animal control arrives with nets and other tools for subduing animals.

>We escorted them to where we last saw it, but there were no traces of it anywhere. It's as if it just vanished.

We didn't tell anyone else about this, fearing that we'd get laughed at.

[375]

>work at hotel

>be on the top floor working alone, entire floor is void of guests because it's off season

>walk past closet area and hear huge clanging sound

>the hangers are moving around like they'd been smacked really hard

>wow, weird but ok

>few minutes later I'm leaned over the bathtub on my hands and knees scrubbing

>hear loud, pronounced footsteps and see shadow of someone come up behind me

>start talking to my boss because obviously it's her coming to check on me

>feel like she's directly behind me, almost leaning over top of me

>whatareyoudoin.jpg

>turn around mid-sentence because she wasn't saying anything back to me

>hello total emptiness

>hair on the back of my neck jumps out of my skin

[376]

I work in a hospital, actually there right now. Seen and experienced some spooey things in the past, but never anything really /x/ worthy.

Figure I might as well share, as it's slow.

- > drawing blood from a patient
- > old man husband asleep in the chair by the bed
- > patient is out, in a medical coma
- > fill syringe, clotty thick blood. W/e it's ICU not my call to reject it
- > pop tourniquet, pull needle, stand up
- > turn to my tray to grab tube to transfer blood into
- > see pattention standing, reflected in the mirror above the sink, just in my peripheral
- > quickly turn to get her back into bed (patients aren't supposed to be up. fall risk, never crosses my mind that she was in a coma)
- > She hasn't , moved, still lay in bed where I saw her
- > put it down to lack of sleep.
- > get a call later that day from donor alliance asking for samples on said patient.
- > "Awww she passed? That's a shame I saw her earlier."
- > not until later that night that a put the pieces together.
- > still a little noped out by the mirrors in the rooms

[377]

I am a medic with the airmobile brigade of the Netherlands. I make good money and decided to try and make my dreams of flying come true, because i initially tried out for helicopter pilot. I joined an aeroclub stationed at an old naval airfield. One day:

- >be the last one to leave the hangar
- >unplug all devices so they don't cause an electrical fire (planes inside hangar are expensive, 100k+)
- >later at night I remember not unplugging the waterboiler (as everything the aeroclub owns besides the planes, it's old and does not switch off automatically)

>I was staying with my parents for the weekend and decide to do the drive back to the airfield in one go with driving back home.

>I drive the car 5 km around the runway (we never EVER enter the runway if we don't absolutely have to).

>There are no lights nearby because the airfield is no longer in use.

>Complete darkness.

>Beautiful stars.

>The aeroclubs are the only users and the airfield is closed at night.

>I realize I'm completely by myself and there is not another person around for at least 2 Km.

>As I lock up the hanger after unplugging the waterboiler I heard moaning in grass on the runway side.

>I scream "Hello? Anyone out there"

>I hear a faint moans like someone is in pain "ahh, help me"

>I freak out. "Hang in there. I'm coming".

>(maybe some scavenger who took a bad fall?)

>I get in my car and shine the headlights into the field surrounding the runway.

>Maybe like 30/50 people laying in the field. Stretching their arms at me.

>Begging with desperate eyes.

>All bleeding heavily through their clothing and some out of their orfaces.

>I freak out. I grab my phone and dial 112 (our country's alarm number). While I look back the people.

>I realize they are wearing military uniforms and the arms stretched out to me are like fog.

>Choke.

>Throw phone on passenger seat.

>I race 110Km/u over that runway towards the gate and leave the airfield.

>I felt so horrible.

>Moving down that runway for 3km seemed to take ages

>seeing them laying in the grass looking at me.

>I remember screaming at them that I couldn't help them

>"You're all dead!"

>Shouldn't drive home and stayed in bed at my parent's house for a full day with some nonsense about feeling sick

This history of that place is staggering. It has been a military base since Roman times. It was where the Germans first invaded my country and where rookie kids with hardly any training trying had to fend off the German invasion, armed only with repeaters. They were slaughtered in minutes.

Did I dream? Nope. I got a fine for prankcalling the emergency services on my cellphone in the mail. I just paid the fine.

[378]

>be working at gas station
>right off the interstate in this small town, like 600 people
>town doesn't even have its own police cops
>be like 3 AM
>this gold colored muscle car comes tearing off the ramp into the parking lot, no one else around
>guy gets out, long, scraggly brown hair, weathered face
>strolls in, walks up to the counter and just stares at me.
>sir can I help you?
>do you need cigarettes?
>are you lost?
>sir?
>he just stands there, staring at me for what seemed like forever, it was just five minutes or so
>suddenly, he turns around, and, watching me over his shoulder, starts to walk back to the door.
>he nods at me once, and exits the building, still staring at me over his shoulder.
>guy gets to his car, opens the door and stands there behind the door just staring at me
>at this point I'm calling the police but it will take forever because the town has no cops, so the county sheriff's police must respond.

- >I lock the door, but the building was practically made of glass, locks weren't going to help
- >guy just stands there another five minutes staring at me.
- >finally gets into his car and tears off back up the ramp onto the expressway
- >cops arrive take report, I nabbed his plate number for them, and gave them the video recording of the lot from that night. Manager came, it was a big to-do
- >one of the county deputies used to come in to the store and get free coffee
- >one night, about three months later he stopped by, I asked about the report I'd filed about the weird staring guy.
- >police had stopped him a few miles down the road, he was acting weird but they didn't really have reason to hold him so they let him go.
- >until a week later, my cop friend tells me that the guy from that night was in an accident in another state
- >killed instantly, big mess
- >but in his trunk investigators found a dessicated corpse that turned out to be his long dead wife.
- >mfw that corpse was in his trunk the whole time he stared at me.

[379]

So a bit of a background: I work as a night shift security guard at a local warehouse. There's two of them, but the one I'm taking about is larger than the other. It's about half the size of a Costco. It's filled with aisles of products, all boxed up and put in pallets.

- >Working night shift covering for a guy
- >Have to do walk arounds every hour
- >Hate going through Building #2 because it gives me the creeps
- >Always feel like something is watching me
- >Around 2 am now
- >Get up to do my walk around

- >Go through Building 1 just fine and go to Building 2
- >As I open the door to building 2, my flashlight starts flickering
- >It flickers for about 5 seconds and dies
- >NOPE.jpg
- >Fast walk over to my booth and grab the spare

Alright, so I'm a catholic. I was raised to bless myself with holy water all the time as a kid.

- >Do the sign of the cross with some holy water, because I just have a weird feeling
- >Go back to building 2 and start walking along one side of the aisles
- >The only light placement is directly above me, everything else is pitch black
- >As I'm halfway down these rows my radio starts to give me feedback
- >NOPE.jpg
- >Turn it off
- >Get chills and keep going, walking slightly faster

- >officially spooked
- >Nearing the end of the warehouse
- >I shine my light down an aisle
- >Do a double take because I thought I saw something
- >Shine my light down again
- >There's a shadow behind a pallet
- >About 6 feet tall
- >Absolute blackness
- >Like staring into a void
- >Have this weird feeling in my forehead and chest
- >Directly in the spots I placed holy water
- >Not a burning, sort of like a tingly feeling
- >NOPE.jpg.exe.mpeg.gif.webm
- >Heart is beating out of my chest
- >Sprint to the exit and go back to the booth
- >So spooked I stand outside and just pace for like 2 hours

The rest of the time I was there in kept getting motion sensor

reading from the cameras inside Building 2. I don't know if it was me, but I kept seeing transient shadows on the cameras too.

This was all about 6 months ago. Since then, I still see little shadows and get feedback on my radio whenever I work the night shift.

I'm quitting soon. Forget this place.

[380]

- >work as security guard
- >getting overtime hours on different site
- >rover in apartment complex, biking around all night, pretty chill
- >whole place is kind of weird though
- >ceilings too high, smells like bad memories
- >get noise complaint, loud noises coming from above someone's bathroom
- >welcome to Disaster, Nebraska, population: that guy
- >trudge on up
- >knock on door
- >tell him about noise complaint
- >he says he's just been chilling for the past few hours
- >but mentions that he's heard noises too
- >from below his bathroom
- >said it sounds like sawing
- >nope.exe
- >quickly thank him for his time and tell him to call if he hears anything more

[381]

- >working graveyard shift at a hotel as a bellman

>11pm-7am

>usual midweek night 116 room hotel we are about 1/3 full

>nothing really to do 2:30-5:30 so play cards with front desk agent

Sorry, I should describe the lobby shape. So it's a straight shot in. Front door goes into lobby, in the back right is the front desk with the elevators (3) just across from the desk with stairs in between. The elevators all wait in the lobby when not in use with doors open

>3:30 an elevator goes up to a floor and comes down.

> 9/10 blonde gets off in a bath robe

>smiles at me and the agent proceeds downstairs to the fitness center

>she walks by me really close and has this amazing fragrance. (On the way downstairs)

>hour and a half passes,

the 1 elevator that can go downstairs hasn't moved

>decide to go see if the girl needs anything

>no lights are on

>fumble around for the switch while calling out to the lady

>click the switch

> 1 light out of probably 40 turns on

>nope

> also no girl.

>anywhere

> stairs are the ONLY way down there and the elevator hasn't moved.

>run back up stairs

>ask agent if he saw he

>says no, elevator hasn't moved either. Check elevator log file it hasn't moved since 11:52

>run back downstairs

> all the lights are on and the whole room smells of that fragrance.

>nope back upstairs and freak out with the desk agent till 7.

[382]

- >Have Japanese penpal
- >save up money to visit him one day
- >Has job watching security cameras
- >Cameras watch hotel complex
- >trash area, washing machines, pool, etc
- >Tells me about weird things happening
- >laugh it off, watever
- >shows me videos he saved
- >Old man walks into trash area
- >old man climbs into trash bag
- >friend fast forwards video
- >hours pass
- >sunrise
- >garbage truck picks up bag with man in it
- >throws in truck
- >wat.jpg
- >video of next day
- >old woman this time
- >bag
- >truck
- >picked up
- >okaywat.gif
- >seven videos of this
- >next week starts
- >another old man walks into frame
- >climbs into bag
- >bag picked up in morning
- >old lady
- >picked up
- >one day nothing
- >noone comes into frame
- >sunrise
- >truck comes
- >man puts down bag on the ground
- >hour passes

- >another man comes by
- >open bag, looks inside
- >pulls out wads of what looks like money
- >jams it back in bag
- >walks out of frame
- >nope.jpeg

[383]

- >stationed in Korea
- >little no name base, mostly unmanned except for some kind of seismology outpost and a few soldiers doing who knows what, aviation support or something
- >small MR (military police) force, but largely a formality as this place is Mayberry and there aren't enough people to get into any trouble
- >on the base are these little hills that dot the post here and there
- >these are graves of soldiers killed in the Korean conflict, they were essentially buried where they fell in some areas

Anyway, enough setup:

- >each shift we need to do a walking patrol
- >is the highlight of my shift because being crammed in a car all day blows
- >start mine at about 2 am because once curfew starts people on base get into stupid situations and now it's my problem
- >walking past cluster of graves
- >See some guy, he looks back at me and ducks behind one of the mounds
- >"Hey! Military polce! Come out where I can see you!"
- >No answer, assume it's some people and they're just ignoring me
- >go around the back of the mounds
- >nothing but short cut parade field, an area the size of a soccer field, literally impossible to hide in

>radio station
>"Main, this is B110, I'm out at the gravesites with a subject who has fled on foot, will advise once I find him."
>No answer, whatever, radio guy is lazy
>keep looking around, but there's nothing to look at
>feel like I'm being watched
>radio comes on again
>"All units check radios, hot mic." (A hot mic is someone transmitting without being aware, leaning on the button or something)
>it's gotten colder since I'd been in the area
>at this point my "something's messed up" senses are tingling, so I perform a cursory look around the area and get back to the station
>desk sergeant is pissed because he thinks I was the one hot miking
>all radio traffic records on our computer, so we play back my calls
>mostly white noise
>at one point you hear me say I'm on scene, followed by more white noise
>we turn up the volume
>some of it is hard to hear, but some is surprisingly audible:
>"Sergeant Long?"
>"more rounds, more water"
>"in the treeline, there there there"
>CLEAR AS A BELL: "Wasn't supposed to be like this."
>sergeant tells me and the radio guy not to mention this to anyone
>next day, have an order not to go near the burial mounds
>like I had to be told...

[384]

>friend is working guard shack on the rear side of base out west

- >it's an 8x8 stone shed with a gate arm, a radio, and a chair
- >just him and two other guys, just chillin' because it's the middle of the night and since the gate is mostly used for hunters, no one's coming through anytime soon
- >suddenly a sound like a stampede
- >they look outside
- >huge herd of deer running like crazy down the hill towards them
- >three guys dart back in the shed, deer run past, so scared they don't give care about running towards people
- >guys exit shed and look around
- >my friend looks up on the hill the deer came from and says he saw a man on top of the hill sitting on a horse
- >full on native garb, horse painted crazy
- >they lock eyes and the guy on the horse turns away and wanders off

There were a lot of Indians who would occasionally come on post, but this guy was in full regalia at like 3:30 am. Weird.

[385]

- >working with old people, driving out in the night if the old people set off their alarm
- >one night the alarm goes off, heads out to the place
- >im alone, but i can call others if nessesary
- >locks the door up, goes in
- >weird smell, not that usual 'old people smell' can't describe it really
- >it's all dark, standing in the hallway looking into the living room
- >turns on the light in the hall, I now see a shadowy person sitting in the chair
- >asking by his name (I know this person)
- >no answer, can only see the persons leans a little forward, leaning on his legs
- >goes further into the hallway, closer to the living room
- >see his bedroom door is open, I can see someone is in his bed

>now I'm confused, goes to his bed, turns on the bed light, seeing him asleep
>whatisthis.jpeg
>disbelief, goes slowly out in the hallway, looks slowly to the chair
>no one there
>turns on the light everywhere, nothing there
>the old person awoke, and was happy to see me, but asked why I was there
>I just told him that there must be malfunctioning in his alarm system, helps him get to bed again

Needless to say, i was not there for a very long time...

[386]

>be in boot camp
>go to medical cause I feel like garbage
>turns out I have minor internal bleeding and have a significant amount of blood in my urine
>be in medical hold for two weeks
>medical hold and separations unit is in the same building
>it's the night before I have to leave and they're giving me the 22-02 compartment watch
>walking around, everyone's asleep
>go to the head to piss
>hear very distinctly someone saying "someone please help me" in the bathroom, echo and all
>turn on all the lights in the head, no one there
>walk back out into the compartment
>it begins
>flashes of light and shadow people darting from bunk to bunk
>everyone else is asleep and I'm stuck in the corner while the night parade is happening
>leave the compartment and stay with the OOD for an hour
>he tells me that a lot of the separations people kill themselves in

the building, so it's pretty common
>leave for a school 3 hours after I'm done with my watch

[387]

>get call by dispatch, roughly 2am, summer a few years ago
>not sure what it was all about, because the customer only set off the alarm, without speaking with the dispatcher.
>not a big deal, happens often
>get to car, notice a few raindrops
>while driving to location get into full blown summer downpour.
>couldn't see anything on the road
>house of customer in the middle of nowhere, great
>difficulties finding the house, finally park in front
>house looks deserted, no lights, no signs of customer
>not spooked right now, more like activate reanimation_protocol.exe
>no one answers doorbell, use key
>call out to customer. no reaction.
>light switch doesn't work. power seems out. still loud as hell
rainfall from outside, occasional lightning
>use weak flashlight. search the typical places.
>bedroom
>no one there, bed is neatly covered with sheets.
>bathroom. empty.
>living room (dozing off into the great beyond in front of tv? a classic!), no one here either...
>gonna check the fusebox
>figure it might be in the hallway, inside a cabinet. not unusual where I live.
>open cabinet doors.
>JUMPSCARE, I just found the customer.
>old lady is standing inside the cabinet in front of fuse box, eyes wide open, looking straight into my eyes like some sort of ancient closet demon.

Not paranormal, but the whole situation seemed like straight out of some bad horror movie. Old lady was fine btw, besides a case of senile dementia (power went out and she hid in the closet, not even noticing the fuse.)

[388]

- >wait tables at aunt's restaurant
- >closing up, the one table left are taking their time
- >man and a woman, the woman goes downstairs to use the bathroom (bathroom is in the basement)
- >rushes back upstairs, says something quietly to the man, and leaves
- >guy waves me over
- >"Is everything okay sir?"
- >"I dunno, my wife saw something wierd downstairs, said some woman was crying or something?" He hands me enough cash for the bill and tip. "Sorry, she's kinda freaked out." He shrugs and walks out.
- >biggest worry right now is some woman got raped down there during dinner rush or something and no one found her.
- >go downstairs
- > "Ma'am? Everything okay?"
- >No answer
- >walk around basement hallway, open bathroom doors, nothing
- >assume woman was a typical woman and go upstairs
- >stop dead in my tracks when I hear a woman sobbing
- >"Ma'am, are you okay? Where are you?"
- >No answer, sobbing stops
- >look around some more, then head back
- >hear more sobs
- >forget this
- >head up the stairs
- >look down as I turn off the light
- >middle aged looking woman in pre-WW2 style clothing looking

up at me from the bottom of the steps
>for the rest of my time there, I just don't piss in the building

[389]

>earlier this year
>work overnights in OR as instrument processing tech
>weekend shifts work alone since surgeries aren't typically performed over the weekend
>unit is old and not up to date (cracked flooring, paint chipping off the wall, flat screen TV displaying surgery schedule cracked but still in use for some reason)
>2 am
>take elevator to OR core (where the surgical instruments are stored) to search for missing instruments
>lights are dimmed
>no one else in sight
>nbd start looking for what I need
>a couple mins in hear loud crashing
>search all over core and find nothing out of the ordinary
>continue my search
>heart rate machines stored in the center aisle start turning on and off
>figure it's an electrical thing, whatever
>return to what I'm doing, get really focused for about 10 mins on one shelf pulling what I need
>turn around and nearly knock over the shelving unit jumping backwards
>three rolling suture trees that had been on the far end of the core when I arrived were rolled up directly behind me
>nope.jpg
>get on elevator to head back to work area
>elevator lights flickering and buzzing loudly
>feel a cold hand brush against my arm

I hate going up there.

[390]

>game warden in southwest us
>park isn't far from the border
>lots of illegal immigrants so we work close with border patrol
>border patrol requests assistance on a hunting trail, looking for a group of them
>my vehicle is a pick up truck, I drive, border patrol rides passenger, and two other guys sit in the bed
>drive down dirt road towards where BP saw them
>one of the guys starts banging on the roof
>"Stop, stop stop!"
>I slam the brakes, expecting to see 20 illegals walking through the woods or something.
>Border patrol guy grabs my arm as I'm getting out
>"What is that." It's not a question so much as an exclamation of shock.
>about fifty feet into the woods is what looks like a guy, but easily 7 feet tall and 3 feet wide
>he's staring at the car, arms dangling at its side, something in his hand
>it's really dark, so he's silhouetted in the trees, can't make out any features
>ask the border patrol guy for my spot light and tell the guys in the back of the truck to lay low
>shine the light on the thing
>ugliest thing I've ever seen. Eyebrows like a caveman, unibrow crossing it like a fat caterpillar. His lips were so thick and rubbery they looked like wax lips or a clown's makeup. He had eyes like a pig, small and deep set and beady. He's carrying a rabbit in his hand and has blood on his face.
>he keeps staring at us
>turns around
>lumbers off into the woods
>forget it, welcome to the USA, Mexicans! Can't catch them all!

According to some of the older guys, there are hillbillies living out here that are just weird. Some of them are inbred going back decades.

[391]

It was my first time working nightshift at all. I was working with a small time construction company on one of their job locations. Me and one other employee, which happens to be the only other employee in the company other than the owner (seriously small). Well, the job is to demolish and reconstruct, because rich people have a lot of money to toss away. What made this job a headache the most is that it's an hour and forty five minute drive there everyday, so me and my coworker decided to stay the night inside of the half demolished building.

It was a nasty idea, we knew rats would be running over us in our sleep, but at this point we were filthier than the rats themselves, and we needed the extra money from working overtime. Later in the night creepy things started to happen. Whispers, unseen hands touching us, and deep silence all throughout the woods that surrounded the house. What highlighted this was that there actually was a very recent death in the same house, so that was food for the thought. It didn't help that this was an old hillbilly shack built in 1902, but we weren't bothered. Despite all this, we were pretty okay with things suddenly appearing in different places. It's just that we were being watched by something the whole time.

We stayed on multiple occasions, sometimes the storms were so bad we were forced to stay, and that meant we were trapped in with whatever was in there. Not much note worthy happened, but it was not a good first nightshift.

[392]

- >be maintenance contractor for large industrial facility
- >we get the job to paint the training center
- >do it at night because people are too oblivious to notice a wet paint sign and caution tape.
- >Place is completely empty, everyone has to leave by 3:30 per company policy
- >we show up at 4.
- >I set up a scaffold about 5 feet high and 60ft long down a stretch of hallway ill be working on all night
- >place is dead silent all night aside from the sound of brushes, ladders, rollers, and the occasional toilet flush, all from my work crew
- >3am
- >Walking down scaffold inspecting my work
- >All of a sudden walk past an open door to a dark room
- >"GET THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY"
- >nearly fall of scaffold
- >old dude standing a few feet into the room
- >have to break down section of scaffold to let him through, no way to get past otherwise.
- >it clicks that not only did this dude violate security policy, he's been in that dark room for at least 11 hours straight without me noticing him
- >he walks past towards the exit
- >expect to hear badge reader noise, he's required to swipe it before exiting the building
- >hear door open and shut but no beeps
- >I realize I might have to report this dude to security or risk losing my job
- >run down hallway to try to catch dude in parking lot
- >see member of my crew
- >"Did that guy badge before he left?"
- >"What guy?"
- >guy says he's been there all night and only person that went outside was the foreman for smoke breaks

I never reported it, and never got asked about it. We were there another week and I never saw that guy again.

[393]

>be on a ship
>working at night alone
>hear singing coming from far away
>when I look in the direction the sound is coming from, it stops
>I just ignore it for the next hour, think maybe a fisherman singing
>the voice starts becoming louder and louder
>sun is already rising
>the voice is so loud, coming right from right next to our ship
>I go and check around
>the voice stops, there is nothing
>no boats, not anything

When the sun set the voice stopped. I'm skeptic but I can't explain what happened that night.

[394]

My clients have dementia, and there's one who creeps me out a lot. During the day, she's the sweetest old lady, but at night she sleep talks.

And it's not normal sleep talking. Her eyes are open, and sometimes she's sitting up. Sometimes it's impossible to tell when she has gone from sleeping to being awake, until she turns to you and asks if you've seen the little girl that was just here, that she was talking to. She talks about people being there all the time, including a little boy that has died, and she wonders what we

should do with the body, a little girl that sleeps with her, a man that orders her around, and her dead husband who is always looking for her.

I heard her talking once, and she was being very loud, but as I reached the open doorway she said "Shhh. They're all sleeping. Better not talk about it now." And she promptly stopped talking and just lay there very still.

[395]

Lol yeah, they can be terrifying. My resident once told me, "Who's that standing behind you?"

When I turned to look, there was no one.

"Oh! Nevermind now. He's gone."

[396]

I'm a hospital security guard, and one of the facilities we work for is the county mental health hospital. The night guard there calls me every hour to check in because they're alone at the facility.

So one night she calls and asks if I know anyone named Robin who works there. I don't. I ask my guard, who's worked out there a bunch and he doesn't know either. Weird, but no big deal.

An hour later she calls back and says that she has asked everyone, even down to facilities, and no one has ever heard of someone named Robin working there. Apparently "Robin" had asked the guard to meet her at the children's unit. The guard said that it sounded super busy on the phone. But when she arrived,

no one was there and all the kids were asleep.

Never did find out what happened.

[397]

A few years ago I was working as a security guard at an abandoned Red Cross hospital. Sometimes at night we heard sobbing and moaning-like sounds coming from tunnel which connects main building with crematorium. Plus a messed up ventilation system, man that was creepy. We were three regulars there and we all had similar experiences. Dunno, could have been nothing. Quit after months of bad sleep and nightmares.

[398]

I used to work as an overnight manager at Wal-Mart from 2011-2014. A lot of my work was done patrolling the backrooms, making sure stock was correct, checking if anyone was stealing anything, slacking off, etc. and there was this one long hallway, one exit on both ends, freezers on one side and no windows.

Now, working overnight, you see your fair share of spoops and weirdos, but this hallway, Jesus Christ, every now and then while working on one side I'd glance at the other, see a tall, older (probably in his 50's-60's) white guy lock eyes with me, turn and walk straight into and through the wall.

Other nights while working I'd hear a loud "THUD", glance over and see something from the shelves on the floor, and nothing light, at that, boxes of detergent, or packs of water, stuff that doesn't just tip over.

A few times the PA speaker overhead would either make a loud POP and fizzle out or just click on, as if someone was using it, and make the absolute, lightest gurgling and mumbling sound, then end with a sharp static.

The one thing that got to me, though, was this weird feeling of absolute dread while walking down the other, mostly unused end by myself. It was this genuine horror, as if i was being watched and this uncontrollable panic that made me jump at the slightest sound. I had heard similar stories from other workers, but my favorite was from this sweet old black lady, whenever I brought it up, her face went from joyful and careless to just deadpan and she said "Let's not bring him up, anon."

But the kicker, the stores not that old so luckily I had a buddy who had worked there from day one. I asked him if anyone had ever died on site. Apparently a few may have kicked it in the parking lot, in an ambulance after leaving the store, whatever, but one man, a tall, older guy, had a heart attack in the backrooms.

[399]

I work as a CNA. there are a lot of stories of ghosts at my job as many people have died there. There are even certain rooms some CNA's won't enter because they've had their own experiences.

Anyways, today I was checking in on a resident and refilling her water cup. She has dementia but is lucid about 50% of the time. She was wide awake which is weird because usually she is very much asleep after laying down for more than 20 minutes. I walk over to check on her and she says "who's that?" I respond with, "it's me (insert name here)."

This is where I got chills. She replies, "no, the boy." It's worth noting that A) I'm a guy; and B) she was looking off to my right, just beside me in the direction of her oxygen concentrator. I tell

her it's just her concentrator. She then said, "no, him," still looking past me. One of the spirits supposedly at my job of that of a young curly haired redheaded child from the days when my job had a unit for sick kids. I asked if he was a redhead but she said it was too dark. I asked if his hair was curly but she just kept staring.

At that point I noped right on out of there. I'm gonna go ahead and say that was probably the closest encounter I have had with a ghost and I'm not likely to work any swing or noc shifts in the near future.

[400]

- >Be me about a year ago at work
- >Small office converted from rezoned house in old people town of Seminole, FL
- >Last one there, a little past midnight, doing online work
- >Hear a loud crash
- >Get knife from bag, clear building. Nothing.
- >Put headphones back on, back to work.
- >Feel a chill, watched
- >Take off headphones, have knife open on desk.
- >Hear a voice over my music, right behind me, clear as day.
- >"I'm glad you're here with me. "
- >NOPE
- >Up and in battle stance in .3 sec
- >Clear building again
- >Back at desk, find my headphones on my monitor, phones off the hook, laptop closed and keyboard on the floor
- >Call manager, tell him I'm out, screw this. And I'm never being the last out again. He says whatever. I nope outta there.
- >Next day, chatting with HR manager on break.
- >She tells me the two homes that make up the office both had murders happen in them.
- >Building I'm in had a child murdered in it.

>Once when she was alone, every phone in the building simultaneously fell off the hook.

[401]

- >decide to join the Marines
- >graduate boot camp in San Diego and head to Camp Johnson in NC
- >brand new barracks in pretty good condition, place feels cool
- >room mate and I get along great, no quarrels over cleaning or chipping in on stuff for the room
- >second or third night there everything has been chill so far
- >wake up middle of night and see room mate has his light on and he's wide awake
- >think nothing of it cause I'm tired and slightly annoyed but whatever I've slept through worse
- >next night he asks me if it's ok if he leaves the light on
- >I ask why and he tells me the night before he says he woke up and heard me walking around the room then down the hall to the bathroom then shut the door, he didn't think much of it but then he realized I didn't turn any lights on and after a few minutes made no more sounds, didn't flush the toilet, didn't turn on the sink etc
- >he turns on his night lamp and sees I've been asleep in my bed this whole time
- >kind of freaked me out but I'm pretty easy going, and if sleeping with the light on helps him out then sure why not

>few days later in class the instructor asks if anybody has seen or heard anything strange, and nearly half the people in my class start sharing creepy experiences that happened all on the same night

- >instructor tells us that Camp Johnson was built on old slave plantations
- >every time I get fire watch i'm walking up and down the long hall on my floor and I'll stop to listen

- >hear foot steps behind me, foot steps at the end of the hall, foot steps walking up the stairs to my floor
- >large sections of the floor I patrol have nobody in the rooms, I hear movement and voices from these rooms occasionally
- >room mate never sleeps with light off again
- >guy in my class sees someone at end of the hall walk towards him then vanish while he's on fire watch
- >room mate continues to hear stuff in our room at night
- >the most freaked out he ever got was from something on the ceiling in our room

[402]

- >be a nurse in a small hospice ward in an older hospital
- >work nightshift and love it
- >around 2am
- >there are only three people who work at night
- >we're all at the desk charting and hanging out
- >phone rings
- >ID says "staff lounge," which is at the end of the hallway by the elevators
- >look at the other two nurses and pick up
- >"Hello, this is anon."
- >dead silence
- >"Hello?"
- >nothing
- >look at the other two nurses
- >hang up
- >the only way to get into the staff lounge is with a code on the keypad
- >we would have heard the beeps

Spooky stuff happens up there all the time at night, like call lights going off in empty rooms, televisions muting themselves, or things getting really cold for no reason, but that one actually bothered me. The other two nurses I was working with said the

phone thing used to happen on the regular, and only just started cropping up again.

[403]

I work the audit shift at my hotel. (11pm-7am)

The inside is all white marble and dark wood. The hallways are dimly lit with lights every other window and the carpet is dark maroon. Inside the rooms it's dark brown tile, sand colored walls, dark wood furniture and all the tables and counter tops are made of glass. I'd say it has an old ball room feel to it in the lobby and the rooms are like Days Inn but with a splash of Victorian if it that helps you visualize it better.

One night during the winter I got a call from a room about screaming from the floor below them. Our hotel is only 6 stories high. They were on the 5th floor so that means the room they were complaining about was on the 4th floor because it's set up as Ground floor-1st-2nd-3rd-4th-5th. I said I would check it out for them and I was kinda of reluctant because as an audit, I'm the only worker in the whole building at night. Before I went up though, I looked in the system to see if there was any rooms near them so that I could narrow it down.

Here's the creepy part for me. It was in the winter, so there wasn't many people in the building. In fact there wasn't any rooms near the one of the fifth floor and there wasn't a single guest staying on the fourth. I went up and investigated but the room directly under the other guests door was wide open which should be impossible being it uses a key card system. Thinking it was just left open by housekeeping, I looked in there to see if anyone was in there and closed the door. I told the guests from the fifth floor that it must have just been some kids running down the hall.

An hour later they said they heard screaming again and banging

below them. I went up there and the door was open again. At this point it was a security concern because someone has access to a room they shouldn't have. So I decided to watch the security footage from the fourth floor. In the video, the door clearly opens. Most freaky thing I have ever seen. I wrote a ticket to maintenance to check the door in the morning and they said it was fine. I showed the video to my boss and he was freaked out too. We ended moving the guests to the other side of the building because they were spooked.

To add on to this, when maintenance went in there to check the door before they opened it, they heard banging in the room. When they came in the screen door to the balcony was wide open. I don't really believe in paranormal stuff, but no one could explain what happened and from then on I have been really hesitant at night to go up to the 4th floor on my rounds. My manger ended up filing a incident report just to have on the records.

[404]

Work 10pm to 9am In a datacenter. Recently heard weird music and a woman creepily saying "are you there?", "hello, are you there?" Over the PA system for 15 minutes. I confirmed with security that the two of us were the only ones in the building.

[405]

I work the mid shift (1500-0000) at my warehouse. We have a ghost that we like to call Dr. Phil.

We have a television in the breakroom that we watch Dr. Phil reruns on when we're not doing anything. If we switch the tv to

another channel i.e. channel 3, the tv will go static and then back to Dr. Phil, but still on channel 3. The actual channel for Dr. Phil is 5. No matter what channel you switch it to it always goes static and back to Dr. Phil.

It doesn't seem to be a violent one if we watch his show, but other than that no problems.

[406]

I worked in a Nursing Home that was supposedly one of the most haunted places in America. I hated overnights, it was always weird. I'd hear walking in the ceiling above, like loud footsteps when no one was above us. Trash lids flipping really fast.

We had an old fashioned phone, the one with the receiver you pick up, it was strictly a decoration. That thing rang for almost 3 minutes one day. Didn't have any wiring inside of it. Residents would make crosses out of socks and stuff and leave them all over the floor saying they saw faces coming out of the ceiling.

Now I don't really believe in ghosts, but that was messed up.

[407]

Used to work overnights doing phone support. Let me just say that the area in general we worked at has always had a weird vibe to it, stuff that doesn't seem exactly out of place, but just abnormal in a way that's difficult to explain. To make matters worse, there's a cemetery about a mile up the road, and it can kind of get in your head when you're thinking about it.

Off the top of my head I've experienced -

Weird lights in the sky. Not your typical "that might be a airplane", but as in co-workers and I would be outside and see a light off in the distance hovering, it would move up vertically, make a sudden and quick horizontal downward slope, go up vertically again, and take off.

Strange lights in the building across the street from us. Big building, not sure how many stories but very tall. Was abandoned up until this year for maybe 4 years or so. Occasionally lights would come on, go off, come on again. You could see what looked like people roaming around with flashlights.

Would hear singing late at night outside, all throughout the year. Definitely a womans voice, couldn't make out what was being sang, could never find out where it was coming from.

Co-worker doppelgangers.

Stones would be thrown at us from seemingly no where.

There is like a very very small little pond next to the building, surrounded entirely by fence and high grass. Sometimes it sounded like something massive had jumped inside of it, followed by heavy sounding steps.

[408]

I work law enforcement. Night watches are what I mostly do. I don't even know where to begin, from 911 hang ups from houses that are abandoned to audibles (signal alarms) from vacant buildings.

Pick your favorite, or pick three of your favorite, we aren't picky.

Dispatch contacted me requesting my position. I advised her of my location and she sent me to an address advising a 911 call she had recieved (land line) in reference to a screaming male begging for someone to stop. She gave the address the land line came from and suggested I respond code 3 (urgent).

When I got there, there was a light on the second story bedroom on. I requested an additional unit and when he arrived we cleared the house together. Upon arriving to the room with the light on, the light was no longer on. At this point we rendered it a prank call. When we left, we were joined by two state troopers that mentioned the house was foreclosed 2 years ago. No one has lived there since.

I returned to the station to hear the 911 call, and I tell you... those screams weren't playing, this was legit. We never recieved a call back, and the land line confirmed from AT&T was disconnected about 2 years ago as well.

[409]

Used to work as a corrections officer. Have plenty of really creepy stuff that happened over those 5 years but by far this is my favorite incident. I was assigned to the single-man cells wing of the jail, which is basically solitary confinement for inmates who were being punished for breaking rules in the jail.

So around 5AM medical calls for all inmates that need medication to be escorted from my wing to medical to receive their meds. I pull out 2 guys, restrain them and instruct them to face the wall and await the guard who will be escorting them. As the 3 of us are

there I begin to hear a woman crying. I was new to that jail and didn't think anything of it and as I'm just listening to this woman cry I slowly start to realize a few things: There are no females in this wing nor in any wing where men are. The female wing is down the hall sealed tight with about 3 doors in between the hall and the actual wing.

There are only about 2 other males in the wing who are asleep aside from us 3. I look up at the inmates and notice they have this kind of smile on their face as they were watching me realize what was going on, and I ask them, "Do you guys hear that?". One of the inmates responds, "Almost every night boss."

Did they have any other explanation?

They went on about other things that would happen in that wing. Water turning on and off, towels being thrown down on the floor, hearing knocks on the walls. I actually had another incident that night confirming the knocks heard on the walls in the empty cells.

[410]

I work in a retirement home as a CNA. There is one room that every now and then, the call bell in that room will ring. There have been times where it will just go off in the middle of the night. The last 5 residents that were in that room had passed away less than a month after getting there.

There was one time when I was sitting at the end of the hallway looking at reddit when I heard a loud, high-pitched woman's

scream. I checked all the rooms and everyone was asleep. The door to room 128 was closed. 3 minutes after i heard the scream 128B goes off. There was no one in the room at the time. I open the door and go in and the green light from the call bell was on.... Someone pressed that button and I was watching the whole time. No one went in the room and no one came out.

I refuse to go into that room now.

[411]

This happened to me many years ago when I was 18. I was on one of my first jobs. It was part-time, and the pay was bad, but perfect for a student. The job was in an old cinema that was preparing for demolition. They hired us to prevent theft during the night. The area was considered a "conflict zone." My work consisted of watching some monitors and making a round every hour, simple enough.

The cinema was old, from the early 70s. As for the basement ... nothing special, but it wasn't nice. Dimly lit and quite long, about 50-80 meters long with a width of 2 people on average, with doors at the left side every 5 meters. In this zone, we had to make sure that every door was locked and continue to the next door until the end.

Well, I was there checking all the doors one by one. When I was finished, I started to take the stairs to return with my partner. On the first step, I heard the clear sound of a door starting to open (something quite remarkable, given how loud they are). I quickly turned and saw one of the first doors (3rd or 4th) open very slowly. My first thought was that somebody was inside. At this time I wasn't thinking anything paranormal. I quickly pulled the club and radioed my partner to come help me.

I started walking in the direction at the door as silently as

possible, trying to hear anything from the inside of that room... suddenly, the light inside the room turned on. Now I was sure that someone was inside. What felt like an eternity later, my partner came running and didn't bother to ask questions. He understood that the open and lit room was not meant to be as such. We carefully moved into position outside the room, rushed in, and... there was no one inside.

We checked every single centimeter of that room (those rooms were up to 20x20m), full of stuff from the cinema (spare seats etc) nothing. I even remember how we sat in silence just looked at each without understanding what the hell happened there.

[412]

I was working at a detention centre for youth. There are three staff on duty during the night, two awake and one person who sleeps in case there are behavioural issues that we need help with. It was early in the morning around 6am, and I decided to do my rounds and check the vehicles. Before I went outside, I went to the bathroom to take a piss. I took my walkie talkie off and set it on the sink while I did my thing, then left to check the vehicles. I finished and came back to the lounge area where my awake staff was sitting.

I sat down for a couple minutes before my co-worker asked me "Were you calling Melissa's name on the walkie talkie?" I said "No I didn't" and thought maybe I accidentally pressed the button while I was moving around in the vehicles doing my inspections. I went to grab my walkie from my belt and realised it wasn't there. Then I remembered I had left it in the bathroom the whole time I was away.

I told her I had left it in the bathroom the whole time and she just shuddered. So to explain a bit further The awake staff keep their walkies set on channel 1 and when we need to speak with

"Melissa" we set it to channel 2. When I obtained my walkie it was set on channel 1 still. I highly doubt that my awake co-worker would awaken the asleep staff for a joke because they a good relationship and a common understanding of how important sleep is.

[413]

- >be me, 18 years old
- >this summer
- >work third nightshift in my summerjob
- >be alone in the factory that night because co-worker is 'ill'
- >no problem, I know what to do
- >about 2:30AM I go upstairs in the break room to drink some water and have a cig

Short info: I'm from Austria, and as you may know, we got some Syrian refugees in the country.

- >suddenly hear a loud knocking at the entrance door downstairs
- >it doesn't stop
- >go down, thinking some drunk morons are being cool
- >open door, already started yelling that they should piss off
- >wait
- >some old man standing there, looks middle eastern, probably a refugee
- >looks very old, dark skin, dirty, long grey beard
- >I ask him if he needs anything
- >starts speaking Arabic or something
- >I tell him I don't understand
- >makes a drinking motion with his hands, guess he wants some water
- >gesture to him that he should stay where he is, I'll go and get him some water
- >he nods
- >walk upstairs, Grab my full waterbottle

- >turn around to go back down
- >heart.exe has stopped working
- >he stands right behind me, looking terrified
- >I give him the bottle and tell him to get out
- >he runs downstairs fast as hell like he stole something
- >didn't think he could run this fast, He looked like 65
- >go back down to close the door and lock it
- >suddenly hear the door to the production hall slam
- >oh no
- >I didn't lock it when I went up
- >spend about an hour looking for this guy, because I thought he was still there and I got paid for it, so why not
- >always hear strange noises like coughing and footsteps, but couldn't see him (it's not a really big factory, not many places to hide)
- >after 2 hours the weird sounds stopped

I worked about 10 more nightshifts in this company and Every night I was there i could sometimes hear the noises. Co-workers never found anything out.

I don't know if he's still in there.

Do I have to spell it out? He's not the one making the noises. He looked scared and ran like hell because he saw what else was in there making those noises.

Your workplace is haunted, OP.

[414]

- >working graveyard at a construction site
- >building is just steel beams at this point

- >hear a rustlin', but I can't see because of a dirt pile directly between my guard shack and the building foundation
- >go and check it out - it's nothing
- >come back after a smoke and my door is open
- >I know I closed it
- >go into the trailer - nothing
- >I guess I didn't close it?
- >get on phone
- >10 minutes later there's a loud banging on the door
- >grab a flashlight since that's obviously their weakness
- > open the door
- >nothing but dirt tracks
- >don't go out for the rest of the shift

[415]

- >11pm to 7 am
- >Get to work one night
- >It's a slow time of the year and I was pretty sure no guests were in the whole place
- >Sitting at the front desk on my phone
- >All of a sudden there's a guy standing there with a bag
- >I asked if he needed a room
- >He smiled and said he was just checking out
- >Not that weird, sometimes people need to catch an early flight or whatever
- >He handed me a key card with no envelope saying what room he was in
- >Go to ask what room he was in, but he quickly turned and walked out
- >Look at the computer to see who was in house
- >We're at zero occupancy
- >Run outside quick to catch the guy to see where the hell he came from
- >He's not there, only my car was in the parking lot and I didn't hear a car start

- >No idea where the hell he came from

Another hotel story:

- >Cleaning up banquet hall after a wedding reception
- >Stacking chairs so I can vacuum
- >Glance around to make sure I got all the chairs
- >Eyes stop at what I first assumed was a chair
- >Instantly feel cold and get this weird feeling on the back of my neck
- >Chair is not a chair
- >Looks like a black figure with its knees bent to its chest
- >Figure slowly stands up
- >Must be eight feet tall, red eyes, horns on its head
- >Blink a few times, it's still there
- >Turn around and nope out
- >Go in about an hour later to finish my job
- >Stare at the empty place on the floor where the figure was
- >Nothing was nearby that I could have mistaken for that thing

More hotel stories:

- >Before I worked night shift, I was in housekeeping
- >Work with a guy named Jim
- >Jim seemed to be an OK guy
- >One day Jim showed up to work during the night shift
- >My mom was front desk agent this night
- >Jim is drunk and tells my mom that he loves me
- >Proceeds to tell her all these messed up things he is going to do to me
- >She wouldn't tell me details, but she insisted it was graphic
- >She told Jim to get the hell out and sober up
- >Jim doesn't show up for work the next day
- >Later we find out that he was found in his apartment
- >He committed suicide by hanging himself
- >About a year later I start working third shift
- >Dusting the lobby
- >Feel someone touch me
- >Turn around and I see Jim sitting on the couch

- >Blink a few times and he was gone
- >Sigh and kinda laugh nervously, my heart was racing
- >I plopped down on the couch to calm down
- >Feel weight on my foot
- >Look down and this huge snake is slithering over my foot
- >Is coming from under the couch
- >Jump up from couch and run to get a broom so I can try to scoot it out side
- >Was gone maybe 15 seconds as the broom was in the kitchen right by the lobby
- >Snake is no where to be seen
- >Move all the furniture, pull off all the cushions, can't find it
- >I swear it was real, but I have no proof so it could have been my mind paying tricks on me

[416]

- >My hospital has three main buildings:
- >The emergency building where we recieve and triage patients.
- >The "old tower" where hospitalized patients used to be, internal medicine and surgery along with some other services have moved to the "new tower" and left their floors empty a couple of months ago. OBGYN, pediatrics and some other services remain here.
- >The "new tower" built to be a subspecialty building, along with the outpatient services, hosts some patients as of now.
- >The old tower, however, has some weird things going on that /x/ might find interesting.

>So, I spend my night there every four days.

- >I worked at the internal medicine and the surgery services when they were still hosted at the old tower so I know those floors perfectly well.
- >They are empty now, there are just some abandoned furniture and papers scattered around the medical offices.
- >However, one can still go there since lights are still turned on every night and there is no real way to "close off" the entire floor.

>Now, I am curious and a couple of the people I work with (who fortunately I can call friends) are too. So we decided to look for the scares.

>Nurses and maintenance employees are very "talkative" about that kind of thing, so it's easy to overhear some stories.

>The first one I heard took place on the 6th floor, where general surgery hospitalization used to be.

>They spoke about a little girl appearing at night at the very end of the aisle where the doors to all rooms are.

>So a friend of mine and me decided to go and check that out. Maybe we could get a little scare.

>We basically finished our work for the night, and left to get some sleep.

>We had decided to rest at the old tower rather than the new one even though there wasn't any place to do so anymore.

>We were stationed at the emergency building so we had to go outside first to get into the old tower.

>I don't know if my friend noticed, because I never asked, really, but if you looked from the outside to the windows on the 6th floor, you could notice the lights flickering very fast, as if they were malfunctioning.

>We arrived at the 6th floor, and grabbed a couple of blankets to lie on and sleep, it was maybe 4am.

>We went into the office and made ourselves comfortable.

>She lied down and decided to sleep instead of going exploring.

>So I went out of the office and into the hallway, rooms numbered 1 to 38 each hosted 4 beds when they were full. Now they were empty and dead.

>There was no noise, when the service was active, one could hear the monitors going crazy because of someone going into bradycardia and the respirators pumping air into the lungs of the dying patients.

>Now it was just silence.

>The hallway lights were on, however the rooms were pitch black. Not even the flickering lights I had seen from the outside.

>All doors were closed and the windows were shut.

>I walked past the nurses office looking for the furthestmost

room, where the girl was supposed to appear.

>I reached the end of the aisle, stood for a minute waiting to hear something, small steps, maybe a childish giggle.

>Nothing.

>Of course there would be nothing, why would I think something else?

>I started turning to go back to the office when a noise made my blood cold.

>One of the doors was opening, that sound of old hinges moving.

>I turned to look but the door slammed right back.

>I ran as fast as I could to the office where my friend was sleeping.

>Part of me wanted to leave, but curiosity is stronger, so I just closed the door, and lied on the ground and slept.

>We woke up to one of our cellphone alarms, the sun was already out.

>I told my friend what had happened, obviously she hadn't heard anything.

>I took her to the room which door had opened, but when she tried to open it, it was locked.

>To my knowledge, no one else had gone into that floor that night, there's nothing there for anyone anymore. And no one knew we were there either.

>I just went there one more time since then to retrieve some papers we could use downstairs.

>Hospitals are good places to get scares.

[417]

>Inna-Stan

>Tower-guard late at night

>look through IR and see a man approaching the gate

>radio my m8 on the g8

>"Cherry 3, this is Cherry 5, I see a man approaching you on

the nocs do you see him? over"

>"Cherry 5, no I don't see him, how far away is he? over"

>"50 yards directly in front of you. over"

My buddy in the tower with me asks for my binoculars because he can't see him through his scope "There's no way." He's convinced there's someone down there now.

>"Cherry 5, I just turned on my NODS and I definitely see the man now, sarge said to put the spotlight on him. over"

>"Roger"

>Light up the spot and there's nothing there

>Sergeant gets pissed and tells us to stop screwing around

>mfw we're about to get possessed by an army of Djinn

>Sarge tells us to just leave it alone

[418]

I test people for sleep disorders for a living. Occasional spoops like the sound of doors closing but that can be written off as the building creaking.

> Old redneck lady patient

> Says she hasn't slept an hour since her husband died like 2 years before

> Get her hooked up to the leads and in the recliner (she wanted the recliner rather than the bed)

> She's out cold snoring within 10 minutes

> Sleeps for 30 min then wakes up and begins talking to herself

> I go in and ask her if everything is ok and if she needs to use the restroom

> She says she was talking to god

> For the rest of the night she talked to god

> She wasn't praying, she was talking like he was in the room with her. Yes and no answers.

> Every time I would go in to try to get he back to sleep she

would contend that she hadn't slept at all.

[419]

There's a few stories from this hospital I was doing a clinical at:

- >Be me
- >Student nurse working in IMC in oldest hospital in town
- >Oldest part of the hospital
- >About to go home for the day but decided to help get some new sheets on patient's bed before I leave for the day
- >Classmate fetches sheets while I help the patient sit in a chair while we change the sheets
- >Bed was a new model and pretty sturdy
- >When I took the old sheets off the bed and handed them to my classmate the bed started to roll really quick and in my direction
- >Classmate freaked out and tried to stop the bed
- >Tried to move it but it wouldn't budge
- >Breaks were on so bed couldn't move on it's own
- >Classmate said she doesn't believe in ghost but couldn't explain how that happened

Another story:

- >Other classmate of ours said his fiance was working there
- >Patient tell her she has a cute son
- >Classmate's fiance is confused because she doesn't have kids
- >"Who's that boy behind you then?"
- >Turns around and there's this kid standing right behind her in the doorway

Last story for now:

- >Another classmate of ours has a boyfriend who works as a RT
- >RT taking care of patient in psych ward
- >Patient croaks out "Samatha doesn't like what you're doing..."

- >Thinks she's talking in third person
- >Checks bracelet
- >Patient's name isn't Samatha
- >Patient is fixated on clock in her room
- >RT turns around and sees the clock spinning out of control

[420]

I was working security at my college and, well, essentially an automatic door was malfunctioning at like 1:00 in the morning. Called the supervisor, tried to fix the door, door ends up still malfunctioning for like almost an hour. It was almost as if someone kept walking in and out of the door once every five minutes or so. Finally it stopped when somebody swiped in. I could've sworn I saw a faint dark shadow walking through the door on the CCTV once.

[421]

I work in a personal care home. We used to have a resident who would constantly yell out 'hello', drove us a bit bonkers. After he passed away a lady moved into the room. One night I was working a double, evening to nights, she pulled her call bell. I went in and she asked me to make him stop.

"Make who stop what?"

"The old man standing beside the bed, he won't stop yelling hello."

[422]

So my gomie's dad is a security guard at a local prison. This prison started out as a psychiatric hospital. There are one or two abandoned closed off wings. He patrols these at night to make sure no one is escaping. It's a low income area so run down facilities are a thing.

One night he was patrolling when he heard a loud scream right as some crazy woman in white smashed through door at the end of the hall like 60 ft. away. She was screaming and charging in a medical gown loud and was crazy as hell, so he ran over to grab her. Like 20 ft from him she turned and ran into an abandoned room. When he went in, there was no one.

[423]

Happened to me last summer.

- > working as an intern in a law library
- > library has floors and floors of old law books that are only accessible to staff
- > to save energy, the library places motion sensor lights on these floors.
- > these lights only turn on the main walkway lights; does not turn on the lights on the individual stacks (library term for isles)
- > to turn on the lights in the stacks you literally have to flip a switch on shelf otherwise you'll be looking for books in the dark,
- > get assignment from supervisor to find specific types of book from Central America
- > books located on floor where no one ever goes be pitch black before the automatic isle lights turn on
- > find stack where books are housed and turn on light of stack
- > spend like two minutes looking for book; find it with no problem
- > go turn to off light stack lightswitch
- > notice chair in main walkway

- > WTF, well no matter gonna leave anyway
- > switch stack light off
- > start walking away
- > realize that the floor is brighter than normal
- > do second take of floor
- > realize that every stack on floor has had their light switch turned on
- > there be like over eight stacks on this one floor
- > quickly run through floor and switch all the lights off and get out of there.

Told my supervisor. Said that floor always gave him the creeps, hence why he had me get the book. Jerk.

[424]

- > be an airman
- > work in a munitions depot that's fairly new, built in the 90s
- > no one has ever died here, injuries sure but minor stuff, no one has EVER died here
- > bout 2 years ago, working night shift 1500-2200, unless work went overdue, then sometimes later
- > today is a late day
- > in storage area, taking account of munitions
- > hear murmurs, like someone talking repetitively
- > not chanting
- > get weirded out as there's only three of us in the area, push it out of my mind
- > last year get moved to midnight panamas 1800-0600
- > working in control center, moving up in the world man
- > basically oversee everything now, have camera monitors to watch everything
- > depot is empty, roughly 0200
- > see movement on monitor, weirds me out
- > decide for giggles to try and follow it if possible
- > cycle cameras to follow it

- >watch a smudge "walk" through the area
- >goes into munitions area and goes through a door
- >I whut hard, go talk to security

"Oh yeah anon, that happens all the time you should have been here when the injun was here."

- >I whut
- >turns out some injun dude who had gotten out before I even enlisted had a breakdown the one time he went into the storage area
- >loses it and has a seizure
- >never the same and had to be booted
- >apparently all he would talk about after his incident was lonely spirits that eat flesh and wander, not to talk to them no matter what, etc.
- >wendigos and stuff
- >still work nights in the center
- >try my best to ignore the things I see moving on the monitors when no one's here
- >always have chills around 02-0300, always alert and kinda scared now

[425]

- >night security for a corporate headquarters
- >it's on the edge of a town next to a train track
- >train pisses me off all night because it just HAS to honk it's horn and blow out my eardrums
- >patrolling around in golf cart (doing burnouts in the parking lot)
- >there's this courtyard/garden area where the paths too small for the cart, have to patrol it on foot
- >get there, shin headlights down, see something with glowing eyes digging in the garden, doesn't seem to notice me
- >ok it's a dog or something
- >get out of cart but leave headlights on

- >approaching with caution, it finally notices me, stays still and just stares
- >shine flashlight on it
- >flashlight has 4 different settings, each brighter than the last
- >started on 2, can't really see it
- >3, ok that's not a dog
- >4, daylight

- >it looks like a giant possum or rat or something
- >it stands up, while it was digging this thing was like a foot tall, it's now like 7-8 feet, as if it grew (shapeshifted)
- >tactically NOPE out
- >hopped in the car quick and backed up
- >get on the radio to guy on the other side of the site
- >UMM.. THERE'S THIS THING... SOMETHING.. COME HELP!
- >the thing just walks away like it didn't care, toward where the other guard was
- >IT'S COMING YOUR WAY BRO GET INSIDE NOW I'M NOT JOKING
- >skid over to the main entrance, meet with Mexican Paul Blart (nickname I gave him)
- >idiot didn't have his radio on him when he went to piss
- >he's coming out of the entrance
- >GET INSIDE EL BLARTO
- >we lock the place up and go to the 2nd story overlooking the courtyard
- >no activity for a good half hour, then it comes...
- >it starts digging again, just digging at the root of a tree
- >watch it for a minute or 2 then remember I have a flashlight
- >shine it through the window
- >it looks like a retarded dog
- >Blart doesn't believe me that it was 8 feet tall, calls me a coward
- >"Ok, you go out there."
- >"No, I have to do something in the bathroom for 20 minutes."
- >Blarto goes while I watch this thing and try to take pics
- >it stands up and leaves looking like a human again

Pics turned out just looking like a giant rat hunched over and they got lost with my old phone sry.

[426]

3 years ago I lived in a small town for a couple of months before moving to my current residence, and I made a living working at a local 24h convenience store. The manager was an obnoxious fatty, who would always find a way to complain about everything. The place was, hands down, a total wreck - lights would often blink, and some of the walls were stained by mold. I don't know how he had managed to avoid a lawsuit. The job payed well, though, so I didn't stick my nose into it.

I used to work overnight almost every week and rarely had to attend any costumers, so I would often just sit at the counter and read a book. The store was really quiet and lonely during the night, which I loved. Nothing sort of relevant happened until the very last week.

- >around 4 AM
- >be chilling in the counter with a book and a hot cup of coffee
- >a guy in a long brown coat comes in
- >he's in his mid forties, really shady-looking, with messy hair
- >I'm already used to the sight of this type of individuals, so I don't give it much thought
- >"Good night, sir."
- >he just nods and heads to the aisle on the left, towards the fridge, which is blocked from view by the shelves
- >I go back to reading
- >I hear him open the fridge door and fumble around
- >I suppose he must be in some dire need of frozen peas
- >he doesn't come back after 5 minutes so I decide to take a look
- >he's not there, and the fridge door is half-open, blocked by a milk jug
- >I run back to the counter
- >he's not there either

>I have only been away for 30 seconds
>he could have rushed out from the other side of the store, but I would have surely heard the steps and the door opening and closing
>I check the whole store, even the toilet and the locker room
>he really is gone

>I go back to the freezer
>some of the packages and bags have been tossed around, but he didn't steal anything, apparently
>upon closer inspection I notice there are several footprints in the thin layer of frost at the bottom
>that freak got inside the freezer and walked into it
>for a moment I think about calling the police, but I realize I don't have anything to report about other than a guy tossing things around and disappearing
>I try to contact the manager, but he doesn't answer the phone
>I tell him about it as soon as he comes through the door during the morning
>his face sort of twitches in disgust and tells me to clean it up before I leave and then forget about it
>he also warns me not to tell anybody, lest he loses any customers

I didn't inquire any further, and nothing remarkable happened afterwards. I quit the job a week later, before moving out of town.

I think the guy was just a loony who was looking for some item of frozen food, made up his mind, and somehow managed to sneak out without me noticing.

He never left. He was inside the freezer, anon.

[427]

I have a story. It's second-hand, but I'll tell it in first person anyway:

- >working in a convenience store, late.
- >just before closing a man turns up
- >I feel a sense of dread
- >he comes to the counter and asks for some cigarettes, I put the cigs on the counter and he gives me \$20
- >I give him the change and then he says, he's changed his mind and wants his \$20 back and doesn't want to buy smokes after all
- >he like... hypnotises me, and I give him back his \$20 whilst he's still holding his change and the smokes are on the counter
- >his eyes are totally BLACK
- >I can't even remember what happens next, because I can't remember him leaving the store, just the next moment he was gone with his \$20 the change, and the cigs, too
- >tell my manager about it (the manager doesn't work nights), but he says that another employee working nights had exactly the same thing happen to them
- >I talked to the other employee in the store on my day off, they experienced the same guy with the black eyes that made them lose their senses and did the same scam

We thought maybe he was a vampire or something.

[428]

I can actually contribute to a thread for once. This is neat.

- >be 19
- >just started working in the elevator business as a mechanic's apprentice
- >be cleaning the top of the car while my mechanic is in the pit.

>not paying attention and let my foot hang over the the divider bar seperating the two cars.
>continue to clean when I hear someone yell "Watch your foot kid, what are you doing?"
>I quickly pull my foot back over just in time to avoid it getting crushed by the other car.
>this really shakes me up, so I yell down to my mechanic thanking him for saving my leg.
>he asks me what I'm talking about and that's when it hits me
>the voice I heard had an Irish brouge, we're both New Yorkers
>quietly freak out and finish cleaning the top of the car
>fast forward a few hours
>finally time to leave, I'm gathering my mechanics tools while he's already waiting outside in the work truck.
> before I leave I thank whoever it was that saved my leg and most likely my life
> felt a calming presence, as if I could tell my gratitude was appreciated, and left with my Head down, thankful but embarrassed.

Yeah, so basically a ghost or whatever you'd call it saved my leg and career. I never did figure out who it was, and I haven't been back to that job site since. Not really night shift, but it happened and it fits the thread.

[429]

To preempt my little green text, I'm a long haul trucker. Been at it for years and seen and heard just about anything you can think of. Driving across the states is full of weirdness and it changes you. I've pretty much become dependent on caffeine pills, cigarettes, and whiskey.

>be me, about six years ago
>been driving for a while, now
>talk to more seasoned truckers about the road

- >hear stories of "travellers"
- >figures, cars, animals that seem to appear over and over again on long hauls
- >always the cliché "black dog", but there are others
- >one old timer, still driving his original late seventies Mack truck, claims he sees an old F-100 in every state, always going the other way
- >always before a storm arrives

I never thought much of it. Just things guys come up with to pass the time, right?

- >on a particularly long drive across 20 in Texas
- >still 300 miles from Abilene
- >I see a figure out in the scrub
- >It's like a shadow, watching from the side of the road
- >cloaked from head to toe, no discernible features
- >ten miles further down the highway, I come across a wreck
- >stop and find a couple of kids dead in the front seat
- >cops said they were likely drunk, ran off the road and died

I shook it off and kept going. It got harder the next few times it happened. Always that shrouded figure. Always a wreck with no survivors.

I've seen it probably three dozen times now. The younger truckers look at me like I'm the crazy one, now. Kind of funny how that comes to pass.

[430]

I work in a bar for a hotel in a very small country town. The town itself is kinda creepy, but I'll probably post more about it in a thread.

- >Work Monday and Tuesday nights in bar

>Very quite on those days, I always pack up early because there is nothing else to do
>Turning off the gas for the beer kegs is the last thing I always do.
>Bar is in the shape of an L, and the gas is on the end of it
>One night I had my bag and phone in hand, walk across the bar to where the gas is.
>Lights are off
>Start walking back, get to the bend in the bar and phone rings.
>Phone is at the bend, go to answer it and it stops.
>Weird, call up to management asking if they just called down to talk to me
>No Anon, why do you ask?
>Ask if they heard the phone ring, seeing as it's a connected phone if someone from outside the hotel calls it rings to all phones.
>Sorry Anon I dont know what youre talking about.
>Someone in the pub would have to have called my department.
>Kinda creeped because the only other places besides management that can call is the drive through that had noone in it or the kitchen that had been shut for 2 hours.

I think nothing of it, and go about my other shifts.

>Working the Tuesday shift
>Same thing happened.
>Walking back from turning the gas off, reach the bend in the bar and the phone rings
>Went to grab it and it stops

This has happened EVERY shift now.

[431]

Not too spooky, but thread is night shift stories so I'll play.

>Last year

- >Security guard at waste water plant at my town
- >Graveyard shift from 11pm-7am
- >Located in the westside end of town but was surrounded by fields dotted with trees and a river
- >Whole site is actually pretty big
- >Fence all around the site
- >I just chill in a little guard room at the front gate and play video games on my psp and watch the cameras while doing hourly patrols
- >Around 2am
- >pitch black
- >See bright light near entrance of the drying beds
- >whatevs.jpeg
- >few minutes later, realize the light is gone and wasn't suppose to be there
- >hop in my security golf cart go to check it out
- >don't see anything
- >decide to check the perimeter anyways
- >find pic attached in the far far corner of the fence

[Image too large. Search in the appropriate folder.]

>Just wait until morning without doing another patrol and just watching the cameras like a hawk

Never really found out who did it.

[432]

- >be firefighter
- >small city town
- >spooky call on abandoned farm
- >random fire
- >must be lightning or something
- >get there and the entire old silo and barn is in flames
- >we start putting it out best we can

- >the flames keep burning hotter and hotter and we are no longer making much of a difference
- >we let it burn and control it from spreading
- >after it burns out we go in to investigate
- >there is a charred skeleton where then couch inside the barn house used to be
- >sitting in a perfect upright position with a shattered whiskey glass jammed into his hand
- >we eventually find man who owns property to identify the body
- >he says he checks the property once every few days and he was there last night checking on the property and everything was alright
- >the time he gives us doesnt make sense because we were fighting the blaze and the fire had already engulfed the barn house and silo by then
- >investigator comes in and asks him harder questions and about the body in the charred ashes of the living room
- >the man laughs at the questions and asks if he can leave
- >we cannot hold him obviously we have nothing against him
- >he drives off in an old red chevy pickup back towards the abandoned property

- >days later
- >coming through the farm, we find the charred body of a pickup
- >red paint remnants and was a chevy looking exactly like what the man was driving
- >we ask around the neighbors and they tell us the property has not had any visitors for atleast the last decade
- >they say the old man who owned it died 8-9 years ago
- >I freak out and nothing makes sense

- >to this day no one knows what happened and we assume the man died on his couch and nobody knew about him till lightning struck his barn 9 years later and it burned

- >however, this doesn't explain the living man who we questioned and said he owns the property
- >we assume it was some crazy old dude or homeless person

>I think it was a ghost.

[433]

One of my neighbors used to work in a morgue when he was seventeen. One night he was cleaning up in a room with a few bodies in it and suddenly one of the bodies just sits straight up and my neighbor just drops everything and runs out of the building. He quit soon after that.

I think he said the reason why the body sat up had something to do with the tendons but I can't remember exactly what it was.

[434]

Only posted this once before. It's the only spooky thing that's happened to me.

>work at a concession stand sometimes for the county
>hosts minor league/business team baseball games
>11pm, everyone's gone but the field lights are still on
>close up shop, and it's my responsibility to shut off lights, which are in the announcer's box, and lock up the equipment shed.
>head up, shut off lights
>they take a second to power down, look up and see a little boy at the far end of the field. He runs off
>figure he was behind the fence and dicking around in the park

These fences were 10ft tall with barbed wire at the top. Not the best area.

>go back down, weirded out but not too bad
>lock up the gear barn with the folding chairs that were in the

box

>turn around and see a kid peeking out from behind a trash can

>freeze

>kid is pale white. The only light is from a dim moon, but he was very visible

>kid ducks behind the can

>stare at it for a minute

>no way he could have snuck off, the can had nothing nearby

>call out and begin to walk towards it

>kid is gone

>as I said, no way he could have moved without me spotting him

>run to the gate, lock it, and never work that stand again

Its a shame, that was the only field we had where the games were adult players. They tip really well.

[435]

I was a real estate agent years ago. I did it for about 3 years. One day while I was leaving a local coffee shop to enter my business vehicle, an older woman approached me. She told me she had her heart set on a house that was for sale but didn't have a real estate agent yet. She didn't know how to go about it, so I decided to persuade her into signing on with me and checking this house out. Weird thing is she said she didn't have a phone and that she lived in a small apartment in her kids home. I kept asking how I could contact her and she said she would be in contact with me. Later that day I contacted the real estate agent that was selling the house in question. I had to set up the visitation on a last minute basis due to the lady's nature of doing things out of the blue.

A week passes by and again, the old lady catches me heading to my car. She approached smiling and uppity. She asked if we could go and I obliged her. We got to the house and parked. It wasn't terribly large or modern. It was a bungalow style from the 50's.

We approached the door and I walked up the stoop to gain the key from the combination key compartment hanging off the door. I stick the key in the hole turn and open the door. I walk to in and push the door open and say come on in.

I turn and the old lady isn't there anymore. I kind of stand there bewildered in a mental pause of confusion. I raise my eyebrows and walk back off the stoop and look around the front yard. Look in my car windows. I walk up to the sidewalk and look down the street. Where the hell did she go? I look at the house with the door wide open and see a small black cat sitting in the hall way. Its tail is slowing swaying from left to right almost as if it is content or in a playful mood. I approach slowly and step one foot in to grab the handle and shut the door. I lock it and walk back to my car.

Don't know what to make of it...

[436]

- >work overnight at Walmart
- >just basic cleaning, super comfy, especially at night
- >manager lets us listen to our music as long as we only have one headphone in
- >sweeping in the middle of an empty aisle
- >all of a sudden in my open ear, a really loud whisper
- >"DON'T WAKE HIM UP"
- >nearly jump out of my skin
- >look around
- >No one's there
- >No one in any of the adjacent aisles either
- >it wouldn't have mattered though because in order for it to be as loud as it was, they'd have to have been right next to me with their mouth right in my ear

[437]

>work on the highways repairing roads
>yes, im one of those guys blocking traffic for hours on end in my awesome hard hat and orange vest
>thankfully I get moved to night shift, so I dont have to stand in the sun and there's barely any traffic
>its just after midnight, we're working when I go on a coffee break
>the tables were the food and drinks are is off to the edge of trees out of the way
>me and some other guy are talking when we hear a scream out in the woods
>"Did you hear th..."
>another scream, same pitch same voice
>read enough skinwalker stories to get spooked
>get the other and the state trooper that was with us for the night
>they don't believe us, but we get them to the treeline, we don't hear any more screams and we're feeling foolish
>thats when the exact same scream goes off again, this time with the person shouting
>"NO NO PLEASE, JESUS GOD HELP ME AHHHHHHH"
>statie tells us to get back while he runs into the woods
>screw that, we grab some tools and follow him
>running through the dark with dim flashlights trying not to scare each other and follow the trooper
>screams get closer and closer
>we find the source, an old boombox tied to a tree with a cassette tape of the screaming on it
>it's just a prank bro
>yeah a bunch of punk kids did this..they came out to the middle of the woods... off of the highway... at night.. to plant this boombox... hahaha
>over the next few days weird stuff happens.
>tools go missing, somebody slashes our tires on a few cars, we find graffiti and even notes with threats about murder and rape

>eventually they station two more troopers with us and they all carry shotguns, walking the treeline all night and it stops
>this gets chalked up to another spooky roadworker legend
>there are dozens of them, typical cultists in the woods, finding dead bodies, bigfoot, monster animals, ect
>I really want to believe it was just some bored teenagers that were screwing with us and got us pretty good

[438]

>Be me, 25 years old (2007)
>Just completed OTS, brand new lieutenant at first assignment as EOD Flight Commander (Was EOD tech as an enlistedman, CE degree guaranteed I'd get back into the job)
>Stationed at Shaw AFB, outside Sumter, SC.
>Base is relocating non-munitions explosive stores from old facility to new facility a few miles down the road
>Carrying two crates of Mk10 blasting caps in light rain to a 2.5 ton truck
Now, a note, Mk10's are electrically fired, and they're really sensitive. The EM off of a cell phone can trigger them.
>Static in the air, lightning nearby, about to put crate of caps on the back of an all metal truck
>Hear "Lieutenant, WHAT are you DOING!?"
>Startled, drop crate, turn around, see guy in old khaki uniform, old style master sergeant's stripes
>"Were you about to put those on that truck without grounding yourself? You want to get yourself killed, SIR!?"
>Stammer out "No sergeant."
>Guy in khakis says "Good, hate to have to clean up the bay."
Guy walks off.
>Ground myself to truck, load, get going
>Tell squadron First Sergeant what happened
>He says "Oh, you met Charlie. What did you do to mess up?"

Apparently guy was the ghost of MSgt. Charles Dillard, WWII,

Korea, and Vietnam vet who retired in 1970. He was known to show up when someone was about to do something really stupid, just to yell before you killed yourself.

[439]

- >be me
- >22 years old
- >working as security guard
- >guarding a mall parking lot in Tigard, Oregon (next to Portland)
- >basically just drive around in circles all day
- >it's really boring
- >one night, around midnight guy waves down my car and hands me a woman's driver's license, credit card and a victoria's secret club card.
- >Woman's name was Jessika.
- >Long, Slavic/Polish style last name. Impossible for any sane person to pronounce.
- >Tells me he found them over in parking tower and wanted to turn them in
- >Thank him for being a good Samaritan and turn cards into my boss

- >fast forward two weeks
- >midnight, woman waves me down
- >hands me Jessika's license, credit card and victoria's secret card
- >blah blah blah, turn them in to my boss

- >two weeks later
- >midnight, another man waves me down
- >hands me Jessika's cards...
- >etc

- >two weeks later, like clockwork...

basically, this happened every two weeks at midnight... about six

times in a row.

Not sure what was going on, but it started getting really weird.

[440]

I work at a mental hospital and sometimes on NOC shift you can hear footsteps behind you. Also, the field where one of the older buildings once stood (had a lot of tuberculosis deaths in its time) creeps me out at night. It's right next to a parking lot that I use when I work on specific wards and no matter the weather the ruined moor always seems to have at least some fog. By the end of my shift my car is often the only one left, far out where earlier there was parking.

Other than that, on a few occasions I've seen humanoid figures in the old tub rooms. Lately I've tried to reach my hand in and flick the light switch on before I enter to prevent spooks.

[441]

I work nights as a CNA in a nursing home. I haven't seen anything sadly. But sometimes, I get a feeling like I'm being watched. It used to happen in the 'bath bay' almost every night for a while. Hasn't happened in months though. That always ruined my night.

Some of my charge nurses have apparently seen things though (strange person coming out of the residents' bathroom, strange people on monitors, etc.)

Oh wait, I actually forgot something strange from when I worked PMs. Maybe not paranormal per se, but all the time,

residents would talk about seeing a little boy named George. And mind you, I work in the "memory care unit", so it's not just residents trying to mess with us or anything. But a whole bunch of them talked about 'George' independently. It especially seemed to happen with residents who died shortly after. Supposedly 'George' was a little boy who drowned around here, but I'm not sure how true that is.

[442]

I used to work as a night guard for a shipping facility. This story isn't necessarily spooky, though it bothered me for a while afterward.

- >three years ago
- >guarding trailer pick-up lot
- >just trailers sitting there waiting to be picked up inside a fenced area
- >only building and light is guard shack at entrance
- >on foot one night
- >hear some scraping and sliding behind a pair of pup trailers
- >think it's probably another hobo
- >get strobe flashlight ready, along with radio for police
- >almost on him now, though something sounds off - realize there might be two of them
- >the intruder starts coming around the corner
- >it's a deer
- >it stares at me, i stare back at it
- >just keeps staring though, even as I raise my light slowly - don't want it to get jumpy and impale me
- >deer doesn't react to strobe at all, just stands there looking at me
- >begin to feel incredibly uncomfortable as all I have to look at are those dead-looking unblinking black eyes under the flash of the strobe
- >back up thinking it has rabies

>deer just walks out of the yard

[443]

I used to work at a hospital. Auxiliary staff - essentially a project manager.

Never saw anything first hand but was told of a story where a nurse attended to a patient in a room. Patient was in the bed, under the sheets, run of the mill stuff. Left to grab something and couldn't locate the patients information at the desk. Went back to the room and found it completely empty, bed made.

Not sure if someone was pulling my leg but this hospital definitely had history. Nearly 100 years old. The original hospital on the property is about 160-170 years old. It's seen some things.

[444]

I worked security all shifts at a hospital on an indian reservation. I'll start with my first experience

>1 year into the job
>no longer jittery and paranoid about walking empty halls and checking morgues (nothing ever happened there btw)
>foot patrol at 3:30 am
>walking down hallway and turn corner to another hallway which leads to an exit door
>exit doors are completely glass (pre 9/11 construction)
>notice the doorway is unusually dark as its lit from the outside by parking lot lights
>start walking down the hall when suddenly the darkness moves
>its something blocking the doorway and it turns to look at me

approaching it

Now we had problems with people breaking in alot and trying to steal meds, equipment etc. So thats the reasoning behind what I did next.

- >shadow turns to see me
- >even though there's no eyes, it feels like we meet our gaze
- >Nope.jpg has converted to DIE.avi
- >break out into full run while radioing base of intruder
- >shadow breaks off to the left and light can be seen again through the glass
- >about 7 seconds later I come out the exit
- >nothing can be seen for the entire empty parking lot
- >DIE.avi has converted to waitwut.mp3
- >CCTV footage just shows me running out to empty area

[445]

- >Co-worker and I work for St. Moritz, a maid service, cleaning corporate buildings and residential homes
 - >One day co-worker gets assigned to a small building by the interstate on the outskirts of the county, so one person is enough to cover it
 - >We drive out there in a company van together and she drops me off along the way at another contract I was assigned to clean
 - >When she arrives, she immediately gets to work cleaning offices and restrooms, dusting, vacuuming, mopping, etc.
 - >A few hours pass, the sun goes down, primary lights go out and the power savers come on
 - >Finished, she takes a break in a lunchroom and sips on coffee from a Keurig as she sends me a text asking if I'm done
 - >As she heads over to ride the elevator down from the 3rd floor, friend leans over the balcony and hears footsteps and the sounds of doors opening/closing on the first floor below
 - >Thinking it could be one of the building's employees working

OT, she paid it no mind until she started to hear the noises grow in aggression, like papers being tossed around and things on desks falling over

>It was at this point I texted her back from my building that I was ready to be picked up, and unfortunately it was at this point that she didn't have her phone set on vibrate

>The phone's sound seemingly halted all the loud commotion downstairs; everything went quiet after that — nothing besides the hums of the ventilation system

>Suddenly footsteps again, this time heading out to the main lobby in which the balcony overlooks; she backs away from the railing as to not get noticed

>The footsteps pause for a brief moment below her, then continue again away from her direction towards the emergency stairwell

>They stop just right before the stairs, more brief silence, then sounds of something metallic tapping very lightly against the hand railing, followed shortly after by the heavy patter of boots climbing the stairs

>Friend assumes it could be a new security guard doing rounds; as such, she yells down the stairwell to them

>No response, and the sounds cease once again as her voice resonates to the bottom

>Dead silence yet again. Co-worker can feel her heart sink into her stomach at this point

>She hears different noises now: the footsteps sound very soft with a faster tempo — like someone is sneaking up the stairs on the tips of their feet

>Anxious and alarmed, she enters the elevator; the door closes just as the footsteps near the top

>The elevator opens at the bottom and she exits

>As she leaves the footsteps start up again — they're running down the stairs now

>Petrified with fear, co-worker bolts out the front door to the van, gets in and speeds off

>Later that day we find out from police that she forgot to lock the front doors when she let herself in earlier, and that window of opportunity let in a burglar with a knife

>Co-worker quit the day after that incident

[446]

>Work pest control
>Part of my job is termite inspections / treatments
>a lot of the houses I go to are vacant and for sell
>Go to an inspection
>House is vacant, have to use a lock box key and everything to get the key
>On vacant houses I always lock the door behind me when I go inside
>The first place I always check is the basement
>Open door to basement, prop it open
>Go downstairs
>Looking around and checking for termite tubes and damage
>Suddenly the basement door shuts
>Kinda get a little freaked out
>go and try to open the door back up, its locked
"What, did I really just lock myself in a basement?"
>Call one of the office ladies while resume my inspection, I still have to check the crawl space
>Crawl up in there while I'm talking on the phone
>The office lady starts making fun of me for getting locked in a basement
>Get to the very back of the crawl space
>See a bunch of VHS tapes and Disc
>They're titled Sherri, Sherri at home, Sherri at the drive in. stuff like that
>"Okay, home movies, weird place for them."
>The office lady ask what I'm talking about
>Tell her nothing
>Crawling out of the crawl space
>Hear a voice upstairs and foot steps
"Wow did you already get the agent out here to let me out?"
>"No, what are you talking about?"

- >Explain to her what I heard
- >Hear the voice again "You sure they're down there? Are they checking the crawlspace
- >Office lady tells me to get out asap and she will call the cops
- >I open up a window and get into a window well and climb out
- >see a guy looking in my work truck when I peek around the side of the house
- >Nope really hard and hop the fence into the other yard and look from there.

Cops came eventually, asked a few questions, let the guy leave, apparently he was the son of the home owner. he was giving me dirty looks. I told them about the Sherri tapes and disc, said legally there was nothing to do.

Idk how to feel about it.

[447]

- >Have buddy in the Army, 101st Airborne
- >Kandahar, circa 2010
- >Battalion preparing to mount recon expedition in neighboring Arghandab District
- >Unit about to cross the river
- >Someone in the unit says he sees an old lady washing bloody fatigues in the river and would very much like to know why she has them
- >Buddy, interpreter, Lieutenant and a couple others dismount, have a look around
- >Sure enough, old lady is kneeling by the river, washing bloody desert camo and sobbing hysterically
- >Interpreter says something to her
- >She looks up, gathers the camo and darts off behind a hill
- >They go after her because they want to know who got killed around here and why she has their stuff
- >Split up and go around the hill from both sides

- >She's not there
- >Look around
- >No footprints except their own
- >They head back and have to admit she got away without there being an explanation as to how or where she went
- >OK, idiots, that's pretty bad but let's do what we're here for
- >Conduct dismounted recon into Arghandab
- >Lieutenant gets blown up by IED about 3 hours later

A few years after I heard the story I was researching Irish folklore. Turns out there's something called The Morrigan that appears as an old lady washing your bloodstained armor, and if you see her, it's a portent that you're about to die in battle.

[448]

First time on /x/, I have a story that might be fitting, in retrospect it's quite dumb but I'll share anyway.

- >circa 2008
- >I'm in the military, deployed to some godforsaken place
- >place is completely devoid of life, we're only supposed to do some guard duty.
- >barracks are literally just a tin can on a hill
- >beds muddy, "shower" is a faucet leaking icy water. Great place all in all
- >one of the posts was 3.5km away from the barracks. That's about 30 mins walking carrying all the gear
- >one day a friend of mine who's supposed to take the post begs me to take it instead of him tonight
- >says he heard some sort of animal there yesterday and he's scared to go there today.
- >whatevs, switch posts with friend

Now bear in mind we've been at this place for a long time, 12 hours guard duty a day staring off into nothing, 8 hours sleep,

almost zero human interaction. After a while the solitude starts to mess with your mind.

- >that night go to said post. 12am-4am shift.

- >everything normal, 4am rolls around, leave post, start heading back to barracks

- >suddenly overcome with sense of pure dread.

- >fog is the heaviest I've seen in my life. Can't see further than 1 meter ahead and even that's being generous.

- >know I can't stay at the post, but afraid to head back for some reason.

- >start walking anyways. Can't see any signs I'm even headed in the right direction.

- >not too far away there's a place we're REALLY supposed to stay away from. Because of actual humans.

- >thoughts that I might be headed to that place instead elevate my anxiety.

- >can feel my heart racing. I'm in this fog and it doesn't even feel like the real world anymore. It feels like some place between dream and reality.

- >I know I'm walking but it feels like my legs are just walking on their own. I feel like a spectator and for some reason I just know something terrible is going to happen any second.

- >start seeing shapes in the fog. I know for a fact it's just my mind playing tricks but it does nothing to calm me.

- >continue walking and I start hearing sounds. For all I know I'm not in the real world anymore.. And might never have been. It feels like I've been walking in this fog for an eternity. The shapes become more distinct.

- >I stop. I see an animal come out of the fog.

- >I just stand there and stand at it. I know it's a delusion. I can't tell you if it was a boar or a wolf... It's like trying to remember a dream.

- >its scowl turns into a horrible grin with pointy teeth. It starts speaking. I can understand what it says but its words are forgotten as soon as they're said.

- >I come to 5 minutes later. I'm just standing in the fog with tears in my eyes looking into nothing. I run back

>the moment I saw the lights of the barracks was one of the happiest moments of my life.
>eat instant noodles and go to bed.

I imagined weird stuff a couple of times after that during service. Needless to say after finishing my service my mental health became better and I never experienced something like that since then.

[449]

>Be newly appointed night guard.
>Its the dead of winter.
>Cold outside
>dark by 4
>Be working in a facility (basically a warehouse)
>Empty by beginning of shift mostly.
>So on this particular night I did my normal routine , check in and mull about the building checking every suite as it is multiple occupancy and a bunch of ppl own stuff their.
>Its pretty much quiet all night until the middle of the shift.
>Be eating "lunch"
>Hear a bunch of squeaky doors and whatnot
>huh.
>doors keep squeaking as if they are opening.
>that is weird.
>I peek from my desk.
>One by one I see each and everyone door slam shut.
>lights start to flicker a bit...but that's not the weird part.
>Building has this sound... it's unlike anything I have ever heard.
>Its like a low rumble... almost like a diesel engine.
>it started with the whole building... then kinda progresses around as if it was moving.

I basically didn't move all shift and got nothing for it because all the supervisors know something weird is going on.This isn't even

the weirdest post I have had.

here is the weirder one incase someone asks.

>be me

>post is old dorms

>"Just roam around anon... we just need you until building is finished."

>oh-ok supervisor, no big deal, I thought.

>Basically spent a summer roaming around an old dorm.

>One night I lock up and get some shut eye.

>Basically prop myself up in my favorite dorm room and get ready for a long and boring shift.

Just a little backstory.... IDK why I was hired for this job... the campus already had security personnel, why this building was special IDK... maybe the construction company was not allowed to use campus guys for it because some technicality IDK... but here I am.

>Anyways... in my cozy room.

>Building is locked... everything is secure at this point.

> I'm playing with my phone and then I start to nod off.

>Before I know it I'm awoken by a bunch of loud bangs.

>I look around building but nothing.

>I got back to top floor to hear banging from roof.

>wtf

>I run outside to look up and see nothing.

>go back in and lock up

>on top floor now and I hear a series of loud bangs then the entire building gets flooded with some bright light... next thing I know it's morning.

>I bring this up to supervisor because I'm a dumb kid... says yeah, that's why we are there. Campus security wont even look at the building.

[450]

I work night shift at a McDonald's, and I 100% believe my store is haunted.

- > Wearing headset to joke around with guy taking orders
- > Making the orders as he takes them
- > "Crispy Buttermilk meal with a large Hi-C."
- > Get it done fast, last crispy chicken of the night
- > Waiting at window like a minute later
- > Drive guy is slow, so I'm not surprised car is still not at second window
- > Stick out my head to look for car
- > There is no car
- > "Hey, where's Crispy Buttermilk?"
- > "I'onno, they didn't pay."
- > Sometimes cars will pull up to the second window instead of first because they're retards
- > "Well where are they?"
- > "Dunno, they never drove up."
- > Headsets beep if someone pulls up or reverses out
- > Can't see any car on the security camera
- > Car mysteriously disappeared between placing their order and driving to first window
- > No one ever comes back for Crispy Chicken meal.

I told this to a coworker later and she nodded and told me, "Yeah, that's the ghost, it's hungry."

I have a few more stories.

- > Run out of fries during the middle of the night
- > Have to go into freezer to get more
- > Freezer is a dark, slippery place with only one door
- > Said door has no handle so you have to push on it directly and hope you don't get frost bite
- > I'm in a corner with my back to the door
- > Can feel freezer dripping on me, which it is definitely not supposed to do
- > Suddenly hear a door slam
- > You literally cannot slam the freezer door, it's so heavy most of

the girls have to get a guy to open it for them

- > Go to take fries out
- > Door is locked
- > Freezer door can't be locked, only the fridge area it opens into can
- > Start banging on the door and screaming
- > Finally a coworker comes to get me because I'm taking forever to get fries
- > No one believes I was locked in the freezer

I don't get things out of the freezer anymore.

- > Wearing headset again
- > No orders, order taker is washing dishes while I'm messing around on my phone
- > Suddenly hear a voice
- > Sounds like a younger woman
- > I didn't get a ding, but figure they might not be pulled in all the way
- > Shrug it off
- > Keep hearing the voice
- > "Let's go outside."
- > Clear as a bell, sounds like a little girl's voice
- > "Dude, did you hear that?"
- > "Yep."
- > "Let's play!"
- > Grab manager and tell her there's a woman on the headset talking
- > Manager is only woman on shift, and speaks in a heavy Spanish accent
- > No car on security camera
- > All headsets are accounted for, only two out for drive thru and I
- > Voice happens again and hand headset to manager to hear
- > She's shocked, thought we were screwing with her
- > Take headset back, unsure what to do
- > Voice again, try to hand headset back
- > Manager shoves it away
- > "No! It's haunted!"
- > Says something in Spanish too

- > Finally a customer comes in
- > Voice stops for the rest of the evening
- > The three of us on shift are still messed up about it

[451]

- >work for a cell phone company that will remain nameless but rhymes with horizon.
- >Often have to go out and check some towers if we have problems and regular maintenance.
- >One of the towers is in the middle of a forest. As in creepy spooky forest.
- >There is a gate with barbed wire around this. You have to enter a code to unlock the gate.
- >We have had problems with people stealing cable and other wiring.
- >Tower stops responding late at night.
- >I have to go out there to check on it.
- >I arrive. The gate is wide open. The small building door is wide open as well.
- >"Forget this. I am calling the police".
- >I hear a voice "heeeeelp me. Please heeeeelp me!" coming from inside.
- >The hair on my neck starts to stand up and I am getting goosebumps everywhere.
- >It sounded like a voice that was almost like a computer generated type of voice. There was nothing natural about it.
- >I yelled "The Police are coming. Are you hurt?"
- >Voice says "Heeeelp me. Heeeelp me. Please."
- >I am in the company van and call dispatch and tell them what is going on.
- >My co-worker says "get the hell out of there now"
- >I start the van and drive off and look in my mirror. I see something crawl out of the building and stand up. It must have been about 8 feet tall and growing.
- >I heard this laughter.

>My hands were shaking so hard. I drove down and went into a wal mart shopping center and told dispatch what I saw.
>I then called the police again and told them where I was.
>Talked with the police officers and told them what I saw. I then said about the voice saying help me and how strange it was.
>The police looked at me and nodded their head. They then called up someone else to bring a group to the building.
>We got there the gate was still open and the door was open.
>The police went in and cleared the small building.
>They came out and showed me claw marks on the wall and the inside was completely destroyed.
>My supervisor saw this and told me "I am transferring back to Chicago."

[452]

I work as a ranger in the Black Hills. We some times see a large black dog walking around the old ghost towns. Most of them are not really towns, just some foundations that are left. The dog is completely silent, and when you look at it, it just stares back, but if you turn your back on it, it slowly paws its way closer to you. You can see it getting closer out of the corner of your eye, but as soon as you look right back at it, it freezes again. It's huge, easily over 100 lbs, and matted. Looks old, like its flesh is not quite tight and strong anymore, you know, like an old dog does, but its muzzle is still jet black.

Most of the time we just saw it at night, and your headlamp or truck lights would catch a flash of its eyes. I don't know anyone who has let it get too close, but it always scares the crap out of me. Normally seeing it out of the corner of your eye will alert you, and you can get in the truck and drive away or otherwise find an excuse to gtfo. As you drive away it tends to stand in the center of the two track or road and watch you drive, almost like it is noting your truck or something. A couple people have shot at it, but missed.

[453]

I have two stories. They're equally scary to me, and the few times I share this story, I always make sure to say that I am a staunch skeptic, and these are the only events that make me believe in the paranormal from my personal experience. I'll give a condensed version of both.

>Place where I work now. A doctor killed himself while I was the only other person in the building (They say he didn't know I was there). Now I'll hear creepy sounds occasionally, or get the sensation I'm being observed in that building at night.

>Cleaning an old office building that used to be a prison. An old lady that I cleaned with swept under the edge of a door and something pulled her broom inside. When we got security to open the door, her broom was standing up inside the tiny electrical panel, leaning against the wall. There was only 6 inches of space for it to have moved.

[454]